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CRASHAW'S POEMS.



THE POEMS  
OF  
RICHARD CRASHAW

EDITED BY  
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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## EDITOR'S NOTE

A FEW words are necessary to acquaint the reader of this edition of Crashaw of what has been the chief object of its editor in preparing what may be accurately described as the first complete and popular edition of the whole of this poet's English poems in the orthography of the present day.

As regards its arrangement: it follows only in part the original editions, for reasons obvious to those having any knowledge of the arrangement of those editions; but as regards the poems given under the general heading of *Carmen Deo Nostro* (1652), these are printed in the exact order of that edition. In the case of the other pieces, they are (necessarily) arranged in part after an ideal plan of the editor's, thereby securing a better sequence of the material, as well as giving the first positions in the book to the "Sacred" Poems, which are Crashaw's best and most characteristic work. The "Posthumous Poems"—as I have chosen

to name them—are, of course, inserted at the end after the pieces originally published in 1646, 1648, and 1652, and they follow the order of the MSS.

The texts taken as bases for the present edition are those of 1648 and 1652; and no little pains have been spared in determining a thoroughly reliable text by a careful collation, in doubtful cases, of the original editions.

A very full collection of VARIOUS READINGS, from the early editions (almost exclusively), has been added as an Appendix.

In determining the text, as well as in preparing the list of variants, I have been aided not a little by Mr Gordon Goodwin's careful collation of Grosart's edition with the original editions. I had previously gone over the same ground myself, and have found our separate labours mutually advantageous.

For nearly all its biographical notes the present edition is indebted to Mr Gordon Goodwin, and wherever his notes occur, the initials "G.G." are added in simple justice to my collaborator.

The *Posthumous Poems*, first privately printed by Grosart, have been collated with the MSS. in the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries, with the result of enabling me to present a less faulty text than is that contained in the *Fuller Worthies' Library* edition, edited by Grosart.

My own notes must speak for themselves ; they are chiefly comparative and glossarial, and should interest the general reader of poetry as well as the Crashawian.

I must not conclude without gratefully acknowledging the loan of my friend, Mr J. Starkey's, copy of the 1648 edition of *Steps to the Temple*, kindly lent me for the purpose of collating the text.

J. R. TUTIN.





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## INTRODUCTION

RICHARD CRASHAW, the poet, was born in London about the year 1613,<sup>1</sup> the elder son of the Rev. William Crashaw, a distinguished preacher and theologian, who himself sometimes meditated the Muse. It is interesting in regard to his son's religious history to remark that William Crashaw was especially learned and acrimonious in the Roman controversy, and contributed to it some dozen books and pamphlets with full-blooded titles in the manner of the time. The family came, it is said, of a well-to-do Yorkshire stock, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Handsworth, near Sheffield; but no other members of it emerge into celebrity. The poet's mother, whose maiden name the diligence of Dr Grosart has not been able to recover, died in his infancy, and the step-mother, whom his father married in 1619, did not survive the birth of her first child in the following year. But it is noteworthy that she is praised in her funeral sermon, preached by Usher, after-

<sup>1</sup> The authority for this and other biographical statements will be found given in the "Dictionary of National Biography," based upon the researches of Willmott and Grosart.

wards Archbishop of Armagh, for the "singular motherly affection" shown to the child of her predecessor, and this novercal kindness being rendered even for so short a time to an immortal should perhaps avail to secure for her that "immortal memory"<sup>1</sup> which her husband fondly hoped to achieve by his friendship with a saintly and eloquent divine.

Of Richard Crashaw's boyhood we have but the few particulars, that he was christened by Usher, that he was sent to the Charter-House School on the nomination of Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crewe, and that he lost his father at thirteen years old. Of his father the poems make no mention; but there survives a copy of Latin elegiacs addressed in terms of affectionate compliment to his school-master, Robert Brooke, in which he dares the hope that future ages will recognise in his verse a true stream from the great Brookean fountain; and there is another poem written in hexameters, in which Brooke figures as the mother-bird, and Crashaw as a newly-fledged aspirant to the clouds:

"licet aethera nunquam  
 Expertus, rudibusque illi sit in ardua pennis  
 Prima fides, micat ire tamēn, quatiensque decorā  
 Veste leues humeros, querulumque per aera ludens  
 Nil dubitat vel in astra vagos suspendere nidos."

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<sup>1</sup> "The Honour of Vertue, or the Monument erected by the sorowfull Husband, and the Epitaphes annexed by learned and worthy men, *to the immortal memory* of that worthy gentlewoman, Mrs Elizabeth

The epithet *querulum* in this passage is enough by itself to stamp the verse as the work of an original poet.

On 6th July 1631, when Crashaw was eighteen, he was admitted to Pembroke College, Cambridge, but did not formally matriculate till 26th March in the year following, probably because no pensionership was vacant, and Crashaw's father, although he seems to have made a good marriage, did not leave his son provided for. According to Willmott, he confessed that he had spent his patrimony in buying books. The advantage of the life at the older Universities has always been found to lie as much in the friendships that common studies foster as in the studies themselves. That Crashaw profited under his tutors, at any rate in Latin, we can judge from the book of Epigrams upon Scriptural subjects published in 1634, the year in which he graduated, one line from which, on the miracle at Cana,

"*Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit,*"

is justly celebrated, and has taxed the ingenuity of many translators. We are told, moreover, by the editor of his "Steps to the Temple," that he was as excellent in Hebrew, Greek, Italian, and Spanish. As to his friends at College we know something from the elegies which it was the pious custom of the day to Crashawe, who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappell, October 8, 1620. In the 24 years of her age."

write. "Lycidas" is, of course, the most brilliant celebration in English of such a College friendship, and Cowley's ode to William Hervey is as certainly the most tender ; yet the beautiful series upon the death of "the most desired Mr Herrys" has a charm of its own, which none but Crashaw could have given. He celebrates also, though conventionally, a Mr Staninough or Stanninow, Fellow of Queens', and with more feeling another Fellow named Chambers.

" For life by volumes lengthened  
A line or two to speak him dead ;  
For the laurel in his verse  
The sullen cypress o'er his hearse ;  
For so many hopèd years  
Of fruit, so many fruitless tears ;  
For so dear, so deep a trust,  
Sad requital, thus much dust."

Among friends destined to survive we may reckon the Master of his College, Benjamin Lany, a well-known High Churchman,<sup>1</sup> who was ejected in 1644, and became at the Restoration bishop successively of Peterborough, Lincoln, and Ely. To him Crashaw inscribed his "Epigrammata Sacra." We must reckon also his tutor, John Tournay, whom he compliments in some Latin verses, and to whom may be due the first twist in Crashaw's notions away from his father's severe Protestantism, if that had ever laid any hold upon him. For

<sup>1</sup> Dr Grosart makes out Lany to have been a friend of Crashaw's father on the score of some verses initialled B.L. in the preface to the latter's "Manuall for True Catholicks." The evidence seems insufficient.

Tournay, we know, was refused the degree of B.D. for a sermon impugning the doctrine of "Justification by Faith only," and we find Crashaw emphasising the same point in a Latin poem entitled "*Fides quae sola justificat non est sine spe et dilectione.*" But of course this opposition to the Lutheran dogma was common to the whole Laudian party. We find the first hint of Crashaw's anti-Puritan opinions in a prefatory poem he contributed in 1635 to Robert Shelford's "Five Pious and Learned Discourses," a book that exceedingly incensed Usher; and the Archbishop could hardly have been better pleased with the poetical *imprimatur* prefixed by the son of his old friend, in which all the idols of Puritanism are blasphemed in caustic couplets, even that arch-dogma of the Protestant faith, that the Pope was anti-Christ.

In 1636 Crashaw crossed the road from •Pembroke to Peterhouse. We may remember that in the following century another poet made the opposite journey; and thus both Colleges enjoy the reputation of having served as nursing mother to both Crashaw and Gray. In Crashaw's instance we do not know the motive that prompted the change of College. It may have been the promise of a better fellowship, to which he was elected the next year. Or he may have been inclined to Peterhouse by the reputation of the new master, Dr Cosin (appointed in 1634), and the beauty of the new chapel (1632), the building



of which he had urged in a Latin poem, where the services and appointments had been brought up by Cosin to the Laudian standard. But we have it on the authority of the editor of his first volume that he used to worship in the church of Little St Mary's, which adjoined Peterhouse, and could be entered from the College;<sup>1</sup> and this may have been the real attraction. The passage referred to is as follows :

“Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in S. Marie's Church near St Peter's Colledge ; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of Angels ; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neer the House of God, where like a Primitive saint he offered more Prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day : there he penned these poems, Steps for happy souls to climb Heaven by.”

I do not, however, think the passage can be pressed for this detail, as it was not St Mary's Church, but the new Peterhouse chapel that was remarkable for the sculptured angels<sup>2</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> A raised gallery runs across the court to the church, passing on its way through the west end of the chapel.

<sup>2</sup> The passage is a curious one. Anthony Wood incorporates it among the plain matters of fact in his bald narrative, without the compliment of quotation marks, where it reads still more oddly. According to the reports of the Parliamentary commissioners, there were no angels destroyed in St Mary's Church—and there are certainly none there now—whereas

its roof. And Crashaw's taste in decoration and ritual seems to have been florid. It doubtless deserves weight for its general statement about the life of devotion Crashaw led at Cambridge, confirmed as this is by what we know of his temperament, and by the fact of his friendship with Nicholas Ferrar, who had revived the "religious" life in the Church of England at his house at Little Gidding, where Crashaw was in the habit of visiting him. Moreover, such a life of devotion is beautifully and enthusiastically sketched in the lines entitled "Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life" which Crashaw expanded from some hexameters in John Barclay's *Argenis*.

At Peterhouse Crashaw found a brother poet and mystic in John Beaumont, and the next year (1637) Abraham Cowley, the "marvellous boy" of that generation, came up from Westminster to Trinity, and must soon have attracted the notice of all other children of the Muse in the University. But Crashaw and he may have been already acquainted.

at Peterhouse the report says: "We pulled down two mighty great angells with wings, and divers other angells . . . and about a hundred cherubims and angels. . . ." See the quotations at length in Willmott and Grosart. Probably, therefore, the anonymous editor has confused the church and the College chapel. Commentators do not notice the difficulty, nor do they explain why the "roof of angels" is called Tertullian's.

An interesting testimony to their friendship possibly earlier than this date survives in the poem entitled "Upon Two Greene Apricockes sent to Cowley by Sir Crashaw," which refers in terms of very graceful and affectionate compliment to Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms," published in 1633. The allusion would have been out of taste except within a short period after the book's appearance; and the whole tone of the poem proves that Cowley was still young when it was addressed to him.<sup>1</sup> Still the reference might equally well be to the appearance of the third edition, in the year Cowley came up to Cambridge. But whenever begun, the friendship lasted till death.

Seven years were passed at Peterhouse in study and devotion, and then the storm of the civil war broke upon the University.

<sup>1</sup> Dr Grosart assigns the poem to the period when the two poets were together in Paris, apparently on the ground that it must have been written after 1646, as it is printed in the second edition of the poems (1648), but not in the first (1646). But internal evidence is conclusive against such a theory. Some argument also might be based on Crashaw's title "Sir," if only we could be sure what that title meant. If it is simply the sign of the first degree, like the *dominus* that still decorates the Tripos list (cf. the Epitaph "in Dominum Herrisium." Then it is obvious to draw the conclusion that the poem must have been written not earlier than 1634, in which year Crashaw graduated, and before Cowley took his degree (1639), or Crashaw proceeded Master (1638). The poem has just that note of half-wistful admiration that we should expect in the complimentary verses of a don to a clever under-graduate.

Cosin was expelled from the Mastership in March 1643, for sending the College plate to the King at York. The chapel was visited in December of the same year by commissioners who made short work of "Tertullian's roof of Angels," and the Solemn League and Covenant being administered by the Earl of Manchester, five Fellows followed their Master into exile, among whom were Crashaw and Beaumont. Beaumont retired to Hadleigh in Sussex and wrote his "Psyche," a vast poem of thirty thousand lines, lamenting that Crashaw was not at his elbow to revise it; and Crashaw went to the King's headquarters at Oxford, of which University, according to Antony à Wood, he had been in 1641 incorporated a Master of Arts; and there Cowley presently joined him. How long he remained there is not known. Nothing, in fact, is really known of his life after the ejection from Peterhouse until he is discovered in Paris, in great poverty ("being a meer scholar and very shiftless") by Cowley, who crossed over in 1646 as secretary to Lord Jermyn, the Minister in attendance on Henrietta Maria. A presentation to the Queen followed. It would no doubt have been a point in favour of the poor Cambridge scholar that he had already sung, and more than once, her Majesty's praises; but a more interesting and prevailing claim must have been the fact that he had lately joined the Roman Church. The date of his conversion lies somewhere between 1643 when he left

Cambridge, and 1646, when he published the "Steps to the Temple," for that volume contains an apology for his Hymn in Honour of St Teresa as having been writ when the author was yet among the Protestants.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately the Queen was almost as poor as her poet, and so the royal bounty took the form of letters to Italy, where we find Crashaw presently described as "secretary to a Cardinal."<sup>2</sup> This, as we learn from Dr John Bargrave, afterwards Canon of Canterbury, was Cardinal Palotta, who describes him as "a man of angelical life." The passage about Crashaw deserves transcribing in full, for it affords our only remaining glimpse of him.

"When I went first of my four times to Rome, there were there four revolvers to the Roman church that had been fellows of Peterhouse in Cambridge with myself. The name of one of them was Mr R. Crashaw, who was one of the Seguita (as their term is)—that is, an attendant or of the followers of this Cardinal, for which he had a salary of crowns by the month (as the custom is) but no diet. Mr Crashaw infinitely commended his Cardinal, but complained extremely of the wickedness of those of his retinue, of which he, having the Cardinal's ear, complained to him. Upon which the Italians fell so far out with

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<sup>1</sup> Anthony à Wood. He gives the date "1646 or thereabout."

<sup>2</sup> "Mr Richard Crashaw, Master of Arts, of Peterhouse, Cambridge, now Secretary to a Cardinal in Rome, well known in England for his excellent and ingenious poems."—Dr Benjamin Carier's "Missive to King James," reissued in 1649 with preface by N. Strange.

him that the Cardinal, to secure his life, was fain to put him from his service, and procuring him some small employ at the Lady's of Loretto; whither he went on pilgrimage in summer time, and over-heating himself, died in four weeks after he came thither, and it was doubtful whether he was not poisoned."<sup>1</sup>

Dr Grosart ascertained from the register at Loretto that Crashaw was admitted to a benefice there on 24th April 1649, "through strong interest in his favour by Cardinal Palotta, then Protector of the so-called Holy House of Loreto, and in whose service Richard Crashaw was," and that a new appointment was made, the benefice being void, on the 25th August in the same year.

The biographers give a passage from a book called *Legenda Ligneæ* in which the writer<sup>2</sup> endeavours to put as ugly a complexion as he can upon the circumstances of Crashaw's conversion and its consequences. The passage may be quoted here, both for its own demerits and as affording an opportunity for saying a word on a side of Crashaw's writing that is little to English taste.

"Master Crawshaw (son to the London Divine), and sometimes Fellow of St Peterhouse in Cambridge, is another slip of the times that is transplanted to Rome. This peevish, silly seeker glided away from

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<sup>1</sup> "Pope Alexander the Seventh and the College of Cardinals," edited for Camden Society 1867.

<sup>2</sup> In my copy the authorship is ascribed, in a contemporary hand, to "Mr Lane, Rector of Awton Gifford in ye South Hams of Devon" (see Walker's "Sufferings," ii. 291).

his principles in a poetical vein of fancy, and impertinent curiosity; and finding that verses and measured flattery took and much pleased some female wits, Crawshaw crept by degrees into favour and acquaintance with some Court ladies, and with the gross commendations of their parts and beauties (burnished and varnished with some other agreeable adulations), he got first the estimation of an innocent, harmless convert; and a purse being made by some deluded vain-glorious ladies and their friends, the poet was despatched in a pilgrimage to Rome, where, if he had found in the See Pope Urban the Eighth instead of Pope Innocent, he might possibly have received a greater quantity and a better number of benedictions. But Innocent being more harsh and dry, the poor small poet Crawshaw met with none of the generation and kindred of Mæcenæ, nor any great blessing from his Holiness, which misfortune puts the pitiful wire-drawer into a humour of admiring his own raptures; and in this fancy, like Narcissus, he is fallen in love with his own shadow, conversing with himself in verse, and admiring the birth of his own brains. He is only laughed at, or at most pitied, by his new patrons, who, conceiving him unworthy of any preferments in their Church, have given him leave to live (like a lean swine almost ready to starve) in a poor mendicant quality" (p. 169).

To gauge how accurately Mr Lane, if he be the author, was informed of Crashaw's doings, we need but remember that when this passage was written in 1653, the poet had, unknown to his satirist, been dead for three years. The second accusation he makes against the poet is that of poverty, for which if he suffered himself as Walker describes, it is hard to understand his contempt; but against this charge Crashaw would not have cared to defend himself. His friend Thomas Car tells us that in regard to

most mundane matters he was "devoid of interest"—"a very bird of paradise."

"No care  
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice  
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise  
Sufficed him :  
What he might eat or wear he took no thought ;  
His needful food he rather found than sought."

It is therefore not at all unlikely that his friends in Paris may have found it necessary to make a purse for him in order to pay for the journey to Italy. The Queen's lady-in-waiting was Susan Feilding, sister of the great Duke of Buckingham, and wife of the Earl of Denbigh. This lady had long been the leader of the Anglican against the Roman party at Court, and must have been on terms of familiarity with the Anglican poet. To her Crashaw addressed one of his most beautiful poems "Against Irresolution in Religion," urging her to submit to the Church of Rome—as she ultimately did, but not till the year after the poet's death. And he dedicated to her a final selection of his religious poems, the *Carmen Deo nostro*, on the title-page of which he acknowledges her "goodness and charity." The "purse" therefore is probably not a fiction.

There remains the charge of flattery. In making this charge Lane must be referring to certain poems in "Steps to the Temple," viz. "An ode which was prefixed to a little Prayer-Book given to a young Gentlewoman," "To the same party : counsel concerning her



choice" and "On Mr George Herbert's booke intituled the Temple, sent to a gentle-woman." That Crashaw meant all or any of these poems for flattery I do not believe, but that a jury of his countrymen would acquit them of the charge I do not believe either; I can even imagine an unsympathetic police-magistrate characterising them as poems that no gentleman should have written. The world is justly suspicious of any mixture of compliment with devotion, especially when the devotion is of a type that uses freely the imagery of the Song of Solomon. The fact probably is that in these and similar poems Crashaw was striving to compass the free spirit and enthusiastic manner of expression that he so much admired in the Spanish mystics; but the temper of the English race, and indeed of the English language, is against religious rapture of the soul, and not even the genius of Crashaw has been able to make it seem other than exotic.

It will be useful before speaking of Crashaw's poetry in any detail to mention briefly the several contemporary editions. The first appeared in 1646 under anonymous editorship, with the title "Steps to the Temple. Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses."<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Dr Grosart in his edition added fifteen poems from a MS. in the Bodleian library, written by Archbishop Sancroft. The MS. professes to contain "Mr Crashaw's poems transcrib'd frō his own copie before they were printed; amongst wch are some not printed." The readings of the MS. agree with

second edition, two years later, seems to have been printed from a copy corrected by the poet, for many misprints are amended and many readings are improved. But the poems printed for the first time exhibit bad misprints, which would suggest that Crashaw did not himself see the volume through the press. The additions include some sixteen pieces. In 1652 there was published in Paris "by Peter Targa, printer to the Archbishop of Paris, in S. Victors Streete, at the Golden Sunne," a selection of Crashaw's religious poetry, with the following title: "*Carmen Deo Nostro. Te decet hymnus. Sacred Poems, collected, corrected, augmented, most humbly presented to my Lady the Countesse of Denbigh by her most devoted servant RC.*" In hear[r]ty acknowledgement of his immortall obligation the edition of 1646, and none of the poems rejected from that edition are among those added in 1648. The poem on the Powder Treason was naturally suppressed at his change of religion; and the State poems "Upon the K.'s coronation," and upon the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, had served their purpose and were not worth preserving. In 1888 Dr Grosart issued a supplement to his edition from another MS. collection, professing to contain four new poems and many variants in the "Weeper." The variants prove to be the readings of the first edition; and only two of the poems are new; but one of them is a dedication in Crashaw's happiest vein. It is the poem beginning "Though now 'tis neither May nor June" (p. 234). Dr Grosart contends that this MS. is in Crashaw's hitherto unknown autograph, but the slips in transcription are not of the kind an author could himself make.

to her goodness and charity." The volume, despite the assertion of the title-page, did not appear until three years after Crashaw's death. No doubt he had prepared it for press before quitting Paris, and may have written the title-page ; but I prefer to regard it as the work of the editor, a certain Thomas Car, Confessor of the Augustinian canonesses in Paris, and friend of Crashaw's, who gives evidence of his poetical taste in two introductory poems. This book is far better printed than either of its predecessors, and is on larger and better paper. Moreover, it is embellished with a series of copper-plates from drawings by the poet's own hand. It may have been the preparation of these plates that delayed the publication so long. The volume is disfigured by many bad errors of the press, natural in a book printed by foreigners ; but it contains a large number of new readings, which go to prove that Crashaw was a much more diligent corrector than his critics have allowed. The most interesting feature of the book, however, is the dedicatory poem to the Countess of Denbigh "against irresolution in religion" ; and still more interesting is the fact that a revised and enlarged version of this exists in a single copy in the British Museum, bearing the imprint "London," but with no publisher's name, and with a manuscript note in a contemporary hand, marking the date of publication as 23 Sext. (*i.e.* August) 1653. It may have been that Crashaw revised the poem

after leaving Paris, and sent his corrected MS. to the Countess or to Cowley, without sending a copy to his editor ; or it may have been that Car mislaid the revised copy, and recovered it too late for publication in the volume. But it is idle to conjecture. Turnbull noted the existence of this second version, but it was not reprinted until Dr Grosart included it in his private issue (1874). It will be found on page 264. It is in Crashaw's happiest vein. The suggestion that the lady addressed is sure to come over to the writer's side by-and-bye, and so is guilty now of the sin of delay, is a sufficiently subtle weapon in controversy ; but how poetically subtle is the expression Crashaw gives it :

“ Who grants at last, a great while tried,—  
And did his best,—to have denied.”

Having assumed that Rome is her destined haven, he chides her for not emulating the urgency of all natural things, which, as Bacon says, “move violently to their place.” But the climax of the poem is the ironical suggestion of reasons for man's reluctance to be saved, passing into a passionate enunciation of the great Christian dogma of the love which prompted the Incarnation.

“ All things swear friends to Fair and Good,  
Yea suitours ; man alone is woo'd,  
Tediously woo'd and hardly won,  
Only not slow to be undone.

As if the bargain had been driven  
So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven ;  
Our God would thrive too fast, and be  
Too much a gainer by't, should we  
Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow  
On Him, who has not lov'd us so.  
When love of us called Him to see  
If we'd vouchsafe His company,  
He left His father's court, and came  
Lightly as a lambent flame,  
Leaping upon the hills, to be  
The humble king of you and me."

I know nothing in devotional poetry finer than this. The best known of the religious poems is the Hymn to St Teresa, which has been praised by every critic—by Coleridge amongst the number ; and praise can hardly be too high for it. From first to last the inspiration does not flag, but passes with sure success from the tender humour and pathos in which the child's ardour for martyrdom is told, to the ecstatic picture of the mystical martyrdom that does await her, followed by the calm bliss of the beatific vision. This poem is succeeded by an Apology for its being written "when the author was among the Protestants," but Protestantism is not referred to in it. Rather it is an apology to Englishmen for praising a Spaniard, and to Spaniards for writing in English. In the second edition (1648), the Apology embraces both the Hymn and a poem called "The Flaming Heart," which was added to that volume, and needs more than all the apology that can be made for it. For seventy lines the writer discourses

with a pitiful want of taste upon a picture of Saint Teresa, "with a seraphim beside her," to the general effect that the saint is the better seraph of the two. But in the edition of 1652 twenty-four lines are added, which have nothing to do with the picture, but are a passionate invocation of the saint herself. The first eight of these seem to have been written in order to connect the new with the old, but they barely serve their purpose; for the purple passage beginning, "O thou undaunted daughter of desires," is as far superior to them as they are to the old poem. In fact, these glowing verses may well be recognised as the highest achievement of the Muse of religious ecstasy.<sup>1</sup>

The most ambitious of the religious poems, and the one which the poet himself probably ranked highest, for with it he opened his final selection, is the hymn "To the Name above every Name"—an appeal to all the voices of Nature and Art, to join with him in the great celebration. It is full of good things. The passages about music are especially beautiful:

"O you, my soul's most certain wings,  
Complaining pipes and prattling strings;  
Bring all the store  
Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have no  
more."

<sup>1</sup> Crashaw's critics usually speak as if the concluding lines of "The Flaming Heart" had formed part of the original poem. Thus Mr Saintsbury: "And then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, without warning of any sort, the metre changes, the poet's

And a little below wood and stringed instruments are described as

“Such  
As sigh with supple wind  
• Or answer artful touch.”

Again how noble is the opening of the final invocation (ll. 114-133), and the passage towards the close about the martyrs, beginning, “O that it were as it was wont to be” (l. 190). But with all its merits, the poem cannot, as a whole, be reckoned a success. It is too fluent; there are repetitions both as to sentiments and phrases—*e.g.* the word *nest* occurs no fewer than five times and always as a rhyme; and there is not enough substance in the thought to bear being spun into two hundred and forty verses. Moreover, Crashaw indulges himself now and then in a “conceit” which leaves the modern reader gasping (*e.g.* ll. 132-5). To be successful he needed a subject less vague in definition, and a metre constraining to conciseness. One cannot help wishing that Crashaw had been born a few years earlier, so that at Cambridge he might have formed a friendship with Milton instead of with Cowley. He would have been attracted, we cannot doubt, to “the Lady of Christ’s”; and Milton’s jealous care that the word, the phrase, the paragraph should be as perfect as choice could make them, would have been inspiration catches fire, and there rushes up into the heaven of poetry this marvellous rocket of song” (*Elizabethan Literature*, p. 365).

invaluable to Crashaw, if he could have learned it. There might also have been some reciprocal influence in matters of temperament which was as sorely needed. But *dis uliter visum*, and we could not have afforded the loss of Cowley's noble elegy on the "Martyr and Saint," even at the price of *Lycidas* purged of its venomous onslaught on the clergy.

"Charitas Nimia" is one of the few religious poems of Crashaw in which no critic could wish for an excision; it is perhaps also the only one that shows any influence of George Herbert. The Hymns upon Christmas and Epiphany, which in form resemble one another, are of curiously different merit. One might have anticipated that such a subject as the visit of the Magi would have set Crashaw's imagination on fire, but it did not do so. The poem is turgid and full of dull "conceits." The Christmas poem, on the contrary, is as full of happy expressions and ideas, such as the line about the snow, the description of courtiers as "slippery souls in smiling eyes," and the stanza on the Mother and Child. Many of the religious poems are elaborate versions of the old Church hymns, best perhaps described in the poet's own phrase as "a descant upon plain Song." Nothing could be more unlike the simple directness of the Latin than Crashaw's flamboyant paraphrases; at the same time it must be admitted that he always keeps to his subject and in his wildest excursion never loses the key. The most admired of these has been the



"Dies Iræ"; the closest version is the *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, which nevertheless succeeds in breathing poetry into a piece of mediæval scholasticism; the most elaborate is *the Office of the Holy Crosse*. To show Crashaw's method it will be sufficient to put one stanza of his by a stanza of the original. The hymn in the Office for the third hour runs :

"*Crucifige* clamitant hora tertiarum :  
 Illus induitur veste purpurarum :  
 Caput ejus pungitur corona spinarum :  
 Crucem portat humeris ad locum pœnarum."

This becomes in Crashaw's rendering :

"The third hour's deafened with the cry  
 Of *Crucify Him, crucify*.  
 So goes the vote (nor ask them why !)  
 'Live Barabas, and let God die.'  
 But there is wit in wrath, and they will try  
 A 'Hail' more cruel than their '*crucify*.'  
 For while in sport He wears a spiteful crown,  
 The serious showers along His decent face run  
 sadly down."

The antiphons in this Office deserve particular notice; in the original they are, of course, in prose. Among the translations are included characteristic versions of two Psalms. No one but Crashaw would have rendered "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness," etc., by

"He expounds the weary wonder  
 Of my giddy steps, and under  
 Spreads a path, clear as the day,  
 Where no churlish rub says *nay*"

To my joy-conducted feet,  
 Whilst they gladly go to meet  
 Grace and Peace to learn new lays  
 Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise."

The longest of all the translations is the "Suspicion of Herod," a canto of sixty-six stanzas done, with Crashaw's usual licence, out of the Italian of Marini. As a piece of writing it is excellent, the stanza with its triple rhyme is well managed, and there are not a few passages which for dignity of style recall Milton, who had undoubtedly profited by its perusal. Take, for example, this verse from the speech of Satan :

"He has my heaven (what would He more?) whose  
 bright  
 And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear :  
 And for the never-fading fields of light,  
 My fair inheritance, he confines me here  
 To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,  
 To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer  
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears  
 That mankind's torment waits upon my tears."

Among the religious poems are usually included two about which a word must be added—the amœbean stanzas upon Hope between Crashaw and Cowley,\* and "The Weeper." Coleridge, referring to the former in a letter to a friend, remarks that "Crashaw's superiority to Cowley is self-evident." I must confess, temerarious as it is to differ from Coleridge on a point of literary criticism, that even though I am at the moment holding a brief for Crashaw

the superiority seems to me altogether on the other side. There is undoubtedly great cleverness in the way Cowley's points are taken up one by one and turned against him ; but there is nothing in Crashaw's verse that finds a lodging in the memory, as do Cowley's fine lines about the cloud :

“ Thin empty cloud which th' eye deceives  
With shapes that our own fancy gives.  
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears  
But must drop presently in tears ; ”

or these in the last stanza :

“ Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,  
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.  
Sire of repentance, child of fond desire  
That blow'st the chymick's and the lover's fire  
Still leading them insensibly on  
With the strong witchcraft of anon.”

“ The Weeper ” is the poem that in most editions opens the “ Steps to the Temple,” and it has proved a stumblingblock to many would-be worshippers ; amongst others, to that very appreciative critic Mr Edmund Gosse, who in an essay included in his “ Seventeenth Century Studies ” speaks of it as “ distressing ” and “ humiliating ” and “ a string of preposterous conceits.” Undoubtedly it is a poem that requires us at the outset not to be entirely out of sympathy with our author's subject. If we start by calling the theme “ a very small ” one, we shall inevitably be more and more provoked as the poem draws out its length. But it is the first duty of a critic to renounce

prejudice, and one would imagine that in reading the works of a Roman Catholic poet for æsthetic purposes it might be pardonable to abate something from the rigour of our Protestantism. It may be granted that there are stanzas in the poem—most of them added in the second edition—which ought never to have been written, and need not be read; such as the 4th to 6th, 19th to 22nd, 27th, and 29th.<sup>1</sup> But when these nine stanzas have been excised from the thirty-three, there remains a poem which, if its topic be once allowed—it is a rosary of devotion to St Mary Magdalene—should give nothing but delight to the lover of poetry. To begin with, the stanza is admirably fashioned for a “rosary” (by which I mean a string of stanzas the thought in each of which is complete in itself), because it opens with a shortened trochaic<sup>2</sup> line, which emphasises each new beginning, and concludes in a couplet which emphasises the close. The only other poem in English that for a similar contemplative effect can be compared with it, is Rossetti’s “Staff and Scrip,” but in that case the separate

<sup>1</sup> The numeration follows the 1652 edition adopted in this volume.

<sup>2</sup> That the effect of the line is meant to be generally trochaic seems certain from the fact that it is so in most of the early stanzas which fix the mould of the metre; also the twelfth stanza opens “There’s no need at all,” where otherwise it would have been as simple to write “There is no need at all.” Even in the lines having six syllables, which are the majority, it will be observed that the dissyllabic words are trochees.

roundness of each stanza is not so completely an advantage, as the poem tells a continuous tale. It will be observed how much variety of rhythm Crashaw obtains within each stanza, without violating the metre, by merely shifting the pause.

“Th’ dew no more will weep  
The primrose’s pale cheek to deck :  
Th’ dew no more will sleep  
Nuzzel’d in the lily’s neck ;  
Much rather would it be thy tear,  
And leave them both to tremble here

Not the soft gold which  
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,  
Makes sorrow half so rich  
As the drops distill’d from thee,  
Sorrow’s best jewels lie in these  
Caskets, of which heaven keeps the keys.

Not in th’ Evening’s eyes  
When they red with weeping are  
For the sun that dies,  
Sits sorrow with a face so fair,  
Nowhere but here did ever meet  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.”

But, says Mr Gosse, these are “preposterous conceits.” What is a “conceit?” How does it differ from the legitimate poetical image, the offspring of that imaginative power which illuminates one object by the light reflected on it from another? According to Dr Johnson, the difference is that the latter, though not obvious, is upon its first production acknowledged to be just, whereas, in the case of conceits, “the reader, far from wondering that

he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found." This distinction, stated in the straightforward commonsense manner of the great eighteenth-century critic, seems to be a true one, and indeed seems to be the grain of truth at the bottom of the more pretentious distinction between the images of the "fancy" and the "imagination," of which Coleridge, and after him Ruskin, have made so much. Accordingly we may expect to find that, although the greater the poet is, the more natural and satisfying will be the general run of his images, yet even among those of the greatest poets some will strike us by their cleverness rather than their truth, and even in times when the rage for novelty is paramount, some will charm by their truth as much as their novelty. The seventeenth-century writers, coming in the ebb of the great Elizabethan wave, were certainly tempted to depend too much upon ingenuity, too little upon the freshness of natural suggestion; and Cowley's writings afforded Dr Johnson an inexhaustible storehouse of the wrong sort of "wit"; but then Cowley is no less full of metaphors that are as just as they are striking. The lines quoted above are an instance. And so it is with Crashaw. It cannot be denied that when the bright heaven of invention is overcast, he can be beyond measure dull and tedious with his hackneyed conceits of "nests" and "fires" and "eyes," but what ample amends he makes by-and-by whether in single epithets

like the “*weary* lids of Hope” or in such splendid images as that in the Description of a Religious House, “still rolling a round sphere of still returning pain.” Our modern taste may be jarred by the arrogance of poets who set out with the deliberate intention of saying as many fine things as they can upon Hope or a Saint’s tears, instead of “waiting for the spark from heaven to fall”; but for all that we have no right to condemn the result *en bloc*: we must take each several trope upon its merits. Of course it is never the mere intellectual element in the figure that constitutes the poetry, apart from the emotion that has suggested it, or at any rate prompted the search for it, and it is the intellectual element that is predominant in the Caroline poets, but Crashaw’s verses do not lack passion. And besides all this, there is the actual writing; and those who refuse to find the conceits other than ingenious, and the passion other than preposterous, cannot be deaf to the exquisite music of the verse.

“ There’s no need at all  
That the balsam-sweating bough  
So coyly should let fall  
Her med’cinable tears; for now  
Nature hath learnt to extract a dew  
More sovereign and sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep—  
Weeping is the ease of woe—  
Softly let them creep,  
Sad that they are vanquish’d so.  
They, though to others no relief,  
Balsam may be for their own grief.

Golden though he be,  
 Golden Tagus murmurs though ;  
 Were his way by thee,  
 Content and quiet he would go,  
 So much more rich would hē esteem  
 Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May, that lies  
 Smiling in thy cheeks, confess  
 The April in thine eyes ;  
 Mutual sweetness they express.  
 No April ere lent kinder showers  
 No May returned more faithful flowers."

To pass now from the "Steps to the Temple" to the "other delights of the Muses," Crashaw's temperament was so eminently devotional that it is not surprising to find but few of his secular pieces of any high merit. The best, and the best known through its inclusion in the "Golden Treasury" (though in a too curtailed form, and from an inferior text) is the "Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress," a poem written in an original and effective metre of three lines or four, six, and eight syllables. It is full of fine thoughts and phrases, some in Crashaw's own superlative manner, as when he speaks of 'tresses'

4 " Whose native ray  
 Can tame the wanton day  
 Of gems that in their bright shades play.  
 Each ruby there  
 Or pearl, that dare appear  
 Be its own blush, be its own tear ; "

Others in a direct style of high and simple



dignity, that might belong to any of the greater masters ; as when he wishes for his mistress

"Whate'er delight  
Can make day's forehead bright  
Or give down to the wings of night.

Days that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Life that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.'"

The version of Strada's contest between the lutanist and the nightingale, called "Music's duel," is rather a *tour de force* than a very successful or pleasing poem, inasmuch as vocabulary, though necessary to poetry, is not so necessary as feeling. The reader is amazed more than he is delighted. But an amazing poem it is, and the merit is Crashaw's ; for though the story and the plan of the poem are taken from Strada, most of the description of the nightingale's song is Crashaw's own. To even describe the description would task a poet. Mr Swinburne speaks of "its dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, its supple and cunning implications, its choiceness and subtlety." But it must be confessed that a part, as often with Crashaw, would have been more than the whole. The "Epitaph on a young Married Couple" is written in the octosyllables that hardly any seventeenth-century

poet could handle without some success, and Crashaw is always happy in them.

“Peace, good reader, do not weep.  
Peace, the lovers are asleep.  
They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
In the last knot that love could tie.  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead.  
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)  
Love made the bed ; they’ll take no harm.”

“Love’s Horoscope,” in octosyllabic stanzas, is an even finer piece of writing, curiously perfect in its balanced structure, and the astrological idea is fully worked out, but without over-elaboration. A “song out of the Italian,” in a metre copied by Mr Swinburne, equally fantastic in idea, is equally perfect in execution. The decasyllabic poems are not so completely successful, though occasionally they admit of effects in Crashaw’s peculiar style, as in the close of “Satisfaction for Sleep”:

“Why threatst thou so?  
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go  
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful Woe,  
Sickness, and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne’er know  
Thy downy finger ; dwell upon their eyes,  
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.”

The history of the development of the heroic couplet is too large a subject to discuss at the end of an Introduction. It happens, however, that Pope in one of his letters to Henry Cromwell has given a criticism upon Crashaw, interesting in itself and for the light it throws

upon the eighteenth-century standards of taste. The following extract gives the substance of the criticism

"I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation; so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry) may be found in these verses. . . . To speak of his numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindarick: his evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his 'Music's Duel') is carelessly made up; but one may imagine, from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but sweet. And the time considered, of his writing, he was (even as incorrect as he is) none of the worse versificators."<sup>1</sup>

There is justice in some of these strictures. Crashaw was certainly wanting in the architectonics of poetry, and never attempted an epic or a drama. As certainly he was given to vain repetitions. But he had imagination and he had passion, neither of which qualities has a place in Mr Pope's *Anatomy of Poetry*. But to speak only of the heroic couplet; let the reader turn to Crashaw's "Description of a Religious House," and then to Pope's "Elvira and Abelard"

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence, Croker and Elwin, vi. 116. The letter contains also a fairly just criticism of "The Weeper."

and say whether he can fail to adjudge the meed to Crashaw.<sup>1</sup> Pope's couplet, excellent for satiric verse and epigram, is too frail a vehicle for passion. The recurring *cæsura* in the third foot, often followed by a conjunction or preposition, and the inevitable epithet in every line make a thin and artificial instrument which soon disgusts. Crashaw's verses have far greater variety and far greater robustness, and his epithets, while perhaps they are overplentiful, all add something to the conception.

Another poet who headed the reaction from the school of Pope agrees with him generally both in his praise and blame of Crashaw. "Crashaw," says Coleridge, "seems in his

<sup>1</sup> Pope in this pseudo-Gothic poem borrows a verse from Crashaw's "Description," which, alas, will not fit its new context :

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :  
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !  
Each pray'r accepted and each wish resign'd,  
Labour and rest that equal periods keep,  
'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep.'"  
(ll. 201-12).

It is plain that if labour and rest keep equal periods, the slumbers must be such as do *not* wake and weep. But it is easy to sympathise with Pope's admiration for Crashaw's line. In its own place it is admirable :

"A hasty portion of prescribed sleep ;  
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,  
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again ;  
Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain."

poems to have given the first ebullience of his imagination, unshapen into form, or much of what we now term sweetness." He goes on to say that certain verses from the Hymn to St Teresa (ll. 43-64) "were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*; if, indeed by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." The student who turns to the second part of *Christabel* will be puzzled to trace any direct influence of Crashaw upon the poem. Coleridge's versification, with its abundance of extra syllables is jerky by comparison, and suggests hasty workmanship far more than Crashaw's. But perhaps Coleridge is referring to that portion of the second part of *Christabel* which was never written.<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, however, sometimes recalls Crashaw by the richness of his lines, as Shelley does by his smooth and limpid flow; but at his best Crashaw has more radiance than either.

There is a further respect in which Crashaw and Coleridge are alike: they both belong to that body of poets between whose best and worst there seems no recognisable relation. At worst they are both singularly flat and unprofitable and sometimes ludicrous; at best

<sup>1</sup> "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," 1836. Coleridge repeatedly spoke of the poem as containing 1400 lines, but the editions know only of less than half this number. See note to Dykes Campbell's edition, p. 602.

their verse supplies a meaning to the term commonly used of poets, the word "inspiration"; it suggests a theory that the poet is only a medium for supernatural powers to play upon, an *Æolian* harp for the spirit which blows as it lists; for their best writing seems as far as possible removed from any result that Art alone could compass. Jonson tells us that "a good poet's made as well as born," and in reading Jonson, and indeed in reading his greater disciple Milton, we assent to the theory, for the conscious artist reveals himself in every line. But when we turn to Crashaw we revert to the older theory of the poet as a paradisaical creature, "born not made," a "winged and holy being,"<sup>1</sup> whose poems are not the work of man, but divine, and though we may readily admit that Prospero would be a more useful member of human society than Ariel, we cannot but regard Ariel with the more wonder for his gift of ethereal music. But besides this inexplicable charm of music, when inspired, Crashaw was gifted with the fervour of a devout enthusiast; and so it comes about that although he has occasionally fine poetry which is not religious, and too often ardent religious verse which is not poetry, yet his most exalted verse is that in which both influences meet. Then the whole man is sublimed and becomes, "all air and fire."

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Ion* 534.

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STEPS  
TO THE  
TEMPLE,  
Sacred Poems.

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With  
The Delights of the Muses.

---

BY RICHARD CRASHAW, *some-  
times of Pembroke Hall, and  
late fellow of S. Peters Coll.  
in Cambridge.*

---

*The second Edition wherein are added divers  
pieces not before extant.*

---

LONDON,  
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in *St. Pauls Church-yard.*  
1648.





# STEPS TO THE TEMPLÉ

## THE PREFACE TO THE READER

LEARNED READER, The Author's friend will not usurp much upon thy eye ; this is only for those whom the name of our Divine Poet hath not yet seized into admiration. I dare undertake, that what IAMBLICUS (*in vita Pythagoræ*) affirmeth of his Master, at his Contemplations, these poems can, viz., They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground ; and, as in PYTHAGORAS' school, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of music, and spiritualised for one of his weighty Lectures ; so mayest thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch ; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's HERBERT's second, but equal, who ~~shall~~ retrieved Poetry of late, and returned it up to its primitive use ; let it bound back to heaven's gates, whence it came. Think ye, ST AUGUSTINE would have stained his graver learning with a book of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be the

#### 4 THE PREFACE TO THE READER

vanity of Love-sonnets and Epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born verse, might help to measure the soul into that better world. Divine Poetry, I dare hold it, in position against SUAREZ on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centred in heaven; it is the very outgoings of the soul; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse.

It were profane but to mention here in the Preface those underheaded Poets, retainers to seven shares and a half; madrigal fellows, whose only business in verse is to rhyme a poor sixpenny soul a suburb sinner into Hell:—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate brains, and for ever after may this our Poet fill up the better room of man. Oh! when the general arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an account of their higher souls, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above and look down upon poor HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, CLAUDIAN, &c. ! who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels.

Reader, we style his Sacred Poems, *Steps to the Temple*, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life in St Mary's Church, near St Peter's College; there he lodged under TER-

TULLIAN'S roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God, where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these Poems, STEPS for happy souls to climb heaven by.

And those other of his pieces, entitled *The Delights of the Muses* (though of a more human mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferred on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother-tongue), viz., Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little help in—they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academic (as well pious as harmless arts), he made his skill, in Poetry, Music, Drawing, Limning, Graving (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.

To the former qualifications I might add that which would crown them all—his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers) cast any strange mists of surfeits before the intellectual beams of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there, under lock and key, in readiness, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latin poets, some of which Authors he had more at his command

## 6 THE PREFACE TO THE READER

by heart, than others that only read their works, to retain little, and understand less.

Enough, reader ; I intend not a volume of praises larger than his book, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections ; I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young gent. (now dead to us) as he himself doth, with the last line of his Poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his Sermons—

*Verte paginas.*

—Look on his following leaves and see him breathe.

### THE AUTHOR'S MOTTO

Live, Jesus, live, and let it be  
My life to die for love of Thee.

# STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

## SOSPETTO D'HERODE

[*The Suspicion of Herod*]

---

### LIBRO PRIMO

#### ARGOMENTO

*Casting the times with their strong signs,  
Death's master his own death divines ;  
Struggling for help, his best hope is  
Herod's suspicion may heal his.  
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake  
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,  
Who fears (in vain) that He Whose birth  
Means Heaven, should meddle with his Earth.*

Muse ! now the servant of soft loves no more,  
Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest  
Hand (O, what dares not jealous greatness ?) tore  
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' b  
The blooms of martyrdom. O, be a door 5  
Of language to my infant lips, ye best  
Of confessors ; whose throats answering his  
swords,  
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for  
words.

## II

Great Anthony ! Spain's well-beseeming pride,  
 Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings ;      10  
 The beauties of whose dawn what eye may bide ?  
 Which with the Sun himself weighs equal wings ;  
 Map of heroic worth ! whom far and wide  
 To the believing world Fame boldly sings :  
 Dign thou to wear this humble wreath that  
     bows,      15  
 To be the sacred honour of thy brows. ●

## III

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers  
 Other than what their own blest beauties bring ;  
 They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers,  
 That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,      20  
 Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean frost deflowers :  
 From whence heaven-labouring bees with busy  
     wing,  
 Suck hidden sweets, which, well digested, proves  
 Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

## IV

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,      25  
 Holds high the reign of fair Parthenope,  
 Neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth  
 A name in noble deeds rival to thee !  
 Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient Earth,  
 Far more than matter for my Muse and me.      30  
 The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the  
     same,  
 And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

V

Below the bottom of the great Abyss,  
 There where one centre reconciles all things,  
 The World's profound heart pants ; there placèd is 35  
 Mischief's old master : close about him clings  
 A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss  
 His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome strings  
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties  
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. 40

VI

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,  
 He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire :  
 And for his old fair robes of light he wears  
 A gloomy mantle of dark flames ; the tire  
 That crowns his hated head on high appears ; 45  
 Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire ;  
 And to make up Hell's Majesty, each horn  
 Seven crested Hydras horribly adorn.

VII

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,  
 • Startle the dull air, with a dismal red : 50  
 Such his fell glances as the fatal light  
 Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.  
 From his black nostrils and blue lips, in spite  
 Of Hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.  
 His breath Hell's lightning is : and each deep 55  
 groan  
 Disdains to think that Heaven thunders alone.

VIII

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation  
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath ;  
 Whose unconsumed consumption preys upon  
 The never-dying life of a long death. 60



In this sad house of slow destruction  
 (His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath  
 A mass of woes ; his teeth for torment gnash,  
 While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong  
 lash.

## IX

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind, 65  
 Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king :  
 With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twined  
 They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a  
 sting  
 Their locks are beds of uncombed snakes, that wind  
 About their shady brows in wanton rings. 70  
 Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he  
 reigns,  
 His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

## X

Disdainful wretch ! how hath one bold sin cost  
 Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes !  
 How hath one black eclipse cancelled and crost 75  
 The glories that did gild thee in thy rise !  
 Proud morning of a perverse day ! how lost  
 Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise  
 Narcissus ! foolish Phaethon ! who for all  
 Thy high-aim'd hopes gain'dst but a flaming fall. 80

## XI

From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,  
 This mortal enemy to mankind's good,  
 Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,  
 To become beautiful in human blood.  
 Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair 85  
 The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,  
 There does he fix his eyes, and there detect  
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

XII

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark  
 Set the contending sons of Heaven on fire ; 90  
 Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark  
 Sibyl's divining leaves : he does inquire  
 Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark  
 How many present prodigies conspire  
 To crown their past predictions ; both he lays 95  
 Together ; in his ponderous mind both weighs.

XIII

Heaven's golden-winged herald late he saw  
 To a poor Galilean virgin sent :  
 How low the bright youth bowed, and with what awe  
 Immortal flowers to her fair hand present. 100  
 He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law  
 Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent  
 His birth by his devotion, who began  
 Betimes to be a saint before a man.

XIV

He saw rich nectar-thaws release the rigour 105  
 Of th' icy North ; from frost-bound Atlas' hands  
 His adamantine fetters fall : green vigour  
 Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libyan sands.  
 He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure  
 Winter's sad face, and through the flowery lands 110  
 Of fair Engaddi, honey-sweating fountains  
 With manna, milk, and balm, new-broach the  
 mountains.

## XV

He saw how, in that blest Day-bearing night,  
 The Heaven-rebukèd shades made haste away ;  
 How bright a dawn of angels with new light 115  
 Amazed the midnight world, and made a Day  
 Of which the Morning knew not ; mad with spite  
 He marked how the poor shepherds ran to pay  
 Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth  
 Was the great business both of Heaven and  
 Earth. 120

## XVI

He saw a threefold Sun with rich increase  
 Make proud the ruby portals of the East :  
 He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,  
 Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast :  
 He saw the falling idols all confess 125  
 A coming Deity : He saw the nest  
 Of poisonous and unnatural loves, Earth-nursed,  
 Touched with the World's true antidote, to burst.

## XVII

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,  
 On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed 130  
 The golden eyes of Night : whose beam made bright  
 The way to Bethlehem, and as boldly blazed,  
 (Nor asked leave of the sun) by day as night ;  
 By whom (as Heaven's illustrious handmaid) raised,  
 Three kings (or what is more) three wise men  
 went 135  
 Westward to find the World's true Orient.

XVIII

Struck with these great concurrences of things,  
 Symptoms so deadly unto Death and him,  
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb. 140  
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings ;  
 Which, like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim  
 Air with a dismal shade ; but all in vain,  
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

XIX

While thus Heaven's highest counsels by the low 145  
 Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,  
 He tossed his troubled eyes, embers that glow  
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell.  
 With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,  
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell 150  
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of  
 Night,  
 The while his twisted tail he gnawed for spite.

XX

Yet on the other side fain would he start  
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be :  
 He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,  
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy.  
 He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)  
 The Heaven-expecting ages hope to see  
 A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth,  
 From a chaste virgin womb should bless the  
 Earth. 160

## XXI

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,  
 And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,  
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,  
 Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower ;  
 How God's Eternal Son should be man's brother, 165  
 Poseth his proudest intellectual power ;  
 How a pure Spirit should incarnate be,  
 And Life itself wear Death's frail livery.

## XXII

That the great angel-blinding Light should shrink  
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye ; 170  
 That the unmeasured God so low should sink,  
 As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie ;  
 That from His mother's breast He milk should drink,  
 Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family ;  
 That a vile manger His low bed should prove, 175  
 Who in a throne of stars thunders above :

## XXIII

That He Whom the Sun serves should faintly peep  
 Through clouds of infant flesh : that He, the old  
 Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep :  
 That He Who made the fire should fear the cold : 180  
 That Heaven's high Majesty His court should keep  
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast controll'd :  
 That Glory's self should serve our griefs and  
 fears :  
 And free Eternity submit to years :

XXIV

And further, that the Law's eternal Giver 185  
 Should bleed in His Own law's obedience ;  
 And to the circumcising knife deliver  
 Himself, the forfeit of His slave's offence.  
 That the unbleanish'd Lamb, blessèd for ever,  
 Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense : 190  
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt  
 Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

XXV

While new thoughts boiled in his enraged breast,  
 His gloomy bosom's darkest character  
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest. 195  
 The forehead's shade in Grief's expression there,  
 Is what in sign of joy among the blest  
 The face's lightning, or a smile is here.  
 Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress,  
 A desperate, "Oh me !" drew from his deep  
 breast. 200

XXVI

"Oh me !" (thus bellow'd he) "Oh me ! what great  
 Portents before mine eyes their powers advance,  
 And serves my purer sight only to beat  
 Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance ?  
 Frown I ; and can great Nature keep her seat, 205  
 And the gay stars lead on their golden dance ?  
 Can His attempts above still prosperous be,  
 Auspicious still, in spite of Hell and me ?

## XXVII

“ He has my Heaven (what would He more ?) whose  
bright

And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear, 210  
And for the never-fading fields of light,

My fair inheritance, He confines me here,  
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,  
To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer  
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears, 215  
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

“ Dark, dusky Man He needs would single forth,  
To make the partner of His Own pure ray :  
And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,  
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay ? 220  
It shall not be, said I, and climb the North,  
Where never wing of angel yet made way.  
What though I miss'd my blow ? yet I struck  
high,  
And to dare something is some victory.

## XXIX

“ Is He not satisfied ? means He to wrest 225  
Hell from me too, and sack my territories ?  
The human nature, means He not t' invest  
(O my despite !) with His divinest glories ?  
And rising with rich spoils upon His breast,  
With His fair triumphs fill all future stories ? 230  
Must the bright arms of Heaven rebuke these  
eyes ?  
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries ?

XXX

“ Art thou not Lucifer ? he to whom the droves  
 Of stars that gild the Morn; in charge were given ?  
 The nimblest of the lightning-wingèd loves ? 235  
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven ?  
 Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves  
 Reverently circled b the lesser seven ;  
 Such, and so rich the flames that from thine eyes  
 Oppressed the common people of the skies. 240

“ Ah, wretch ! w' at boots thee to cast back thy eyes,  
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows ?  
 While the reflection of thy former joys,  
 Renders thee double to thy present woes ;  
 Rathe make to thy new miseries, 245,  
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows ;  
 If Hell must mourn, Heaven sure shall  
 sympathise ;  
 That force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

XXXII

“ And yet whose force fear I have I do lost  
 Myself ? my strength too with my innocence ? 250  
 Come, try who dares, Heaven, Earth, whate'er doth  
 boast  
 A borrowed being, make thy bold defence :  
 Come thy Creator too ; what though it cost  
 Me yet a second fall ? we'd try our strengths ;  
 Heaven saw us struggle once ; as brave a fight 255  
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.



## XXXIII

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause ;  
His foul hags raised their heads, and clapped their  
hands ;  
And all the powers of Hell in full applause  
Flourish'd their snakes and tossed their flaming  
brands. 260  
“ We ” (said the horrid sisters) “ wait thy laws,  
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands ;  
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay  
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

## XXXIV

“ What thy Alecto, what these hands can do, 265  
Thou madest bold proof upon the brow of Heaven,  
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,  
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven :  
Let Heaven's Lord chide above, louder than thou  
In language of His thunder, thou art even 270  
With Him below : here thou art lord alone,  
Boundless and absolute : Hell is thine own.

## XXXV

“ If usual wit and strength will do no good,  
Virtues of stones, nor herbs : use stronger charms,  
Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood : 275  
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,  
And pouring on Heaven's face the Sea's huge flood,  
Quench His curled fires ; we'll wake with our alarms  
Ruin, where'er she sleeps at Nature's feet ;  
And crush the World till His wide corners  
meet.” 280

Replied the proud king, "O my crown's defence !  
 Stay of my strong hopes, you, of whose brave worth  
 The frighted stars took faint experience,  
 When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we marched forth :  
 Still you are prodigal of your Love's expense 285  
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heaven and  
 Earth :  
 I thank you all, but one must single out :  
 Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt."

## XXXVII

Fourth of the cursèd knot of hags is she,  
 Or rather all the other three in one ; 290  
 Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,  
 And still assist the execution :  
 But chiefly there does she delight to be,  
 Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on :  
 And while the black souls boil in their own  
 gore, 295  
 To hold them down, and look that none see the  
 o'er.

## XXXVIII

Thrice howled the caves of Night, and thrice the  
 sound,  
 Thundering upon the banks of those black lakes,  
 Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound :  
 At last her listening ears the noise o'ertakes, 300  
 She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round,  
 A general hiss from the whole tire of snakes  
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns  
 came,  
 In answer to her formidable name.

## XXXIX

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command, 305  
 No one so merciless as this of hers.  
 The adamantine doors for ever stand  
 Impenetrable both to prayers and tears ;  
 The walls' inexorable steel no hand  
 Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruin fears. 310  
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains  
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dashed-out  
 brains.

## XL

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,  
 Whose ever-brandish'd sword is sheathed in blood :  
 About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughtersweat, 315  
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.  
 There rude impetuous Rage does storm and fret :  
 And there, as master of this murdering brood,  
 Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,  
 With endless business almost out of breath. 320

## XLI

For hangings and for curtains, all along  
 The walls (abominable ornaments !)  
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung ;  
 Fell executioners of foul intents,  
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong, 325  
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments  
 Of Sin and Death, twice dipped in the dire stains  
 Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

## XLII

The tables furnished with a cursèd feast,  
 Which Harpies with lean Famine feed upon, 330  
 Unfilled for ever. Here among the rest,  
 Inhuman Erisichthon, too, makes one ;

Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests :  
 Wolfish Lycaon here a place hath won.  
 The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull, 335  
 Which, mixed with gall and blood, they quaff  
 brim full.

XLIII

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,  
 Medæa, Jezebel, many a meagre witch,  
 With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her ;  
 But her best housewives are the Parcæ, which 340  
 Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;  
 They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.  
 Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,  
 Which short-cut lives of murdered infants leave.

XLIV

The house is hearsed about with a black wood, 345  
 Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree :  
 Each flower's a pregnant poison, tried and good :  
 Each herb a plague : the wind's sighs timed be  
 By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.  
 Through the thick shades obscurely might you see 350  
 Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove  
 Of Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes, fill the grove.

XLV

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,  
 With the fierce lions of Therodamas ;  
 Busiris has his bloody altar here, 355  
 Here Sylla his severest prison has ;  
 The Lestrigonians here their table rear ;  
 Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass ;  
 Here cruel Scyron boasts his bloody rocks,  
 And hateful Schinis his so feared oaks. 360

## XLVI

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames  
 Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;  
 Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names  
 Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too ;  
 Here are they all, here all the swords or flames 365  
 Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.  
 Such was the house, so furnished was the hall,  
 Whence the fourth Fury answered Pluto's call.

## XLVII

Scarce to this monster could the shady king  
 The horrid sum of his intentions tell ; 370  
 But she (swift as the momentary wing  
 Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell.  
 She rose, and with her to our World did bring  
 Pale proof of her fell presence ; th' air too well  
 With a changed countenance witnessed the sight 375  
 And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

## XLVIII

Heaven saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight,  
 The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,  
 But shut their flowery lids ; for ever Night  
 And Winter strow her way ; yea, such a sore 380  
 Is she to Nature, that a general fright,  
 An universal palsy spreading o'er  
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,  
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

## XLIX

Now had the Night's companion from her den, 385  
 Where all the busy day she close doth lie,  
 With her soft wing wiped from the brows of men  
 Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,

And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
 Of all their cares, tamed the rebellious eye 390  
 Of Sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,  
 Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

## I.

When the Erinnyes her black pinions spread,  
 And came to Bethlehem, where the cruel king  
 Had now retired himself, and borrowèd 395  
 His breast awhile from Care's unquiet sting ;  
 Such as at Thebes' dire feast she showed her head,  
 Her sulphur-breathèd torches brandishing :  
 Such to the frightened palace now she comes,  
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms. 400

## LI

By Herod———now was borne  
 The sceptre, which of old great David swayed ;  
 Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,  
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made ;  
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torn 405  
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid  
 A sad yoke, under which they sighed in vain,  
 And looking on their lost state sighed again.

## LII

Up through the spacious palace passèd she  
 To where the king's proudly reposèd head 410  
 (If any can be soft to Tyranny  
 And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.  
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,  
 As it is seen by Hell, and seen with dread :  
 To change her face's style she doth devise, 415  
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

## LIII

Herself a while she lays aside, and makes  
 Ready to personate a mortal part.  
 Joseph, the king's dead brother's shape, she takes ;  
 What he 'by nature was, is she by art, 420  
 She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes  
 His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,  
 Life's forge ; feigned is her voice, and false  
 too be  
 Her words : " Sleep'st thou, fond man ? sleep'st  
 thou ? " said she.

## LIV

" So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest 425  
 With many a merciless o'ermastering wave ;  
 For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,  
 Which of them deep'st shall dig her watery grave.  
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest  
 In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave 430  
 A waking eye and hand ? look up and see  
 The Fates ripe in their great conspiracy.

## LV

" Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem  
 (That old dry stock) a despaired branch is sprung,  
 A most strange Babe ! who here concealed by them 435  
 In a neglected stable lies, among  
 Beasts and base straw : already is the stream  
 Quite turn'd : th' ingrateful rebels this their young  
 Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)  
 Their new King and thy Successor proclaim. 440

LVI

“What busy motions, what wild engines stand  
 On tiptoe in their giddy brains ! they’ve fire  
 Already in their bosoms ; and their hand  
 Already reaches at a sword : they bide ,  
 Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the Land 445  
 What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?  
 Go now, make much of these ; wage still their  
 wars,  
 And bring home on thy breast more thankless  
 scars.

LVII

“Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain 450  
 A well-poised sceptre ? Does it now seem good  
 Thy brother’s blood be spilt, life spent in vain ?  
 ’Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood  
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain :  
 And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep, 455  
 Canst thou be careless now ? now canst thou  
 sleep ?

LVIII

“Where art thou, man ? what cowardly mistake  
 Of thy great self hath stolen king Herod from  
 thee ?  
 O, call thyself home to thyself ; wake, wake,  
 And fence the hanging sword Heaven throws upon  
 thee : 460  
 Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee.  
 Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me  
 Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.”



## LIX

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist      465  
 For a beseeching bracelet she had tied  
 (A special worm it was as ever kissed  
 The foamy lips of Cerberus), she applied  
 To the king's heart ; the snake no sooner hissed  
 But Virtue heard it, and away she hied.      470  
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every  
 vein ;  
 This done, home to her Hell she hied again.

## LX

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears :  
 His sweat-bedewèd bed hath now betrayed him  
 To a vast field of thorns ; ten thousand spears      475  
 All pointed in his heart seemed to invade him :  
 So mighty were th' amazing characters  
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismayed  
 him,  
 He his own fancy-framed foes defies :  
 In rage, "My arms, give me my arms," he cries. 480

## LXI

As when a pile of food-preparing fire  
 The breath of artificial lungs embraves,  
 The cauldron-prisoned waters straight conspire,  
 And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves ;  
 He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire ;      485  
 Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves,  
 Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,  
 Whence all his high spirits and hot courage  
 came :

## LXII

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swollen breast,  
Not to be slaked but by a sea of blood. 490  
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,  
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.  
The worm of jealous envy and unrest,  
To which his gnawed heart is the growing food,  
Makes him impatient of the lingering light, 495  
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

## LXIII

A thousand prophecies, that talk strange things,  
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast ;  
And now of late came tributary kings,  
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East ; 500  
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,  
With which his feverous cares their cold increased ;  
And now his dream (Hell's firebrand), still  
more bright,  
Showed him his fears, and killed him with the  
sight.

## LXIV

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see 505  
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day),  
But all his counsellors must summoned be  
To meet their troubled lord : without delay  
Heralds and messengers immediately  
Are sent about, who posting every way 510  
To th' heads and officers of every band,  
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

## LXV

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? what vain fear  
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?  
 Heaven's King, Who doffs Himself weak flesh to  
 wear, 515

Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love :  
 Nor would He this thy feared crown from thee tear,  
 But give thee a better with Himself above.  
 Poor jealousy ! why should He wish to prey  
 Upon thy crown, Who gives His own away ? 520

## LXVI

Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts ;  
 Look how below thy fears their causes are ;  
 Thou art a soldier, Herod ; send thy scouts,  
 See how He's furnished for so feared a war.  
 What armour does He wear ? a few thin clouts. 525  
 His trumpets ? tender cries. His men, to dare  
 So much ? rude shepherds. What His steeds ?  
 alas !  
 Poor beasts ! a slow ox and a simple ass.

IL FINE DEL PRIMO LIBRO—"THE END OF THE  
 FIRST BOOK."

## THE TEAR

## I

What bright soft thing is this,  
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes' expense?  
A moist spark it is,  
A watery diamond ; from whence  
The very term, I think, was found, 5  
The water of a diamond.

## II

O, 'tis not a tear,  
'Tis a star about to drop  
From thine eye, its sphere ;  
The Sun will stoop and take it up. 10  
Proud will his sister be to wear  
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

## III

O, 'tis a tear,  
Too true a tear; for no sad eyne,  
How sad soe'er, 15  
Rain so true a tear as thine ;  
Each drop, leaving a place so dear,  
Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

## IV

Such a pearl as this is,  
(Slipp'd from Aurora's dewy breast) 20  
The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses ;  
And such the rose itself, when vex'd  
With ungentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in too warm a bed.

## V

Such the maiden gem 25  
 By the wanton Spring put on,  
 Peeps from her parent stem,  
 And blushes on the wat'ry Sun :  
 This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,  
 Ripe, will make the richer wine. 30

## VI

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so ?  
 'Cause thou straight must lay thy head  
 In the dust ? O no ;  
 The dust shall never be 'thy bed :  
 A pillow for thee will I bring, 35  
 Stuffed with down of angel's wing.

Thus carried up on high,  
 (For to Heaven thou must go)  
 Sweetly shalt thou lie, v  
 And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe ; 40  
 Till the singing orbs awake thee,  
 And one of their bright chorus make thee.

## VIII

There thyself shalt be  
 An eye, but not a weeping one ;  
 Yet I doubt of thee, 45  
 Whether th' had'st rather there have shone  
 An eye of Heaven ; or still shine here  
 In th' Heaven of Mary's eye, a TEAR.

## UPON EASTER DAY

## I

Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity,  
From thy virgin tomb !  
Rise, mighty Man of wonders, and Thy World with  
Thee,  
Thy tomb the universal East,  
Nature's new womb, 5  
Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfumèd nest.

## II

Of all the glories make Noon gay,  
This is the Morn ;  
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams  
of Day :  
In Joy's white annals lives this hour 10  
When Life was born ;  
No cloud scowl on His radiant lids, no tempest  
lour.

## III

Life, by this Light's nativity,  
All creatures have ;  
Death only by this Day's just doom is forced to die, 15  
Nor is Death forced ; for may he lie  
Throned in Thy grave,  
Death will on this condition be content to die.

## PSALM XXIII.

Happy me ! O happy sheep !  
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keep ;  
 Even my God, even He it is  
 That points me to these ways of bliss ;  
 On Whose pastures cheerful Spring 5  
 All the year doth sit and sing,  
 And rejoicing, smiles to see  
 Their green backs wear His livery ;  
 Pleasure sings my soul to rest,  
 Plenty wears me at her breast, 10  
 Whose sweet temper teaches me  
 Nor wanton, nor in want to be.  
 At my feet the blubbering mountain  
 Weeping, melts into a fountain,  
 Whose soft, silver-sweating streams 15  
 Make high-noon forget his beams :  
 When my wayward breath is flying,  
 He calls home my soul from dying,  
 Strokes and tames my rabid grief,  
 And does woo me into life : 20  
 When my simple weakness strays,  
 (Tangled in forbidden ways)  
 He (my Shepherd) is my guide,  
 He's before me, on my side,  
 And behind me ; He beguiles 25  
 Craft in all her knotty wiles :  
 He expounds the giddy wonder  
 Of my weary steps, and under  
 Spreads a path as clear as day,  
 Where no churlish rub says nay 30

To my joy-conducted feet,  
 Whilst they gladly go to meet  
 Grace and Peace, to meet new lays  
 Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.  
 Come now, all ye terrors, sally, 35  
 Muster forth into the valley,  
 Where triumph darkness hovers  
 With a sable wing, that covers  
 Brooding horror. Come, thou Death,  
 Let the damps of thy dull breath 40  
 Overshadow even the shade,  
 And make Darkness' self afraid ;  
 There my feet, even there, shall find  
 Way for a resolvèd mind.  
 Still my Shepherd, still my God 45  
 Thou art with me ; still Thy rod,  
 And Thy staff, whose influence  
 Gives direction, gives defence.  
 At the whisper of Thy word  
 Crown'd abundance spreads my board : 50  
 While I feast, my foes do feed  
 Their rank malice, not their need ;  
 So that with the self-same bread  
 They are starved, and I am fed.  
 How my head in ointment swims ! 55  
 How my cup o'erlooks her brims !  
 So, even so, still may I move  
 By the line of Thy dear love ;  
 Still may Thy sweet mercy spread  
 A shady arm above my head, 60  
 About my paths ; so shall I find  
 The fair centre of my mind,  
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls  
 Bright ever with a beam that falls



Fresh from th' pure glance of Thine eye,      65  
 Lighting to Eternity.  
 There I'll dwell for ever, there  
 Will I find a purer air,  
 To feed my life with ; there I'll sup  
 Balm and nectar in my cup ;      70  
 And thence my ripe soul will I breathe  
 Warm into the arms of Death.

## PSALM CXXXVII

On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,  
 There we sate, and there we wept :  
 Our harps, that now no music understood,  
 Nodding, on the willows slept :  
 While unhappy captived we,      5  
 Lovely Sion, though on thee.  
 They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast  
 Would have a song carved to their ears  
 In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest !)  
 When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears :      10  
 Come, they cried, come sing and play  
 One of Sion's songs to-day.  
 Sing ? play ? to whom (ah ! ) shall we sing or play,  
 If not, Jerusalem, to thee ?  
 Ah ! thee Jerusalem ! ah ! sooner may      15  
 This hand forget the mastery  
 Of Music's dainty touch, than I  
 The music of thy memory.

*ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY* 35

Which, when I lose, O may at once my tongue  
Lose this same busy-speaking art, 20  
Unperched, her vocal arteries unstrung,  
No more acquainted with my heart,  
On my dry palate's roof to rest  
A withered leaf, an idle guest.  
No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown 25  
The head of all my hope-nursed joys.  
But Edom, cruel thou ! thou criedst down, down  
Sink Sion, down and never rise ;  
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,  
And haste to dash her into dust : 30  
Dost laugh, proud Babel's daughter ? do, laugh on,  
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,  
Even such as these ; laugh, till a 'venging throng  
Of woes too late do rouse thy fears :  
Laugh till thy children's bleeding bones 35  
Weep precious tears upon the stones.

*ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY*

Rise, then, immortal maid ! Religion, rise !  
Put on thyself in thine own looks : t' our eyes  
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee,  
Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betray'd thee)  
Heaven set thee down new-dress'd ; when thy bright  
birth 5  
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonished earth.  
From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away  
Dull mists and melancholy clouds : take Day  
And thine own beams about thee : bring the best  
Of whatsoe'er perfumed thy Eastern nest. 10

Girt all thy glories to thee : then sit down,  
 Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.  
 These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee  
 Thy holiest, humblest handmaid, Charity.  
 She'll dress thee like thyself, set thee on high 15  
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.  
 Lo ! where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise  
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice  
 Which they themselves were ; each one putting on  
 A majesty that may beseem thy throne. 20  
 The holy youth of Heaven, whose golden rings  
 Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings  
 Fanning thy fair locks (which the World believes  
 As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves  
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go 25  
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous though.

———— Be it enacted then

By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,  
 God's services no longer shall put on  
 A sluttishness for pure religion : 30  
 No longer shall our Churches' frighted stones  
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
 Of dead Devotion ; nor faint marbles weep  
 In their sad ruins ; nor Religion keep  
 A melancholy mansion in those cold 35  
 Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old :  
 Now seem they Temples consecrate to none,  
 Or to a new god, Desolation.  
 No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be  
 Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee : 40  
 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,  
 (Disdainful dust and ashes !) bend thy brow ;  
 Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes  
 Baked in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice :

But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart 45  
 New struck by Love, still trembling on his dart ;  
 Or (for two turtle-doves) it shall suffice  
 To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.  
 This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme  
 Pulpits and pens shall sweat in ; to redeem 50  
 Virtue to action, that life-feeding flame  
 That keeps Religion warm : not swell a name  
 Of Faith ; a mountain-word, made up of air,  
 With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair  
 And fruitful Charity's full breasts (of old), 55  
 Turning her out to tremble in the cold.  
 What can the poor hope from us, when we be  
 Uncharitable even to Charity?  
 Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling  
 At that most horrible and hornèd thing, 60  
 Forsooth the Pope : by which black name they call  
 The Turk, the devil, Furies, Hell and all,  
 And something more. O he is anti-Christ :  
 Doubt this, and doubt (say they) that Christ is  
 Christ :  
 Why, 'tis a point of Faith. Whate'er it be, 65  
 I'm sure it is no point of Charity.  
 In sum, no longer shall our people hope,  
 To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

ON MR GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOK  
ENTITLED "THE TEMPLE OF  
SACRED POEMS"

SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN

Know you, fair, on what you look ?  
Divinest love lies in this book :  
Expecting fire from your eyes,  
To kindle this his sacrifice,  
When your hands untie these strings, 5  
Think you've an angel by the wings ;  
One that gladly will be nigh,  
To wait upon each morning sigh ;  
To flutter in the balmy air,  
Of your well-perfumèd prayer. 10  
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,  
Which every day to Heaven will send you :  
To take acquaintance of the sphere,  
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.  
And though Herbert's name do owe 15  
These devotions ; fairest, know  
That while I lay them on the shrine  
Of your white hand, they are mine.

## DIVINE EPIGRAMS

*"Two went up into the Temple to Pray"*

Two went to pray ! O, rather say  
 One went to brag, th' other to pray ;  
 One stands up close and treads on high,  
 Where th' other dares not send his eye.  
 One nearer to God's altar trod, 5  
 The other to the altar's God.

*Give to Cæsar—and to God—[Mark xii, 17]*

All we have is God's, and yet  
 Cæsar challenges a debt ;  
 Nor hath God a thinner share,  
 Whatever Cæsar's payments are.  
 All is God's ; and yet 'tis true 5  
 All we have is Cæsar's too.  
 All is Cæsar's : and what odds,  
 So long as Cæsar's self is God's ?

*On the Blessed Virgin's Bashfulness*

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,  
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.  
 The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O, where,  
 Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere ?  
 'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven she sees, Heaven's God  
     there lies ; 5  
 She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes.  
 This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given :  
 'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to Heaven.

*"It is better to go into heaven with one eye," etc.*

[Mark ix, 47]

One eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,  
 To fix those full-faced glories! O, he's poor  
 Of eyes that has but Argus' store!  
 Yet, if thou'lt fill one poor eye with Thy Heaven and  
     Thee,  
 O grant, sweet Goodness, that one eye may be      5  
 And all every whit of me.

*On the Water of our Lord's Baptism*

Each blest drop on each blest limb  
 Is wash'd itself in washing Him:  
 'Tis a gem while it stays here;  
 While it falls hence 'tis a tear.

, *"But now they have seen and hated"* [John xv, 24]

Seen? and yet hated Thee? they did not see,  
 They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee:  
 No, no, they saw Thee not, O Life, O Love,  
 Who saw aught in Thee that their hate could move!

*Our B[lessed] Lord in His Circumcision to His Father*

To Thee these first-fruits of My growing death,  
 (For what else is My life?) lo! I bequeath.  
 Taste this, and as Thou lik'st this lesser flood  
 Expect a sea; My heart shall make it good.  
 Thy wrath that wades here now, ere long shall  
     swim,      5  
 The flood-gate shall be set wide ope for Him.  
 Then let Him drink, and drink, and do His worst,  
 To drown the wantonness of His wild thirst.

Now's but the nonage of My pains, My fears  
 Are yet but in their hopes, not come to years. 10  
 The day of My dark woe is yet but morn,  
 My tears but tender, and My death new-born.  
 Yet may these unfledged griefs give fate some guess,  
 These cradle-torments have their towardness.  
 These purple buds of blooming death may be 15  
 Erst the full stature of a fatal tree.  
 And till My riper woes to age are come,  
 This knife may be the spear's *præludium*.

*"And He answered them nothing"*

[Matt. xxvii, 12]

O Mighty Nothing ! unto thee,  
 Nothing, we owe all things that be ;  
 God spake once when He all things made,  
 He saved all when He Nothing said.  
 The world was made of Nothing then ; 5  
 'Tis made by Nothing now again.

*Upon the Ass that bore our Saviour*

Hath only Anger an omnipotence  
 In eloquence ?  
 Within the lips of Love and Joy doth dwell  
 No miracle ?  
 Why else had Balaam's ass a tongue to chide 5  
 His master's pride,  
 And thou (Heaven-burthen'd beast) hast ne'er a word  
 To praise thy Lord ?  
 That he should find a tongue and vocal thunder,  
 Was a great wonder ; 10  
 But O, methinks, 'tis a far greater one  
 That thou find'st none.



*"I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under  
my roof"* [Matt. viii, 8]

Thy God was making haste into thy roof,  
Thy humble faith and fear keeps Him aloof :  
He'll be thy guest, because He may not be ;  
He'll come——into thy house ? No, into thee.

*To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine*

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life) ;  
Thy foe, to cross the sweet acts of Thy feign,  
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,  
And so turns wine to water back again.

*The Blind cured by the Word of our Saviour*  
[Matt. ix]

Thou speak'st the word (Thy word's a law)  
Thou spak'st, and straight the blind man saw.  
To speak and make the blind man see,  
"Was never man, Lord, spake like Thee."  
To speak thus, was to speak (say I) 5  
Not to his ear, but to his eye.

*On the Miracle of Loaves*

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on Thee ;  
Thou to their teeth hast proved Thy Deity.

*On the Miracle of Multiplied Loaves*

See here an easy feast that knows no wound,  
That under Hunger's teeth will needs be found :  
A subtle harvest of unbounded bread ;  
What would ye more ? Here food itself is fed.

*The Widow's Mites* [Luke xxi, 2, 3]

Two mites, two drops (yet all her house and land)  
Falls from a steady heart, though trembling hand :  
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave.  
The other cast away ; she only gave.

*"Neither durst any man from that day ask Him any  
• more questions"* [Matt. xxii, 46]

'Midst all the dark and knotty snares,  
Black wit or malice can or dares,  
Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets, '  
And treads with uncontrolled steps. 5  
Thy quell'd foes are not only now  
Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies too :  
They both at once Thy conquests be,  
And Thy conquests' memory.  
Stony amazement makes them stand  
Waiting on Thy victorious hand, 10  
Like statues fixed to the fame  
Of Thy renown, and their own shame :  
As if they only meant to breathe,  
To be the life of their own death.  
'Twas time to hold their peace when they 15  
Had ne'er another word to say :  
Yet is their silence, unto Thee,  
The full sound of Thy victory :  
Their silence speaks aloud, and is  
Thy well pronounc'd panegyris. 20  
While they speak nothing, they speak all  
Their share in Thy memorial.

While they speak nothing, they proclaim  
 Thee with the shrillest trump of Fame.  
 To hold their peace is all the ways 25  
 These wretches have to speak Thy praise.

*"Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith"*  
 [Mark iv, 40]

As if the storm meant Him ;  
 Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,  
     His needs a cloud.  
 Was ever froward wind  
 That could be so unkind, 5  
     Or wave so proud ?  
 The wind had need be angry, and the water black,  
 That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten  
     wrack.

There is no storm but this  
 Of your own cowardice 10  
     That braves you out ;  
 You are the storm that mocks  
 Yourselves ; you are the rocks  
     Of your own doubt :  
 Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here ; 15  
 And he that here fears danger, does deserve his fear.

*On the Prodigal* [Luke xv]

Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,  
 Whither away so frolic ? why so glad ?  
 What all thy wealth in council ? all thy state ?  
 Are husks so dear ? troth, 'tis a mighty rate.

*Dives asking a Drop* [Luke xvi, 24]

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop  
Would tremble on my pearl-tipp'd finger's top !  
My wealth is gone ; O ! go it where it will,  
Spare this one jewel ; I'll be Dives still.\*

*Upon Lazarus's Tears*

Rich Lazarus ! richer in those gems, thy tears,  
Than Dives in the robes he wears :  
He scorns them now, but O ! they'll suit full well  
With th' purple he must wear in Hell.

*On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our  
Saviour's call*

Thou hast the art on 't, Peter, and canst tell  
To cast thy nets on all occasions well.  
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee stay,  
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

*Upon the dumb devil cast out, and the slanderous  
Jews put to silence* [Luke xi, 14]

\*Two devils at one blow Thou hast laid flat,  
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that ;  
Was't Thy full victory's fairer increase,  
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace ?

*The dumb healed, and the people enjoined silence*  
[Mark vii, 31-37]

Christ bids the dumb tongue speak ; it speaks ; the  
sound  
He charges to be quiet ; it runs round ;  
If in the first He used His finger's touch,  
His hand's whole strength here could not be too  
much.

*"She began to wash His feet with tears, and  
wipe them with the hairs of her head" [Luke  
vii, 38]*

Her eyes' flood licks His feet's fair stain,  
Her hair's flame licks up that again ;  
This flame thus quench'd hath brighter beams :  
This flood thus stained fairer streams.

*"And a certain priest coming that way looked on  
him, and passed by" [Luke x, 31]*

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that  
passest by,  
Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?  
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine,  
for O,  
Unmoved to see one wretched, is to make him so.

*"Verily I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament"  
[John xvi, 20]*

Welcome, my grief, my joy ; how dear's  
To me my legacy of tears !  
I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore  
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more :  
Thou, Thou (dear Lord) even Thou alone       5  
Giv'st joy, even when Thou givest none.

*"Blessed be the paps which Thou hast sucked"  
[Luke xi]*

Suppose He had been tabled at thy teats,  
Thy hunger feels not what He eats ;  
He'll have His teat ere long, a bloody one,  
The mother then must suck the son.

*"Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets"*

[Matt. xxiii, 29]

Thou trimm'st a Prophet's tomb, and dost bequeath  
The life thou took'st from him unto his death.  
Vain man ! the stones that on his tomb do lie,  
Keep but the score of them that made him die.

*Upon Our Lord's last comfortable discourse with  
His disciples [John xv]*

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can  
Flows in Thy song (O fair, O dying Swan !)  
Yet is the joy I take in 't small or none ;  
It is too sweet to be a long-lived one.

*"I am the Door"*

And now thou'rt set wide ope, the spear's sad art,  
Lo ! hath unlock'd Thee at the very heart :  
He to himself (I fear the worst)

And his own hope

Hath shut these doors of Heaven, that durst  
Thus set them ope.

5

*"But men loved darkness rather than light"*

[John iii, 19]

The world's Light shines ; shine as it will,  
The world will love its darkness still.  
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,  
It will not love its darkness half so well.

*To Pontius washing his Hands*

Thy hands are washed, but O, the water's spilt,  
That laboured to have washed thy guilt :  
The flood, if any be that can suffice,  
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

*To Pontius [Pilate] washing his Blood-stained Hands*

's murder no sin ? or a sin so cheap,

That thou didst heap

A rape upon 't ? Till thy adult'rous touch

Taught 'her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd  
face,

She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such, 5

Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race ;

The daughter of a fair and well-famed fountain,

As ever silver-tipp'd the side of shady mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears

Nothing but tears ; 10

Each drop's a tear that weeps for her own waste.

Hark how at every touch she does complain her !

Hark how she bids her frighted drops make haste,

And with sad murmurs chides the hands that stain  
her !

Leave, leave, for shame, or else, good judge, decree 15

What water shall wash this, when this hath wash'd  
thee.

*On the still Surviving Marks of our Saviour's  
Wounds*

Whatever story of their cruelty

Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in Thee,

Are in another sense

Still legible ;

Sweet is the difference : 5

Once I did spell

Every red letter

A wound of Thine ;

Now, what is better,

Balsam for mine. 10

*On the Wounds of our Crucified Lord*

O these wakeful wounds of Thine !

Are they mouths? or are they eyes?

Be they mouths, or be they eyne,

Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo ! a mouth, whose full-bloom'd lips 5

At too dear a rate are roses.

Lo ! a blood-shot eye that weeps,

And many a cruel tear discloses.

O thou, that on this foot hast laid

Many a kiss, and many a tear ; 10

Now thou shalt have all repaid,

Whatsoe'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips,

To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses ;

To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps, 15

Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference only this appears,

(Nor can the change offend)

The debt is paid in ruby tears,

Which thou in pearls didst lend. 20

*"Come, see the place where the Lord lay"*

[Matt. xxviii, 6]

Show me Himself, Himself (bright Sir), O show

Which way my poor tears to Himself may go ;

Were it enough to show the place, and say,

Look, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay,

Then could I shew these arms of mine, and say, 5

Look, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay.



*The sick implore St Peter's shadow (Acts v)*

Under thy shadow may I lurk awhile,  
 Death's busy search I'll easily beguile ;  
 Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the Sun,  
 My 'light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

*On St Peter cutting off Malchus' ear*

Well, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword ;  
 Well for thyself (I mean), not for thy Lord.  
 To strike at ears, is to take heed there be  
 No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

*On the baptized Ethiopian [Acts viii, 27-38]*

Let it no longer be a forlorn hope  
                     To wash an Ethiop ;  
 He's wash'd ; his gloomy skin a peaceful shade  
                     For his white soul is made ;  
 And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove                      5  
                     A black-faced house will love.

*"I am ready not only to be bound, but to die"*  
                     [Acts xxi, 13]

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,  
 At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.  
 Save those of fear, no other bands fear I ;  
 No other fear than this—the fear to die.

*To the Infant Martyrs*

Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,  
 In Heaven you'll learn to sing ere here to speak :  
 Nor let the milky fonts, that bathe your thirst,  
                     Be your delay ;  
 The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,                      5  
                     Milk all the way.

*Upon the Infant Martyrs*

To see both blended in one flood,  
The mothers' milk, the children's blood,  
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather  
Roses hence, or lilies rather.

*Samson to his Delilah*

Could not once blinding me, cruel, suffice?  
When, first I look'd on thee I lost mine eyes.

*Upon the Powder Day*

How fit our well-rank'd feasts do follow,  
All mischief comes after All-Hallow.



CARMEN  
DEO NOSTRO,  
TE DECET HYMNUS  
SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED,  
CORRECTED,  
AUGMENTED,  
Most humbly Presented.

To  
MY LADY  
THE COUNTSSE OF  
DENBIGH

BY  
Her most devoted Servant,  
R. C.

In hearty acknowledgment of his immortall  
obligation to her Goodnes & Charity.

AT PARIS,  
By PETER TARGA, Printer to the Arch-  
bishope of Paris, in S. Victors streete at  
the golden sunne.  
M. DC. LII.



# CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

## I. CRASHAWE

THE ANAGRAM, "HE WAS CAR"

*Was Car then Crashawe ; or was Crashawe Car,  
Since both within one name combinèd are ?  
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car ; 'tis love alone  
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one.  
So Crashawe's still the same—so much desired 5  
By strongest wits, so honour'd, so admired ;  
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend,  
With whom he shared his thoughts, and did commend  
(While yet he lived) this work ; they loved each other :  
Sweet Crashawe was his friend ; he Crashawe's  
brother. 10*

*So Car hath title then ; 'twas his intent  
That what his riches penn'd, poor Car should print ;  
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one  
Who was beloved by all, dispraised by none.  
To wit, being pleased with all things, he pleased all ; 15  
Nor would he give, nor take offence ; befall  
What might, he would possess himself, and live  
As dead (devoid of int'rest) t' all might give  
Dis-ease t' his well-composed mind, forestall'd  
With heavenly riches, which had wholly call'd 20*

*His thoughts from earth, to live above in th' air,  
A very bird of Paradise. No care  
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice  
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise  
Sufficed him; and, may we guess his heart 25  
By what his lips bring forth, his only part  
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none  
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.  
What he might eat or wear he took no thought;  
His needful food he rather found than sought. 30  
He seeks no downs, no sheets, his bed's still made;  
If he can find a chair or stool, he's laid;  
When Day peeps in, he quits his restless rest,  
And still, poor soul, before he's 'up he's drest.  
Thus dying did he live, yet lived to die 35  
In th' Virgin's lap, to whom he did apply  
His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styled  
By foes, the chaplain of the Virgin mild,  
While yet he lived without. His modesty  
Imparted this to some, and they to me. 40  
Live happy then, dear soul! enjoy the rest  
Eternally by pains thou purchas'dst,  
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend;  
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end  
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee, 45  
And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.*

THOMAS CAR.

## II. AN EPIGRAM

Upon the Pictures in the following Poems, which the Author first made with his own hand, admirably well, as may be seen in his Manuscript, dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady the L. Denbigh.

*'Twixt pen and pencil rose a holy strife  
Which might draw Virtue better to the life:  
Best wits gave votes to that, but painters swore  
They never saw pieces so sweet before  
As these fruits of pure Nature; where no Art      5  
Did lead the untaught pencil, nor had part  
In th' work . . . . .  
The hand grown bold, with wit will needs contest:  
Doth it prevail? ah, woe! say each is best.  
This to the ear speaks wonders; that will try      10  
To speak the same, yet louder, to the eye.  
Both their aims are holy, both conspire  
To wound, to burn the heart with heavenly fire,  
This then's the doom, to do both parties right;  
This to the ear speaks best; that, to the sight.      15*

THOMAS CAR.



# TO THE NOBLEST AND BEST OF LADIES, THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

PERSUADING HER TO RESOLUTION IN RELIGION,  
AND TO RENDER HERSELF WITHOUT FURTHER  
DELAY INTO THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC  
CHURCH

[*Non vi.*

*'Tis not the work of force but skill  
To find the way into man's will.  
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock ;  
Who knows the Word, he needs not knock.]*

What Heaven-entreated heart is this,  
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss?  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open it, and enter ;  
Whose definition is a doubt 5  
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.  
Say, ling'ring Fair ! why comes the birth  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth ?  
Plead your pretences (O you strong  
In weakness !) why you choose so long 10  
In labour of yourself to lie,  
Nor daring quite to live nor die.  
Ah ! linger not, loved soul ! a slow  
And late consent was a long no ;  
Who grants at last, long time tried 15  
And did his best to have denied :  
What magic bolts, what mystic bars,  
Maintain the will in these strange wars ?

What fatal yet fantastic bands  
Keep the free heart from its own hands? 20  
So when the year takes cold, we see  
Poor waters their own prisoners be,  
Fettered, and lock'd up fast they lie  
In a sad self-captivity.  
The astonish'd Nymphs their flood's strange fate  
deplore, 25  
To see themselves their own severer shore.  
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,  
And fetch the heart from its stronghold ;  
Almighty Love ! end this long war,  
And of a meteor make a star. 30  
O fix this fair Indefinite !  
And 'mongst Thy shafts of sov'reign light  
Choose out that sure decisive dart  
Which has the key of this close heart,  
Knows all the corners of 't, and can control 35  
The self-shut cabinet of an unsearch'd soul.  
O let it be at last, Love's hour ;  
Raise this tall trophy of Thy power ;  
Come once the conquering way ; not to confute  
But kill this rebel-word " irresolute," 40  
That so, in spite of all this peevish strength  
Of weakness, she may write " resolved " at length.  
Unfold at length, unfold fair flower,  
And use the season of Love's shower !  
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart ! 45  
And haste to drink the wholesome dart.  
That healing shaft, which Heaven till now  
Hath in Love's quiver hid for you.  
O dart of Love ! arrow of light !  
O happy you, if it hit right ! 50

It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry regardless dust.  
 Fair one, it is your fate ; and brings  
 Eternal words upon its wings.  
 Mee' it with wide-spread arms, and see 55  
 Its seat your soul's just centre be.  
 Disband dull tears, give faith the day ;  
 To save your life, kill your delay.  
 It is Love's siege, and sure to be  
 Your triumph, though His victory. 60  
 'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,  
 And want of courage not to yield.  
 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win  
 The fort at last, and let life in.  
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove 65  
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.  
 This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,  
 He is repulsed indeed, but you're undone.

## TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF JESUS

I sing the Name which none can say  
 But touched with an interior ray :  
 The name of our new peace : our good :  
 Our bliss : and supernatural blood :  
 The name of all our lives and loves.  
 Harken, and help, ye holy doves !  
 The high-born brood of Day ; you bright  
 Candidates of blissful light,

The heirs elect of Love, whose names<sup>2</sup> belong  
 Unto the everlasting life of song ; 10  
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast  
 Of this unbounded name, build<sup>2</sup> your warm<sup>2</sup> nest.  
 Awake, my glory, Soul (if such thou be,  
 And that fair word at all refer to thee),  
     Awake and sing, 15  
     And be all wing ;  
 Bring hither thy whole self ; and let me see  
 What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee.  
     O thou art poor  
     Of noble powers, I see, 20  
 And full of nothing else but empty me :  
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less  
 Than this great morning's mighty business.  
     One little world or two  
     (Alas !) will never do ; 25  
     We must have store.  
 Go, Soul, out of thyself, and seek for more.  
     Go and request  
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest  
 Of Heavens, the self-involving set of spheres 30  
 (Which dull mortality more feels than hears).  
     Then rouse the nest  
 Of nimble Art, and traverse round  
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound :  
 And beat a summons in the same 35  
     All-sovereign name,  
 To warn each several kind  
 And shape of sweetness, be they such  
     As sigh with supple wind  
     Or answer artful touch ; 40

That they convene and come away  
 To wait at the love-crowned doors of this illustrious  
     day.

Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'll do 't and bring  
 No other note for 't, but the name we sing.

Wake lute and harp, and every sweet-lipped thing 45

    That talks with tuneful string ;

Start into life, and leap with me

Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony.

    Nor must you think it much

    T' obey my bolder touch : 50

I have authority in Love's name to take you,

And to the work of Love this morning wake you.

    Wake, in the name

Of Him Who never sleeps, all things that are,

    Or, what's the same, 55

    Are musical ;

    Answer my call

    And come along ;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth, 60

Bring all your household-stuff of Heaven on earth ;

O you, my Soul's most certain wings,

Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,

    Bring all the store

Of sweets you have ; and murmur that you have no  
     more. 65

    Come, ne'er to part,

    Nature and Art !

    Come ; and come strong,

To the conspiracy of our spacious song.

    Bring all the powers of praise, 70

Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise ;

Bring all your lutes and harps of Heaven and Earth ;  
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth :

Vessels of vocal joys,

Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise, 75  
Cymbals of Heaven, or human spheres,  
Solicitors of souls or ears ;

And when you are come, with all  
That you can bring or we can call :

O may you fix 80

For ever here, and mix

Yourselves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathless song ;

Mix all your many worlds above,

And loose them into One of love. 85

Cheer thee my heart !

For thou too hast thy part

And place in the great throng

Of this unbounded all-embracing song.

Powers of my soul, be proud ! 90

And speak loud

To all the dear-bought Nations this redeeming Name,

And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim

New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong,

Blest Heavens, to you and your superior song, 95

That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,

A while dare borrow

The name of your delights, and our desires,

And fit it to so far inferior lyres.

Our murmurs have their music too, 100

Ye mighty Orbs, as well as you ;

Nor yields the noblest nest

Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,

A choicer lesson than the joyful breast

Of a poor panting turtle-dove. 105

And we, low worms, have leave to do  
The same bright business (ye Third Heavens) with you.  
Gentle spirits, do not complain !

We will have care

To keep it fair, 110

And send it back to you again.

Come, lovely Name ! Appear from forth the bright

Regions of peaceful light ;

Look from Thine Own illustrious home,

Fair King of names, and come : 115

Leave all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,

And give Thy Self a while the gracious Guest

Of humble souls, that seek to find

The hidden sweets

Which man's heart meets 120

When Thou art Master of the mind.

Come lovely Name ; Life of our hope !

Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !

Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,

Dearest Sweet, and come away. 125

Lo, how the thirsty lands

Gasp for Thy golden showers ! with long-stretch'd  
hands.

Lo, how the labouring Earth

That hopes to be

All Heaven by Thee, 130

Leaps at Thy birth !

The attending World, to wait Thy rise,

First turn'd to eyes ;

And then, not knowing what to do,

Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too. 135

Come royal Name ; and pay the expense

Of all this precious patience ;

O come away  
 And kill the death of this delay !  
 O see so many worlds of barren years 140  
 Melted and measured out in seas of tears :  
 O see the weary lids of wakeful Hope  
 (Love's eastern windows) all wide ope  
     With curtains drawn,  
 To catch the day-break of Thy dawn. 145  
 O dawn at last, long-look'd for Day !  
 Take Thine own wings and come away.  
 Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes, among  
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng  
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it. 150  
     O they are wise,  
 And know what sweets are suck'd from out it :  
     It is the hive,  
     By which they thrive,  
 Where all their hoard of honey lies. 155  
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's  
 Soft back ; and brings a bosom big with loves ;  
 Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day !  
 \*Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display  
 The birth of our bright joys, O Thou compacted 160  
 Body of blessings : Spirit of souls extracted !  
 O dissipate Thy spicy powers,  
 (Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us  
     In balmy showers !  
 O fill our senses, and take from us 165  
 All force of so profane a fallacy,  
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee !  
 Fair, flowery Name, in none but Thee  
 And Thy nectareal fragrancy,  
     Hourly there meets 170  
 An universal synod of all sweets ;



By whom it is defined thus,

That no perfume

For ever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous, 175

But such alone whose sacred pedigree

Can prove itself some kin (sweet Name !) to Thee.

Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable

A thousand Blest Arabias dwell ;

A thousand hills of frankincense ; 180

Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices

And ten thousand Paradises,

The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.

How many unknown worlds there are

Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping ! 185

How many thousand mercies there

In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping !

Happy he who has the art

To awake them,

And to take them 190

Home, and lodge them in his heart.

O that it were as it was wont to be !

When Thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,

Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave glorious chase

To persecutions ; and against the face 195

Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave

And sober pace, march on to meet A GRAVE.

On their bold breasts, about the world they bore

Thee,

And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach Thee,

In centre of their inmost souls, they wore

Thee ; 200

Where racks and torments strived, in vain, to reach

Thee.

Little, alas thought they  
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy friends,  
Their fury but made way  
For Thee, and served them in Thy glorious ends. 205  
• What did their weapons but with wider pores  
Enlarge Thy flaming-breasted lovers,  
More freely to transpire  
That impatient fire,  
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers? 210  
What did their weapons but set wide the doors  
For Thee? fair, purple doors, of Love's devising ;  
The ruby windows which enrich'd the East  
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising !  
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning, 215  
And re-enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,  
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning :  
It was the wit of Love o'erflow'd the bounds  
Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those  
wounds.  
Welcome, dear, all-adored Name ! 220  
For sure there is no knee  
That knows not Thee :  
Or, if there be such sons of shame,  
Alas ! what will they do  
When stubborn rocks shall bow / 225  
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads  
To seek for humble beds  
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of Night  
Next to their own low Nothing, they may lie,  
And couch before the dazzling light of Thy dread  
majesty. 230  
They that by Love's mild dictate now  
Will not adore Thee,  
Shall then, with just confusion bow  
And break before Thee.

# IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD.

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

THE HYMN

## *Chorus*

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight  
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night ;  
Come, lift we up our loftier song,  
And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stolen joy 5  
He slept ; and dreamt of no such thing  
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,  
And kissed the cradle of our King.

Tell him he rises now, too late  
To show us aught worth looking at. 10

Tell him we now can show him more  
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight ;  
Than he himself e'er saw before,  
Which to be seen needs not his light.

Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been, 15  
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

## TITYRUS

Gloomy night embraced the place  
Where the noble Infant lay.

The Babe looked up and showed His face ;  
In spite of darkness, it was day. 20

It was Thy day, Sweet ! and did rise,  
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

*Chorus* : It was Thy day, Sweet, etc.

## THYRSIS

Winter chid aloud, and sent  
The angry North to wage his wars. 25  
The North forgot his fierce intent,  
And left perfumes instead of scars.

By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,  
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

*Chorus* : By those sweet eyes', etc. 30

## BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
Young dawn of our eternal Day !  
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,  
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee ; and we blest the sight, 35  
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

*Chorus* : We saw Thee, etc.

## TITYRUS

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou do  
To entertain this starry Stranger?

Is this the best thou canst bestow ? 40  
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

Contend, the powers of Heaven and Earth,  
To fit a bed for this huge birth?

*Chorus* : Contend the powers, etc.

## THYRSIS

Proud world, said I, cease your contest, 45  
And let the mighty Babe alone.

The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,  
Love's architecture is his own.

The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,  
Made His Own bed ere He was born. 50

*Chorus* : The Babe whose, etc.

## TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,  
Come hovering o'er the place's head ;  
Offering their whitest sheets of snow  
To furnish the fair Infant's bed ; 55  
Forbear, said I ; be not too bold,  
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

*Chorus* : Forbear, said I, etc.

## THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious Seraphims  
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow, 60  
For well they now can spare their wing,  
Since Heaven itself lies here below.

Well done, said I ; but are you sure  
Your down so warm, will pass for pure ?

*Chorus* : Well done, said we, etc. 65

## TITYRUS

No, no ! your King's not yet to seek  
Where to repose His royal head ;  
See, see, how soon His new-bloom'd cheek  
'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.

Sweet choice, said we ! no way but so 70  
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

*Chorus* : Sweet choice, said we, etc.

## BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
Bright dawn of our eternal Day!

We saw Thine eyes break from their East,                   75  
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee : and we blest the sight,  
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

*Chorus* : We saw Thee, etc.

## FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight !                   80  
Eternity shut in a span !

Summer in Winter, Day in Night !  
Heaven in earth, and God in man !

Great, little One ! whose all-embracing birth  
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.                   85

Welcome, though not to gold nor silk,  
To more than Cæsar's birthright is ;

Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,  
With many a rarely temper'd kiss,  
That breathes at once both maid and mother,                   90  
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

[She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips  
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;

She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
That in their buds yet blushing lie :                   95

She 'gainst those mother-diamonds, tries  
The points of her young eagle's eyes.]

Welcome, though not to those gay flies,  
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings ;  
Slippery souls in smiling eyes :                   100  
But to poor shepherds, home-spun things ;

Whose wealth's their flock ; whose wit, to be  
Well-read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers  
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed, 105

We'll bring the first-born of her flowers  
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.

To Thee, dread Lamb ! Whose love must keep  
The Shepherds, more than they their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King 110  
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves :

Each of us his lamb will bring,  
Each his pair of silver doves :

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice. 115

## NEW YEAR'S DAY

Rise, thou best and brightest morning !

Rosy with a double red ;  
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,  
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces 5  
The crimson curtains of thy bed,  
Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,  
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek'd flowers that fill thee,  
None so fair thy bosom strows, 10  
As this modest maiden lily  
Our sins have shamed into a rose.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,  
 Burnish'd in his best beams rise,  
 Put all his red-eyed rubies on ; 15  
 These rubies shall put out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,  
 Search what the world's close cabinets keep,  
 Rob the rich births of each bright nest  
 That flaming in their fair beds sleep 20

Let him embrace his own bright tresses  
 With a new morning made of gems ;  
 And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,  
 Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may, 25  
 To make himself rich in his rise,  
 All will be darkness to the day  
 That breaks from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,  
 Dear Babe, ere many days be done : 30  
 The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,  
 And leave her own neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him  
 Of all his eastern paramours :  
 His Persian lovers all shall leave him, 35  
 And swear faith to Thy sweeter powers.

[Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,  
 But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.]



## IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD GOD

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS

1 *King*: Bright Babe, Whose awful beauties  
make

The morn incur a sweet mistake ;

2 *King*: For Whom the officious Heavens devise  
To disinherit the sun's rise :

3 *King*: Delicately to displace 5  
The day, and plant it fairer in Thy face ;

1 *King*: O Thou born King of loves,

2 *King*: Of lights,

3 *King*: Of joys.

*Chorus*: Look up, sweet Babe, look up, and see 10  
For love of Thee  
Thus far from home  
The East is come

To seek herself in Thy sweet eyes.

1 *King*: We who strangely went astray, 15\*  
Lost in a bright  
Meridian night,

2 *King*: A darkness made of too much day.

3 *King*: Beckon'd from far  
By Thy fair star, 20  
Lo, at last have found our way.

*Chorus*: To Thee, thou Day of Night ! thou East  
of West !

Lo, we at last have found the way  
To Thee the World's great universal  
East,

The general and indifferent Day. 25

- 1 *King*: All-circling point ! all-centring sphere !  
The World's one, round, eternal year.
- 2 *King*: Whose full and all-unwrinkled face  
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place ;
- 3 *King*: But every where, and every while, 30  
Is one consistent, solid smile.
- 1 *King*: Not vex'd and tossed
- 2 *King*: 'Twixt Spring and frost,
- 3 *King*: Nor by alternate shreds of light,  
Sordidly shifting hands with shades and  
Night. 35

*Chorus*: O Little-All ! in Thy embrace  
The World lies warm, and likes his place ;  
Nor does his full globe fail to be  
Kiss'd on both his cheeks by Thee :  
Time is too narrow for Thy year, 40  
Nor makes the whole World Thy half  
sphere.

- 1 *King*: To Thee, to Thee  
From him we flee.
- 2 *King*: From, him, whom by a more illustrious lie,  
The blindness of the World did call the  
eye. 45
- 3 *King*: To Him, Who by these mortal clouds hast  
made  
Thyself our sun, though Thine Own shade.
- 1 *King*: Farewell, the World's false light !  
Farewell, the white  
Egypt, a long farewell to thee, 50  
Bright idol, black idolatry :  
The dire face of inferior blackness, kist

And courted in the pompous mask of a more  
specious mist.

2 *King*: Farewell, farewell  
The proud and misplaced gates of  
( hell, 55

Perch'd in the Morning's way,  
And double-gilded as the doors of Day :  
The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night  
More desperately dark, because more  
bright.

3 *King*: Welcome, the World's sure way ! 60  
Heaven's wholesome ray.

*Chorus*: Welcome to us ; and we  
(Sweet ! ) to ourselves, in Thee.

1 *King*: The deathless Heir of all Thy Father's  
day ;

2 *King*: Decently born ! 65  
Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn :  
The blushes of Thy all-unblemish'd mother,

3 *King*: No more that other  
Aurora shall set ope  
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope 70  
From mortal eyes  
To meet religious welcomes at her rise.

*Chorus*: We (precious ones ! ) in you have won  
A gentler Morn, a juster sun.

1 *King*: His superficial beams sun-burnt our skin ; 75

2 *King*: But left within

3 *King*: The Night and Winter still of Death and  
Sin.

*Chorus*: Thy softer yet more certain darts  
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts :

1 *King*: Therefore with his proud Persian spoils 80

2 *King*: We court Thy more concerning smiles.

3 *King*: Therefore with his disgrace  
We gild the humble cheek of this chaste  
place ;

*Chorus*: And at Thy feet pour forth his face.

1 *King*: The doating Nations now no more 85  
Shall any day but Thine adore.

2 *King*: Nor (much less) shall they leave these eyes  
For cheap Egyptian deities.

3 *King*: In whatsoe'er more sacred shape  
Of ram, he-goat, or rev'rend ape ; 90  
Those beauteous ravishers oppress'd so sore  
The too-hard tempted nations :

1 *King*: Never more  
By wanton heifer shall be worn

2 *King*: A garland, or a gilded horn : 95  
The altar-stall'd ox, fat Osiris now  
With his fair sister cow,

3 *King*: Shall kick the clouds no more ; but lean and  
tame,  
See His horn'd face, and die for shame :

*Chorus*: And Mithra now shall be no name. 100

1 *King*: No longer shall the immodest lust  
Of adulterous godless dust  
Fly in the face of Heaven ; 2 *King*: as if  
it were  
The poor World's fault that He is fair.

- 3 *King*: Nor with perverse loves and religious  
           rapes 105  
           Revenge Thy bounties in their beauteous  
           shapes ;  
           And punish best things worst, because they  
           stood  
           Guilty of being much for them too good.
- 1 *King*: Proud sons of Death ! that durst compel  
           Heaven itself to find them Hell : 110
- 2 *King*: And by strange wit of madness wrest  
           From this World's East the other's' West.
- 3 *King*: All idolizing worms ! that thus could crowd  
           And urge their sun into Thy cloud ;  
           Forcing His sometimes eclips'd face to be 115  
           A long deliquium to the light of Thee.

*Chorus*: Alas ! with how much heavier shade  
           The shamefaced lamp hung down his head,  
           For that one eclipse he made,  
           Than all those he suffered ! 120

- 1 *King*: For this he looked so big, and ev'ry morn  
           With a red face confess'd his scorn ;  
           Or, hiding his vex'd cheeks in a hired mist,  
           Kept them from being so unkindly kist.
- 2 *King*: It was for this the Day did rise 125  
           So oft with blubber'd eyes ;  
           For this the Evening wept ; and we ne'er  
           knew,  
           But called it dew.
- 3 *King*:       This daily wrong  
           Silenced the morning sons, and damp'd their  
           song. 130

*Chorus:* Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that  
thus

Long made th' harmonious orbs all mute to  
us.

1 *King:* Time has a day in store  
When this so proudly poor  
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long 135  
By the love-sick World been made  
Not so much their sun as shade :  
Weary of this glorious wrong,  
From them and from himself shall flee  
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree ; 140

*Chorus:* Proud to have gain'd this precious loss,  
And changed his false crown for Thy cross.

2 *King:* That dark Day's clear doom shall define  
Whose is the master Fire, which sun should  
shine ;  
That sable judgment-seat shall by new  
laws 145  
Decide and settle the great cause  
Of controverted light :

*Chorus:* And Nature's wrongs rejoice to do Thee  
right.

3 *King:* That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall  
pay  
All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night  
of Day ; 150  
And the great Penitent press his own pale lips  
With an elaborate love-eclipse :  
To which the low World's laws  
Shall lend no cause,

*Chorus*: Save those domestic which He borrows 155  
From our sins and His Own sorrows.

1 *King*: Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show  
to us

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous:

2 *King*: And He more needfully and nobly prove  
The Nations' terror now than erst their  
love; 160

3 *King*: Their hated loves changed into wholesome  
fears:

*Chorus*: The shutting of His eye shall open theirs.

1 *King*: As by a fair-eyed fallacy of Day  
Misled, before, they lost their way;  
So shall they, by the seasonable fright 165  
Of an unseasonable Night,  
Losing it once again, stumble on true Light:

2 *King*: And as before His too-bright eye  
Was their more blind idolatry;  
So his officious blindness now shall be 170  
Their black, but faithful perspective of Thee.

3 *King*: His new prodigious Night,  
Their new and admirable light,  
The supernatural dawn of Thy pure Day;  
While wondering they 175  
(The happy converts now of Him  
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)  
Shall henceforth see  
To kiss him only as their rod,  
Whom they so long courted as God. 180

*Chorus*: And their best use of him they worshipp'd, be  
To learn of him at least, to worship Thee.

- 1 *King*: It was their weakness woo'd his beauty ;  
                     But it shall be  
           Their wisdom now, as well as duty,       185  
           To enjoy his blot ; and as a large black  
                     letter  
           Use it to spell Thy beauties better ;  
           And make the Night itself their torch to Thee.
- 2 *King*: By the oblique ambush of this close night  
                     Couch'd in that conscious shade   190  
           The right-eyed Areopagite  
           Shall with a vigorous guess invade  
           And catch Thy quick reflex ; and sharply see  
                     On this dark ground  
                     To descant Thee.                               195
- 3 *King*: O prize of the rich Spirit ! with what fierce  
                     chase  
                     Of his strong soul, shall he  
                     Leap at Thy lofty face,  
           And seize the swift flash, in rebound  
           From this obsequious cloud,                               200  
                     Once call'd a sun,  
                     Till dearly thus undone ;
- Chorus*: Till thus triumphantly tained (O ye two  
                     Twin-suns ! ) and taught now to negotiate  
                     you,
- 1 *King*: Thus shall that rev'rend child of Light,   205
- 2 *King*: By being scholar first of that new Night,  
                     Come forth great master of the mystic Day ;
- 3 *King*: And teach obscure mankind a more close  
                     way,  
           By the frugal negative light  
           Of a most wise and well abused Night,   210  
           To read more legible Thine original ray ;





The delegated eye of Day  
Does first his sceptre, then himself, in solemn  
tribute pay.

Thus he undresses  
His sacred unshorn tresses ; \*

At Thy adorèd feet, thus he lays down 240

1 *King*: His gorgeous tire  
Of flame and fire,

2 *King*: His glittering robe, 3 *King*: His sparkling  
crown ;

1 *King*: His gold, 2 *King*: His myrrh, 3 *King*: His  
frankincense ;

*Chorus*: To which he now has no pretence : 245  
For being show'd by this Day's light, how  
far

He is from sun enough to make Thy star,  
His best ambition now is but to be  
Something a brighter shadow, Sweet, of  
Thee.

Or on Heaven's azure forehead high to  
stand 250

Thy golden index ; with a duteous hand  
Pointing us home to our own Sun,  
The world's and his Hyperion.

## TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY

[UPON HIS DEDICATING TO HER THE FOREGOING  
HYMN]

MADAM,

'Mongst those long rows of crowns that gild your  
race,

These royal sages sue for decent place :

The daybreak of the Nations ; their first ray,

When the dark World dawn'd into Christian Day,

And smiled i' th' Babe's bright face : the purpling  
bud

And rosy dawn of the right royal blood :

Fair first-fruits of the Lamb ! sure kings in this,

They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss

But the World's homage, scarce in these well-known,

We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full grown.

For from this day's rich seed of diadems

Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,

A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet

And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white

In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood

Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood :

With your bright head whole groves of sceptres bend

Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.

So swore the Lamb's dread Sire, and so we see't,

Crowns, and the heads they kiss, must cover these  
feet.

Fix here, fair majesty ! may your heart ne'er miss

To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss ;

Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you

The aged honours of this day still new.

*THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS* 85

May the great time, in you, still greater be, 25  
While all the year is your epiphany ;  
While your each day's devotion duly brings  
Three kingdoms to supply this day's three kings.

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS

THE HOURS

FOR THE HOUR OF MATINS

*The Versicle*

LORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign !

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O, God, make speed to save me. 5

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father,

and to the Son,

and to the H[oly] Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall  
be, world without end. Amen. 10

THE HYMN

The woful Man, haste to sing  
The unfeign'd sorrows of our King :  
The Father's Word and Wisdom, made  
Man for man, by man's betray'd ;

The World's price set to sale, and by the bold      15  
 Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold :  
 Of His best friends (yea of Himself) forsaken ;  
 By His worst foes (because He would) besieged and  
     taken.

*The Antiphon*

All hail, fair tree  
 Whose fruit we be !      20  
 What song shall raise  
 Thy seemly praise,  
 Who brought'st to light  
 Life out of death, Day out of Night !

*The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,      25  
 Dread LAMB ! and bow thus low before Thee :

*The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy cross  
 Thou hast saved at once the whole World's loss.

*The Prayer*

O Lord JESU CHRIST, Son of the living God !  
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious      30  
 death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul  
 and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my  
 death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy  
 grace and mercy ; unto all quick and dead,  
 remission and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and      35  
 concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting.  
 Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the  
 unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world with-  
 out end.      *Amen.*

FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME

*The Versicle*

LORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign, 40

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me. 45

V. Glory be to, etc.

R. As it was in the, etc.

THE HYMN

The early Prime blushes to say

She could not rise so soon, as they

Call'd Pilate up, to try if he 50

Could lend them any cruelty ;

• Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues with  
lies,

And loathsome spittle, blot those beauteous eyes,

The blissful springs of joy ; from whose all-cheering  
ray

The fair stars fill their wakeful fires, the sun himself  
drinks day. 55

*The Antiphon*

Victorious sigh

That now dost shine,

Transcribed above

Into the land of light and love ;

O let us twine 60  
 Our roots with thine  
 That we may rise  
 Upon Thy wings and reach the skies.

*The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread Lamb ! and fall 65  
 Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy cross  
 Thou hast saved at once the whole World's loss.

*The Prayer*

O Lord JESU CHRIST, Son of the living God !  
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious 70  
 death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul  
 and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my  
 death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy  
 grace and mercy ; unto all quick and dead, remis-  
 sion and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and concord ; 75  
 to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who  
 livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity  
 of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without  
 end. *Amen.*

THE THIRD

*The Versicle*

LORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign, 80

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.  
*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O, Lord.  
*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

*THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS* 89

*V.* O God, make speed to save me.

*R.* O Lord, make haste to help me. 85

*V.* Glory be to, etc.

*R.* As it was in the, etc.

THE HYMN

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry

Of "Crucify Him, crucify."

So goes the vote (nor ask them, why?) 90

"Live Barabbas ! and let God die."

But there is wit in wrath, and they will try

A "Hail" more cruel than their "Crucify."

For while in sport He wears a spiteful crown,

The serious showers along His decent Face run  
sadly down. 95

*The Antiphon*

Christ when He died

Deceived the Cross ;

And on Death's side

Threw all the loss.

The captive World awaked and found 100

The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.

*The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,

Dread LAMB ! and fall

Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy cross 105

Thou hast saved at once the whole World's loss.



*The Prayer*

O Lord JESU CHRIST, Son of the living God !  
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious  
 death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul  
 and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my 110  
 death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy  
 grace and mercy ; unto all quick and dead,  
 remission and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and  
 concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting.  
 Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the 115  
 unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without  
 end. *Amen.*

## THE SIXTH

*The Versicle*

LORD by Thy sweet and saving sign,

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord, 120

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me !

R. O Lord, make haste to help me !

V. Glory be to, etc.

R. As it was in the, etc. 125

## THE HYMN

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night :

High in His patience, as their spite,

Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb

\* Bears that huge tree which must bear Him.

The fatal plant, so great of fame,

130

For fruit of sorrow and of shame,

Shall swell with both, for Him ; and mix  
All woes into one crucifix.  
Is tortured thirst itself too sweet a cup ?  
Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it up. 135  
Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart ?  
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search  
the inmost heart.

*The Antiphon*

O dear and sweet dispute  
'Twixt Death's and Love's far different fruit !  
Different as far 140  
As antidotes and poisons are.  
By that first fatal tree  
Both life and liberty  
Were sold and slain ;  
By this they both look up, and live again. 145

*The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
Dread Lamb ! and how thus low before Thee.

•  
*The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy cross,  
Thou hast saved the World from certain loss.

*The Prayer*

O Lord JESUS CHRIST, Son of the living God ! 150  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious  
death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul  
and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my  
death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy  
grace and mercy ; unto all quick and dead, 155  
remission and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and

concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting.  
 Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the  
 unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without  
 end. *Amen.*

160

## THE NINTH

*The Versicle*

LORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign,

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine. <sup>11</sup>

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

*V.* O God, make speed to save me !

165

*R.* O Lord, make haste to help me !

*V.* Glory be to, etc.

*R.* As it was in the, etc.

## THE HYMN

The ninth with awful horror hearkened to those  
 groans

Which taught attention even to rocks and stones. 170

Hear, Father, hear ! thy Lamb (at last) complains

Of some more painful thing than all His pains.

Then bows His all-obedient head, and dies

His own love's, and our sins' GREAT SACRIFICE.

The sun saw that, and would have seen no more ; 175

The centre shook : her useless veil th' inglorious

Temple tore !

*The Antiphon*

O strange, mysterious strife

Of open Death and hidden Life !

When on the cross my King did bleed,

Life seem'd to die, Death died indeed.

180

## THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS

### *The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
Dread Lamb ! and fall  
Thus low before Thee."

### *The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy cross,  
Thou hast saved at once the whole World's  
loss.

185

### *The Prayer*

O LORD JESU CHRIST, Son of the living God !  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious  
death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul  
and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my  
death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy 190  
grace and mercy ; unto all quick and dead,  
remission and rest ; to Thy Church, peace and  
concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting.  
Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the  
unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world 195  
without end. *Amen.*

## EVEN-SONG

### *The Versicle*

LORD, by Thy sweet and saving sign !

### *The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord !

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise. 200

*V.* O God, make speed to save me !

*R.* O Lord, make haste to help me !

*V.* Glory be to, etc.

*R.* As it was in the, etc.

## THE HYMN

But there were rocks would not relent at this : 205  
 Lo, for their own hearts, they rend IIs ;  
 Their deadly hate lives still, and hath  
 A wild reserve of wanton wrath ;  
 Superfluous spear ! But there's a heart stands by  
 Will look no wounds be lost, no death shall die. 210  
 Gather now thy Grief's ripe fruit, great mother-maid !  
 Then sit thee down, and sing thine even-song in the  
 sad tree's shade.

*The Antiphon*

O sad, sweet tree !  
 Woeful and joyful we  
 Both weep and sing in shade of thee. 215  
 When the dear nails did lock  
 And graft into thy gracious stock  
 The hope, the health  
 The worth, the wealth  
 Of all the ransomed World, thou hadst the power 220  
 (In that propitious Hour)  
 To poise each precious limb,  
 And prove how light the World was, when it  
 weighed with Him.  
 Wide mayest thou spread  
 Thine arms, and with thy bright and blissful head 225  
 O'erlook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown  
 The King Himself is ; thou His humble throne,  
 Where yielding and yet conquering He  
 Proved a new path of patient victory :  
 When Wondering Death by death was slain, 230  
 And our Captivity His captive ta'en.

*THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS* 95

*The Versicle*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
Dread LAMB ! and bow thus low before Thee.

*The Responsory*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy Cross,  
Thou hast saved the World from certain loss. 235

*The Prayer*

O Lord JESU CHRIST, Son of the living, etc.

COMPLINE

*The Versicle*

Lord, by Thy sweet and saving sign !

*The Responsory*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise. 240

*V.* O God, make speed to save me !

*R.* O Lord, make haste to help me !

*V.* Glory be to, etc.

*R.* As it was in the, etc.

THE HYMN

The Compline hour comes last, to call 245

Us to our own lives' funeral.

Ah, heartless task ! yet Hope takes head,

And lives in Him that here lies dead.

Run, Mary, run ! bring hither all the Blest

Arabia, for thy royal phoenix' nest ; 250

Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch

This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.

But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrowed grave,

Who lend'st to all things all the life they have ?

O rather use this heart, thus far a fitter stone, 255  
 'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is Thine  
 own. *Amen.*

*The Antiphon*

O save us then,  
 Merciful King of men !  
 Since Thou wouldst needs be thus  
 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us ; 260  
 Save us, O save us, Lord.  
 We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a  
 narrower word ;  
 Thy blood bids us be bold,  
 Thy wounds give us fair hold,  
 Thy sorrows chide our shame : 265  
 Thy cross, Thy nature, and Thy name  
 Advance our claim,  
 And cry with one accord,  
 Save them, O save them, Lord !

THE RECOMMENDATION

These hours, and that which hovers o'er my end, 270  
 Into Thy hands and heart, Lord, I commend.  
 Take both to Thine account, that I and mine,  
 In that hour and in these, may be all Thine.  
 That as I dedicate my devoutest breath  
 To make a kind of life for my Lord's death, 275  
 So from His living, and life-giving death,  
 My dying life may draw a new and never fleeting  
 breath.

UPON THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Here, where our Lord once laid His head,  
Now the grave lies buried.

## VEXILLA REGIS

**THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS**

**I**

Look up, languishing soul ! Lo, where the fair  
 Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,  
     And bids thee ne'er forget  
     Thy life is one long debt  
 Of love to Him, Who on this painful tree  
 Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

## II

Lo, how the streams of life, from that full nest,  
Of loves, Thy Lord's too liberal breast,  
Flow in an amorous flood  
Of water wedding blood. 10

With these He wash'd thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,  
And took it home to His own heart.

## III

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,  
Usurp'd the portion of thy pain,  
And from the nails and spear  
Turn'd the steel point of fear : 15  
Their use is changed, not lost ; and now they move  
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.



## IV

Tall tree of life ! thy truth makes good  
 What was till now ne'er understood, 20  
     Though the prophetic king  
     Struck loud his faithful string :  
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne  
 For a more than Solomon.

## V

Large throne of Love ! royally spread 25  
 With purple of too rich a red :  
     Thy crime is too much duty ;  
     Thy burthen too much beauty ;  
 Glorious or grievous more ? thus to make good  
 Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood. 30

## VI

Even balance of both worlds ! our world of sin,  
 And that of grace, Heaven weigh'd in Him :  
     Us with our price thou weighedst ;  
     Our price for us thou payedst,  
 Soon as the right-hand scale rejoiced to prove 35  
 How much Death weigh'd more light than Love.

## VII

Hail, our alone hope ! let thy fair head shoot  
 Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit :  
     The while our hearts and we  
     Thus graft ourselves on thee, 40  
 Grow thou and they. And be thy fair increase  
 The sinners pardon and the just man's peace.

VIII

Live, O for ever live and reign  
 The Lamb Whom His own love hath slain  
 And let Thy lost sheep live to inherit 45.  
 That kingdom which this Cross did merit. *Amen.*

TO OUR B[LESSED] LORD UPON  
 THE CHOICE OF HIS SEPULCHRE

How life and death in Thee  
 Agree !  
 Thou hadst a virgin womb,  
 And tomb.  
 A Joseph did betroth 5.  
 Them both.

CHARITAS NIMIA

OR, THE DEAR BARGAIN

Lord, what is man? why should he cost Thee  
 So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?  
 Lord, what is man, that thou hast over-bought  
 So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see ; and can  
 Make but a simple merchant-man.  
 'Twas for such sorry merchandise  
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what were't to Thee  
 If there were no such worms as we? 10  
 Heaven ne'ertheless still Heaven would be,  
     Should mankind dwell  
     In the deep Hell :  
 What have his woes to do with Thee ?

Let him go weep 15  
 O'er his own wounds ;  
 Seraphim will not sleep,  
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing ;  
 And still Thy spacious palace ring ; 20  
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light  
     Burn all as bright,  
 And bow their flaming heads before Thee ;  
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee ;  
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire 25  
     Keep warm Thy praise  
     Both nights and days,  
 And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind ;  
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind. 30  
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares  
 In the eternity of Thy old cares?  
 Why should'st Thou bow Thy awful breast to see  
 What mine own madneses have done with me?

Should not the king still keep his throne 35  
 Because some desperate fool's undone?  
 Or will the World's illustrious eyes  
 Weep for every worm that dies?

Will the gallant sun	
E'er the less glorious run?	40
Will he hang down his golden head,	
Or e'er the sooner seek his Western bed,	
Because some foolish fly	
Grows wanton, and will die?	
 If I were lost in misery,	45
What was it to Thy Heaven and Thee?	
What was it to Thy precious blood,	
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?	
 What if my faithless soul and I	
Would needs fall in	50
With guilt and sin ;	
What did the Lamb that He should die?	
What did the Lamb that He should need,	
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?	
 If my base lust	55
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust :	
Why should the white	
Lamb's bosom write	
The purple name	
Of my sin's shame?	60
Why should His unstain'd breast make good	
My blushes with His Own heart-blood?	
 O my Saviour, make me see	
How dearly Thou hast paid for me ;	
That lost again, my life may prove,	65
As then in death, so now in love.	

## SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM

OR, THE MOTHER OF SORROWS: A PATHETICAL  
DESCANT UPON THE DEVOUT PLAINSONG OF  
STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

## I

In shade of Death's sad Tree  
    • Stood doleful she.  
Ah she ! now by none other  
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother,  
    Before her eyes 5  
Her's and the whole World's joys,  
Hanging all torn, she sees ; and in His woes  
And pains, her pangs and throes :  
Each wound of His, from every part,  
All, more at home in her one heart. 10

## II

What kind of marble then  
Is that cold man  
Who can look on and see,  
Nor keep such noble sorrows company ?  
    Sure even from you 15  
    (My flints) some drops are due,  
To see so many unkind swords contest  
    So fast for one soft breast :  
While with a faithful, mutual flood,  
Her eyes bleed tears, His wounds weep blood. 20

III

O costly intercourse  
 Of deaths, and worse—  
 Divided loves. While Son and mother  
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another,  
 Quick deaths that grow 25  
 And gather, as they come and go :  
 His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart  
 Pays back, with more than their own smart ;  
 Her wounds, still growing with His pain,  
 Turn spears, and straight come home again. 30

IV

She sees her Son, her God,  
 Bow with a load  
 Of borrow'd sins ; and swim  
 In woes that were not made for Him.  
 Ah ! hard command 35  
 Of love ! Here must she stand,  
 • Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye  
 See her life die ;  
 Leaving her only so much breath  
 As serves to keep alive her death. 40

V

O mother turtle-dove !  
 Soft source of love !  
 That these dry lids might borrow  
 Something from thy full seas of sorrow !  
 O in that breast 45  
 Of thine (the noblest nest

Both of Love's fires and floods) might I recline  
     This hard, cold heart of mine !  
 The chill lump would relent, and prove  
 Soft subject for the siege of Love. 50

## VI

O teach those wounds to bleed  
 In me ; me, so to read  
 This book of loves, thus writ  
 In lines of death, my life may copy it  
     With loyal cares. 55  
 O let me, here, claim shares !  
 Yield something in thy sad prerogative  
     (Great queen of griefs !), and give  
 Me, too, my tears ; who, though all stone,  
 Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone. 60

## VII

Yea, let my life and me  
 Fix here with thee,  
 And at the humble foot  
 Of this fair tree, take our eternal root.  
     That so we may 65  
     At least be in Love's way ;  
 And in these chaste wars, while the wing'd wounds  
     flee  
     So fast 'twixt Him and thee,  
 My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,  
 Though as at second hand, from either heart. 70

O you, your own best darts,  
 Dear, doleful hearts !  
 Hail ! and strike home, and make me see  
 That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.  
 Come wounds ! come darts ! 75  
 Nail'd hands ! and piercèd hearts !  
 Come your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and  
 mother !  
 Nor grudge a younger brother  
 Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due).  
 One single wound should not have left for you. 80

Shall I [in sins] set there  
 So deep a share,  
 (Dear wounds !), and only now  
 In sorrows draw no dividend with you ?  
 O be more wise, 85  
 If not more soft, mine eyes !  
 Flow, tardy founts ! and into decent showers  
 Dissolve my days and hours.  
 And if thou yet (faint soul !) defer  
 To bleed with Him, fail not to weep with her. 90

Rich queen, lend some relief ;  
 At least an alms of grief,  
 To a heart who by sad right of sin  
 Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.  
 By all those stings 95  
 Of Love, sweet-bitter things,



Which these torn hands transcribed on thy true  
heart ;

O teach mine, too, the art  
To study Him so, till we mix  
Wounds, and become one crucifix. 100

## XI

Oh, let me suck the wine  
So long of this chaste Vine,  
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
A lost thing to the world, as it to me. 6  
O faithful friend 105  
Of me and of my end !  
Fold up my life in love ; and lay't beneath  
My dear Lord's vital death.  
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea ! her precious  
breath  
Pour'd out in prayers for thee ; thy Lord's in death. 110

## UPON THE BLEEDING CRUCIFIX

## A SONG

## I

Jesu, no more ! It is full tide ;  
From Thy head and from Thy feet,  
From Thy hands, and from Thy side,  
All the purple rivers meet.

## II

What need Thy fair head bear a part 5  
In showers, as if Thine eyes had none ?  
What need they help to drown Thy heart,  
That strives in torrents of its own ?

[Water'd by the showers they bring,  
The thorns that Thy blest brow encloses 10  
(A cruel and a costly spring)\*  
Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.]

IV

Thy restless feet now cannot go  
For us and our eternal good,  
As they were ever wont. What though? 15  
They swim, alas ! in their own flood.

V

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift ;  
Yet will Thy hand still giving be.  
It gives, but O itself's the gift :  
It gives though bound ; though bound 'tis free. 20

VI

But, O Thy side ! Thy deep-digg'd side !  
That hath a double Nilus going :  
Nor ever was the Pharoan tide  
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

VII

No hair so small, but pays his river 25  
To this Red Sea of Thy blood ;  
Their little channels can deliver  
Something to the general flood.

But while I speak, whither are run  
All the rivers named before? 30  
I counted wrong : there is but one ;  
But O that one is one all o'er.

## IX

Rain-swol'n rivers may rise proud,  
 Bent all to drown and overflow ;  
 But when indeed all's overflow'd, 35  
 They themselves are drownèd too.

## X

This Thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,  
 Dear Lord, to Thee) to us is found  
 A deluge of deliverance ;  
 A deluge lest we should be drown'd. 40  
 Ne'er wast Thou in a sense so sadly true,  
 The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

UPON THE CROWN OF THORNS  
 TAKEN DOWN FROM THE  
 HEAD OF OUR BLESSED LORD,  
 ALL BLOÖDY

Know'st thou this, Soldier? 'tis a much changed  
 plant, which yet

Thyself didst set.

['Tis changed indeed ; did Autumn e'er such beauties  
 bring

To shame his Spring?]

Oh ! who so hard a husbandman could ever find 5

A soil so kind ?

Is not the soil a kind one (think ye) that returns  
 Rose's for thorns ?

UPON THE BODY OF OUR B[LESSED]  
LORD, NAKED AND BLOODY

They have left Thee naked, Lord ; O that they had !  
This garment too I would they had denied.  
Thee with Thyself they have too richly clad ;  
Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.  
O never could there be garment to[o] good 5  
For Thee to wear, but this of Thine own blood.

THE HYMN OF SAINT THOMAS

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT  
ADORO TE

With all the powers my poor heart hath  
Of humble love and loyal faith,  
Thus low (my hidden life !) I bow to Thee,  
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.  
Down, down, proud Sense ! discourses die ! 5  
Keep close, my soul's inquiring eye !  
Nor touch nor taste must look for more,  
But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,  
Save that which lets in Faith, the ear. 10  
Faith is my skill ; Faith can believe  
As fast as Love new laws can give.  
Faith is my force : Faith strength affords  
To keep pace with those pow'ful words.  
And words more sure, more sweet than they, 15  
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O let Thy wretch find that relief  
Thou didst afford the faithful thief.  
Plead for me, Love ! allege and show  
That Faith has farther here to go, 20  
And less to lean on : because then  
Though hid as God, wounds writ Thee man ;  
Thomas might touch, none but might see  
At least the suffering side of Thee ;  
And that too was Thyself which Thee did cover, 25  
But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I,  
Though allowed nor hand nor eye  
To reach at Thy loved face ; nor can  
Taste Thee God, or touch Thee man, 30  
Both yet believe, and witness Thee  
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,  
And fill my portion in Thy peace :  
Give love for life ; nor let my days 35  
Grow, but in new powers to Thy name and praise.

O dear memorial of that Death  
Which lives still, and allows us breath !  
Rich, royal food ! Bountiful bread !  
Whose use denies us to the dead ; 40  
Whose vital gust alone can give  
The same leave both to eat and live.  
Live ever, bread of loves, and be  
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

O soft, self-wounding Pelican ! 45  
Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man :

Ah, this way bend Thy benign flood  
 To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood.  
 That blood, whose least drops sovereign be  
 To wash my worlds of sins from me. 50  
 Come Love ! come Lord ! and that long day  
 For which I languish, come away.  
 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
 And drink the unseal'd source of Thee :  
 When Glory's sun Faith's shades shall chase, 55  
 And for Thy veil give me Thy face. *Amen.*

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM

THE HYMN FOR THE BL[ESSED] SACRAMENT

I

Rise, royal Sion ! rise and sing  
 Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.  
 Stretch all thy powers ; call if you can  
 Harps of heaven to hands of man.  
 This sovereign subject sits above 5  
 The best ambition of thy love.

II

Lo, the Bread of Life, this day's  
 Triumphant text, provokes thy praise ;  
 The living and life-giving bread,  
 To the great twelve distributed ; 10  
 When Life, Himself, at point to die  
 Of love, was His Own legacy.

## III

Come, Love ! and let us work a song  
 Loud and pleasant, sweet and long ;  
 Let lips<sup>l</sup> and hearts lift high the noise 15  
 Of so just and solemn joys,  
 Which on His white brows this bright day  
 Shall hence for ever bear away.

## IV

Lo, the new law of a new Lord  
 With a new Lamb blesses the board : 20  
 The agèd Pascha pleads not years,  
 But spies Love's dawn, and disappears.  
 Types yield to truths ; shades shrink away ;  
 And their Night dies into our Day.

## V

But lest that die too, we are bid 25  
 Ever to do what He once did :  
 And by a mindful, mystic Breath,  
 That we may live, revive His death ;  
 With a well-bless'd bread and wine,  
 Transumed, and taught to turn divine. 30

## VI

The Heaven-instructed house of Faith  
 Here a holy dictate hath,  
 That they but lend their form and face ;—  
 Themselves with reverence leave their place,  
 Nature, and name, to be made good, 35  
 By a nobler bread, more needful blood.

VII

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,  
 Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe  
 In different species : name not things,  
 Himself to me my Saviour brings ; 40  
 As meat in that, as drink in this,  
 But still in both one Christ He is.

VIII

The receiving mouth here makes  
 Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.  
 Let one, or one thousand be 45  
 Here dividers, single he  
 Bears home no less, all they no more,  
 Nor leave they both less than before.

IX

Though in itself this sov'reign Feast  
 Be all the same to every guest, 50  
 Yet on the same (life-meaning) Bread  
 The child of death eats himself dead :  
 Nor is't Love's fault, but Sin's dire skill  
 That thus from Life can death distil.

X

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see, 55  
 Hold but thy faith entire as He,  
 Who, howsoe'er clad, cannot come  
 Less than whole Christ in every crumb.  
 In broken forms a stable Faith  
 Untouch'd her precious total hath. 60



## XI

Lo, the life-food of angels then  
 Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men !  
 The children's Bread, the Bridegroom's Wine,  
 Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

## XII

Lo, the full, final Sacrifice 65  
 On which all figures fix'd their eyes :  
 The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram ;  
 The manna, and the paschal lamb.

## XIII

Jesu Master, just and true !  
 Our food, and faithful Shepherd too ! 70  
 O by Thyself vouchsafe to keep,  
 As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

## XIV

O let that love which thus makes Thee  
 Mix with our low mortality,  
 Lift our lean souls, and set us up 75  
 Convictors of Thine Own full cup,  
 Coheirs of saints. That so all may  
 Drink the same wine ; and the same way :  
 Nor change the pasture, but the place,  
 To feed of Thee in Thine Own face. *Amen.* 80

**DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA**

THE HYMN OF THE CHURCH, IN MEDITATION OF  
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

## I

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things  
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings  
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray  
The World in flames shall fly away.

## II

O that fire ! before whose face 5  
Heaven and Earth shall find no place.  
O those eyes ! whose angry light  
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump ! whose blast shall run  
An even round with the circling sun, 10  
And urge the murmuring graves to bring  
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

## IV

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !  
When a deep groan from beneath  
Shall cry, " We come, we come," and all 15  
The caves of Night answer one call.

O that Book ! whose leaves so bright  
Will set the World in severe light.  
O that Judge ! Whose hand, Whose eye  
None can endure ; yet none can fly. 20

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?  
And to what patron choose to pray?  
When stars themselves shall stagger, and  
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But Thou givest leave (dread Lord !) that we      25  
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee ;  
And with the wings of Thine Own dove  
Fly to Thy sceptre of soft love.

## VIII

Dear, remember in that Day  
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way.      30  
Thy sheep was stray'd ; and Thou would'st be  
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

## IX

Shall all that labour, all that cost  
Of love, and even that loss, be lost ?  
And this loved soul judged worth no less      35  
Than all that way and weariness ?

## X

Just mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be  
With my Price, and not with me ;  
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,  
To be paid twice ; or once, in vain.      40

## XI

Mercy (my Judge), mercy I cry  
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye :  
The conscious colours of my sin  
Are red without and pale within.

## XII

O let Thine own soft bowels pay 45  
Thyself, and so discharge that day.  
If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive :  
O say the word, my soul shall live !

## XIII

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,  
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crown'd, 50  
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be  
Still alive, and still for me.

## XVI

Though both my prayers and tears combine,  
Both worthless are ; for they are mine.  
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be ; 55  
And show Thou art, by saving me.

## XV

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,  
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be ;  
Let, " Come, ye blessed," then call me. 60

## XVI

When the dread "*He*" shall divide  
Those limbs of death from Thy left side ;  
Let those life-speaking lips command  
That I inherit Thy right hand.

## XVII

O hear a suppliant heart, 'all crusht 65  
And crumbled into contrite dust.  
My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend !  
Take charge of me, and of my end.

## THE HYMN, O GLORIOSA DOMINA

Hail, most high, most humble one !  
 Above the world, below thy Son ;  
 Whose blush the moon beauteously mars,  
 And stains the timorous light of stars.  
 He that made all things had not done 5  
 Till He had made Himself thy Son.  
 The whole World's host would be thy guest,  
 And board Himself at thy rich breast.  
 O boundless hospitality !  
 The Feast of all things feeds on thee. 10  
     The first Eve, mother of our Fall,  
 Ere she bore any one, slew all.  
 Of her unkind gift might we have  
 Th' inheritance of a hasty grave :  
 Quick buried in the wanton tomb 15  
     Of one forbidden bit,  
 Had not a better fruit forbidden it.  
     Had not thy healthful womb  
     The World's new eastern window been,  
 And given us heaven again in giving Him. 20  
 Thine was the rosy dawn, that spring the day  
 Which renders all the stars she stole away.  
 Let then the aged World be wise, and all  
 Prove nobly here unnatural :  
 'Tis gratitude to forget that other, 25  
 And call the maiden Eve their mother.  
     Ye redeem'd nations far and near,  
 Applaud your happy selves in her ;  
 (All you to whom this love belongs)  
 And keep 't alive with lasting songs. 30

*THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN* 119

Let hearts and lips speak loud and say,  
Hail, door of life, and source of Day !  
The door was shut, the fountain seal'd,  
Yet Light was seen and Life reveal'd.  
[The door was shut, yet let in day], 35  
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.  
Glory to thee, great virgin's Son !  
In bosom of Thy Father's Bliss.  
The same to Thee, sweet Spirit ! be done ;  
As ever shall be, was, and is. *Amen.* 40

IN THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION  
OF OUR BLESSED LADY

THE HYMN

Hark ! she is call'd, the parting hour is come ;  
Take thy farewell, poor World, Heaven must go  
home.  
A piece of heavenly earth, purer and brighter  
Than the chaste stars whose choice lamps come to  
light her,  
While through the crystal orbs clearer than they 5  
She climbs, and makes a far more Milky Way.  
She's call'd ! Hark, how the dear immortal Dove  
Sighs to his silver mate : " Rise up, my love !"  
Rise up, my fair, my spotless one !  
The Winter's past, the rain is gone : 10  
The Spring is come, the flowers appear,  
No sweets, but thou, are wanting here.  
Come away, my love !  
Come away, my dove !  
Cast off delay ; 15

The court of Heaven is come

To wait upon thee home ;

Come, come away :

The flowers appear,

Or quickly would, wert thou once here. 20

The Spring is come, or if it stay

'Tis to keep time with thy delay.

The rain is gone, except so much as we

Detain in needful tears to weep the want of thee.

The Winter's past, 25

Or if he make less haste

His answer is why she does so,

If Summer come not, how can Winter go ?

Come away, come away !

The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay ; 30

The fountains murmur, and each loftiest tree

Bows lowest his leafy top to look for thee.

Come away, my love !

Come away, my dove ! etc.

She's call'd again. And will she go ? 35.

When Heaven bids come, who can say no ?

Heaven calls her, and she must away,

Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.

Go then ; go, glorious on the golden wings

Of the bright youth of Heaven, that sings 40

Under so sweet a burthen. Go,

Since thy dread Son will have it so :

And while thou go'st, our song and we

Will, as we may, reach after thee.

Hail, holy queen of humble hearts ! 45

We in thy praise will have our parts.

[And though thy dearest looks must now give light

To none but the blest heavens, whose bright

Beholders, lost in sweet delight,  
Feed for ever their fair sight 50  
With those divinest eyes, which we  
And our dark world no more shall see ;  
Though our poor eyes are parted so,  
Yet shall our lips never let go  
Thy gracious name, but to the last 55  
Our loving song shall hold it fast.]

Thy precious name shall be  
Thyself to us ; and we  
With holy care will keep it by us,  
We to the last 60  
Will hold it fast,  
And no Assumption shall deny us.  
All the sweetest showers  
Of our fairest flowers  
Will we strow upon it. 65  
Though our sweets cannot make  
It sweeter, they can take  
Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men and angels sing,  
Maria, mother of our King. 70  
Live, rosy princess, live ! and may the bright  
Crown of a most incomparable light  
Embrace thy radiant brows. O may the best  
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast.  
Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth 75  
Of Heaven ; the humble pride of Earth.  
Live, crown of women ; queen of men ;  
Live, mistress of our song. And when  
Our weak desires have done their best,  
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest. 80



## SAINT MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER

Lo ! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire,  
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire ?

### THE WEEPER

#### I

Hail, sister springs !  
Parents of silver-footed rills !  
Ever-bubbling things !  
Thawing crystal ! snowy hills !  
Still spending, never spent ! I mean 5  
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene !

#### II

Heavens thy fair eyes be ;  
Heavens of ever-falling stars.  
'Tis seed-time still with thee ;  
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares 10  
Promise the Earth to countershine  
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

#### III

But we are deceived all :  
Stars indeed they are too true :  
For they but seem to fall, 15  
As Heaven's other spangles do ;  
It is not for our Earth and us,     •  
To shine in things so precious.

IV

Upwards thou dost weep,  
 Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.      20  
 Where th' milky rivers creep,  
 Thine floats above, and is the cream.  
 Waters above th' heavens, what they be  
 We are taught best by thy tears and thee.

V

Every morn from hence,      25  
 A brisk cherub something sips,  
 Whose sacred influence  
 Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips ;  
 Then to his music ; and his song  
 Tastes of this breakfast all day long.      30

VI

Not in the Evening's eyes,  
 When they red with weeping are  
 For the Sun that dies ;  
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.  
 Nowhere but here did ever meet      35  
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

VII

When Sorrow would be seen  
 In her brightest majesty :  
 (For she is a Queen) :  
 Then is she dress'd by none but thee.      40  
 Then, and only then, she wears  
 Her proudest pearls : I mean, thy tears.

## VIII

The dew no more will weep  
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck :  
 The dew no more will sleep 45  
 Nuzel'd in the lily's neck ;  
 Much rather would it be thy tear,  
 And leave them both to tremble here.

## IX

There's no need at all,  
 That the balsam-sweating bough 50  
 So coyly should let fall  
 His med'cinable tears ; for now  
 Nature hath learnt to extract a dew  
 More sovereign and sweet from you.

## X

Yet let the poor drops weep, 55  
 (Weeping is the ease of Woe) :  
 Softly let them creep,  
 Sad that they are vanquish'd so.  
 They, though to others no relief,  
 Balsam may be for their own grief. 60

## XI

Such the maiden gem  
 By the purpling vine put on,  
 Peeps from her parent stem,  
 And blushes at the bridegroom sun.  
 This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne, 65  
 Ripe, will make the richer wine.

XII

When some new bright guest  
Takes up among the stars a room,  
And Heaven will make a feast :  
Angels with crystal phials come 70  
And draw from these full eyes of thine,  
Their Master's water, their own wine.

XIII

Golden though he be,  
Golden Tagus murmurs though.  
Were his way by thee, 75  
Content and quiet he would go ;  
So much more rich would he esteem  
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

XIV

Well does the May that lies  
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess 80  
The April in thine eyes ;  
Mutual sweetness they express.  
No April e'er lent kinder showers,  
Nor May returned more faithful flowers.

XV

O cheeks ! Beds of chaste loves, 85  
By your own showers seasonably dashed.  
Eyes ! Nests of milky doves,  
In your own wells decently washed.  
O wit of Love ! that thus could place  
Fountain and garden in one face. 90

## XVI

O sweet contest ! of woes  
With loves ; of tears with smiles disputing !  
O fair and friendly foes,  
Each other kissing and confuting !  
While rain and sunshine, cheeks and eyes, 95  
Close in kind contrarieties.

## -- --

But can these fair Floods be  
Friends with the bosom-fires that fill thee?  
Can so great flames agree  
Eternal tears should thus distil thee? 100  
O floods ! O fires ! O suns ! O showers !  
Mixed and made friends by Love's sweet powers.

## XVIII

'Twas his well-pointed dart  
That digged these wells, and dressed this wine ;  
And taught the wounded heart 105  
The way into these weeping cyne.  
Vain loves avaunt ! bold hands forbear !  
The Lamb hath dipped His white foot here.

## XIX

And now where'er He strays,  
Among the Galilean mountains, 110  
Or more unwelcome ways ;  
He's followed by two faithful fountains ;  
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,  
Portable, and compendious oceans.

XX

O thou, thy Lord's fair store ! 115  
 In thy so rich and rare expenses,  
 Even when He showed most poor  
 He might provoke the wealth of princes.  
 What Prince's wanton'st pride e'er could  
 Wash with silver, wipe with gold ? 120

XXI

Who is that King, but He  
 Who calls't His crown, to be called thine,  
 That thus can boast to be  
 Waited on by a wandering mine,  
 A voluntary mint, that strews 125  
 Warm, silver showers where'er He goes ?

XXII

O precious Prodigal !  
 Fair spend-thrift of thyself ! thy measure  
 (Merciless love !) is all.  
 Even to the last pearl in thy treasure : 130  
 All places, times, and objects be  
 Thy tears' sweet opportunity.

XXIII

Does the day-star rise ?  
 Still thy tears do fall and fall.  
 Does Day close his eyes ? 135  
 Still the fountain weeps for all.  
 Let Night or Day do what they will,  
 Thou hast thy task : thou weepest still.

## XXIV

Does thy song lull the air?  
Thy falling tears keep faithful time. 140  
Does thy sweet-breathed prayer  
Up in clouds of incense climb?  
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,  
A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

## XXV

At these thy weeping gates 145  
(Watching their watery motion),  
Each wingèd moment waits :  
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.  
By thine eyes' tinct ennobled thus,  
Time lays him up ; he's precious. 150

## XXVI

Not, "so long she livèd,"  
Shall thy tomb report of thee ;  
But, "so long she grievèd" :  
Thus must we date thy memory.  
Others by moments, months, and years 155  
Measure their ages ; thou, by tears.

## XXVII

So do perfumes expire,  
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest  
With proud un pitying fire,  
Such tears the suffering rose, that's vexed 160  
With ungentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXVIII

Say, ye bright brothers,  
 The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,  
 Your fruitful mothers ! " 165  
 What make you here ? what hopes can 'tice  
 You to be born ? what cause can borrow  
 You from those nests of noble sorrow ?

XXIX

» Whither away so fast ?  
 For sure the sordid earth , 170  
 Your sweetness cannot taste,  
 Nor does the dust deserve your birth. .  
 Sweet, whither haste you then ? O say  
 Why you trip so fast away ?

XXX

We go not to seek 175  
 The darlings of Aurora's bed,  
 The rose's modest cheek,  
 Nor the violet's humble head.  
 Though the field's eyes too Weepers be,  
 Because they want such tears as we. 180

XXXI

Much less mean we to trace  
 The fortune of inferior gems,  
 Preferr'd to some proud face,  
 Or perched upon fear'd diadems :  
 Crown'd heads are toys. We go to meet 185  
 A worthy object, our Lord's feet.



## A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA

Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord  
 Of life and death. To prove the word  
 We'll now appeal to none of all  
 Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,  
 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down      5  
 With strong arms their triumphant crown;  
 Such as could with lusty breath,  
 Speak loud into the face of Death  
 Their great Lord's glorious name, to none  
 Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne      10  
 For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:  
 And see him take a private seat,  
 Making his mansion in the mild  
 And milky soul of a soft child.  
     Scarce has she learnt to lisp the name      15  
 Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame  
 Life should so long play with that breath  
 Which spent can buy so brave a death.  
 She never undertook to know  
 What Death with Love should have to do;      20  
 Nor has she e'er yet understood  
 Why to show love, she should shed blood,

Yet though she cannot tell you why,  
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make 25  
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;  
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove  
How much less strong is Death than Love.

Be Love but there ; let poor six years  
Be posed with the maturest fears 30  
Man trembles at, you straight shall find  
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind ;  
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can  
Make the martyr, or the man.

Love touched her heart, and lo it beats 35  
High, and burns with such brave heats ;  
Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up  
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.  
Good reason ; for she breathes all fire ;  
Her white breast heaves with strong desire 40  
Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,  
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

• Since 'tis not to be had at home  
She'll travel to a martyrdom.  
No home for her's confesses she 45  
But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moors ; and trade with them  
For this unvalued diadem :  
She'll offer them her dearest breath,  
With Christ's name in't, in change for death : 50  
She'll bargain with them, and will give  
Them God ; teach them how to live  
In Him : or, if they this deny,  
For Him she'll teach them how to die.  
So shall she leave amongst them sown 55  
Her Lord's blood ; or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the World adieu !  
 Teresa is no more for you.  
 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys  
 (Never till now esteemed toys) 60  
 [Farewell whatever dear may be,]  
 Mother's arms, or father's knee :  
 Farewell house, and farewell home !  
 She's for the Moors, and martyrdom.  
 Sweet, not so fast ! lo, thy fair Spouse, 65  
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows ;  
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come  
 T' embrace a milder martyrdom.  
 Blest powers forbid, thy tender life  
 Should bleed upon a barbarous knife : 70  
 Or some base hand have power to rase  
 Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase  
 A soul kept there so sweet : O no,  
 Wise Heaven will never have it so.  
 Thou art Love's victim ; and must die 75  
 A death more mystical and high :  
 Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall  
 A still-surviving funeral.  
 His is the dart must make the death  
 Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath ; 80  
 A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame  
 Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name  
 Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye  
 It shines ; and with a sovereign ray  
 Beats bright upon the burning faces 85  
 Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces  
 Find everlasting smiles : so rare,  
 So spiritual, pure, and fair  
 Must be th' immortal instrument.  
 Upon whose choice point shall be sent 90

A life so loved : and that there be  
Fit executioners for thee,  
The fairest and first-born sons of fire,  
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,  
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee 95  
To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain  
Of a sweet and subtle pain :  
Of intolerable joys ;  
Of a death, in which who dies 100  
Loves his death, and dies again,  
And would for ever so be slain.  
And lives, and dies ; and knows not why  
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart 105  
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart,  
And close in his embraces keep  
Those delicious wounds, that weep  
Balsam to heal themselves with ; thus  
When these thy deaths, so numerous, 110  
Shall all at last die into one,  
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hot a fire, and wasted  
Into perfuming clouds, so fast 115  
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last  
In a resolving sigh, and then  
O what ? Ask not the tongues of men ;  
Angels cannot tell ; suffice  
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys, 120  
And hold them fast for ever there,  
So soon as thou shalt first appear,  
The moon of maiden stars, thy white  
Mistress, attended by such bright

Souls as thy shining self, shall come, 125  
 And in her first ranks make thee room ;  
 Where 'mongst her snowy family  
 Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when revealed Life shall stand,  
 And teach thy lips Heaven with His hand ; 130  
 On which thou now may'st to thy wishes  
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses.  
 What joys shall seize thy soul, when she,  
 Bending her blessed eyes on Thee,  
 (Those second smiles of Heaven,) shall dart\* 135  
 Her mil<sup>d</sup> rays through Thy melting heart.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,  
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good works which went before  
 And waited for thee, at the door, 140  
 Shall own thee there ; and all in one  
 Weave a constellation  
 Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse  
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee, 145 •  
 And thy pains sit bright upon thee,  
 [All thy sorrows here shall shine,]  
 All thy sufferings be divine :  
 Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,  
 And wrongs repent to diadems. 150  
 Even thy deaths shall live ; and new-  
 Dress the soul, that erst they slew.  
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars  
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ 155  
 Love's noble history, with wit  
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.

Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame  
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same 160  
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
Both fire to us and flame to thee ;  
Whose light shall live bright in thy face  
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see 165  
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be  
Themselves thy crown : sons of thy vows,  
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse  
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now  
And with them all about thee, bow 170  
To Him ; put on, (He'll say,) put on  
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone  
Sparkling with the sacred flames  
Of thousand souls, whose happy names  
Heaven keep upon thy score : (Thy bright 175  
Life brought them first to kiss the light,  
That kindled them to stars,) and so  
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,  
And whereso'er He sets His white  
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light, 180  
Which who in death would live to see,  
Must learn in life to die like thee.

## AN APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING HYMN

AS HAVING BEEN WRIT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS  
YET AMONG THE PROTESTANTS

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,  
 (Fair flood of holy fires !) transfus'd the flame  
 I took from reading thee ; 'tis to thy wrong,  
 I know, that in my weak and worthless song  
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day      5  
 Scarce dawns. O pardon, if I dare to say  
 Thine own dear books are guilty. For from thence  
 I learn'd to know that Love is eloquence.  
 That hopeful maxim gave me heart to try  
 If, what to other tongues is tuned so high,      10  
 Thy praise might not speak English too : forbid  
 (By all thy mysteries that there lie hid)  
 Forbid it, mighty Love ! let no fond hate  
 Of names and words so far prejudicate.  
 Souls are not Spaniards too : one friendly flood      15  
 Of baptism blends them all into a blood.  
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,  
 And Love's that body's soul ; no law controls  
 Our free traffic for Heaven ; we may maintain  
 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain. 20  
 What soul soe'er, in any language, can  
 Speak Heav'n like her's, is my soul's countryman.  
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heav'n she speaks !  
 'Tis Heav'n that lies in ambush there, and breaks  
 From thence into the wondering reader's breast ;      25  
 Who feels his warm heart [hatch'd] into a nest

Of little eagles and young loves, whose high  
Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that die.  
There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell)  
Drink up all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell 30  
With thee, strong wine of Love : let others swim  
In puddles ; we will pledge this seraphim  
Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape  
Was ever guilty of. Change we too our shape,  
(My soul,) Some drink from men to beasts, O then 35  
Drink we till we prove more, not less than men,  
And turn not beasts, but angels. Let the King  
Me ever into these His cellars bring,  
Where flows such wine as we can have of none  
But Him Who trod the wine-press all alone : 40  
Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Love ;  
Wine of immortal mixture : which can prove  
Its tincture from the rosy nectar ; wine  
That can exalt weak earth ; and so refine  
Our dust, that, at one draught, Mortality 45  
May drink itself up, and forget to die.

## THE FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL  
SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED  
WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE HER

Well-meaning readers ! you that come as friends,  
And catch the precious name this piece pretends ;  
Make not too much haste to admire  
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire.



That is a seraphim, they say, 5  
And this the great Teresia.  
Readers, be ruled by me ; and make  
Here a well-placed and wise mistake ;  
You must transpose the picture quite,  
And spell it wrong to read it right ; 10  
Read him for her, and her for him,  
And call the saint the séraphim.

Painter, what didst thou understand  
To put her dart into his hand ?  
See, even the years and size of him 15  
Shows this the mother-seraphim.  
This is the mistress-flame ; and duteous he  
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.  
O most poor-spirited of men !  
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen, 20  
Thou couldst not so unkindly err  
To show us this faint shade for her.  
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame ;  
And mocks with female frost Love's manly flame.  
One would suspect thou meant'st to paint 25  
Some weak, inferior, woman-saint.  
But had thy pale-faced purple took  
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,  
Thou wouldst on her have heap'd up all  
That could be form'd seraphical ; 30  
Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair,  
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,  
Glowing cheeks, and glist'ring wings,  
All those fair and fragrant things,  
But before all, that fiery dart 35  
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Do then, as equal right requires ;  
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,

Resume and rectify thy rude design ;  
 Undress thy seraphim into mine ; 40  
 Redeem this injury of thy art,  
 Give him the veil, give her the dart.

Give him the veil, that he may cover  
 The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover ;  
 Ashamed that our world now can show 45  
 Nests of new seraphims here below.

Give her the dart, for it is she  
 (Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee ;  
 Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts  
 That live and die amidst her darts, 50  
 What is't your tasteful spirits do prove  
 In that rare life of her, and Love ?  
 Say, and bear witness. Sends she not  
 A seraphim at every shot ?  
 What magazines of immortal arms there shine ! 55  
 Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.  
 Give then the dart to her who gives the flame ;  
 Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate  
 Of worse faults to be fortunate ; 60  
 If all's prescription ; and proud wrong  
 Harkens not to an humble song ;  
 For all the gallantry of him,  
 Give me the suffering seraphim.  
 His be the bravery of all those bright things, 65  
 The glowing cheeks, the glistening wings ;  
 The rosy hand, the radiant dart ;  
 Leave her alone the flaming heart,

Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her  
 Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver ; 70  
 For in Love's field was never found  
 A nobler weapon than a wound.

Love's passives are his activ'st part :  
The wounded is the wounding heart.  
O heart ! equal poise of Love's both parts, 75  
Big alike with wound and darts.  
Live in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;  
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.  
Live here great heart ; and love, and die, and kill ;  
And bleed, and wound ; and yield and conquer  
still. 80  
Let this immortal life where'er it comes  
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.  
Let mystic deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be  
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.  
O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art, 85  
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart ;  
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play  
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,  
Combined against this breast at once break in  
And take away from me myself and sin ; 90  
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,  
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.  
O thou undaunted daughter of desires !  
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ; 95  
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;  
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ; 100  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His ;  
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him  
(Fair sister of the seraphim !)

By all of Him we have in thee ;  
 Leave nothing of myself in me.  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die. " 105

A SONG [OF DIVINE LOVE]

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace  
 Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,  
 Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,  
 I die in Love's delicious fire.

O Love, I am thy sacrifice ! 5  
 Be still triumphant, blessed eyes !  
 Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I  
 Still may behold, though still I die.

SECOND PART

Though still I die, I live again ;  
 Still longing so to be still slain ; 10  
 So gainful is such loss of breath ;  
 I die even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife  
 Of living death and dying life ;  
 For while Thou sweetly slayest me 15  
 Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

## PRAYER

AN ODE WHICH WAS PREFIXED TO A LITTLE  
PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN

Lo here a little volume, but great book !  
 [(Fear it not, sweet,  
 It is no hypocrite),  
 Much larger in itself than in its look.]  
 A nest of new-born sweets ; 5  
 Whose native fires disdaining  
 To lie thus folded, and complaining  
 Of these ignoble sheets,  
 Affect more comely bands  
 (Fair one) from thy kind hands ; 10  
 And confidently look  
 To find the rest  
 Of a rich binding in your breast.  
 It is, in one choice handful, Heaven ; and all  
 Heaven's royal host ; encamp'd thus small 15  
 To prove that true, Schools use to tell,  
 Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.  
 It is Love's great artillery  
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie  
 Close-couched in your white bosom ; and from  
 thence, 20  
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foes to take your part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.  
 It is an armoury of light ;  
 Let constant use but keep it bright, 25

You'll find it yields,  
 To holy hands and humble hearts,  
 More swords and shields  
 Than sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.  
 Only be sure 30  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons ; and the eyes  
 Those of turtles, chaste and true ;  
 Wakeful and wise :  
 Here is a friend shall fight for you, 35  
 Hold but this book before your heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part ;  
 But O the heart,  
 That studies this high art,  
 Must be a sure house-keeper : 40  
 And yet no sleeper.  
 Dear soul, be strong !  
 Mercy will come ere long,  
 And bring his bosom fraught with blessings,  
 Flowers of never-fading graces, 45  
 To make immortal dressings  
 For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
 Store up themselves for Him, Who is alone  
 The Spouse of virgins, and the virgin's Son.  
 But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come, 50  
 Shall find the loitering heart from home ;  
 Leaving her chaste abode  
 To gad abroad  
 Among the gay mates of the god of flies ;  
 To take her pleasure, and to play 55  
 And keep the devil's holiday ;  
 To dance [in] th' sunshine of some smiling  
 But beguiling

Sphere of sweet and sugar'd lies ;  
    Some slippery pair, 60  
Of false, perhaps as fair,  
Flattering but forswearing, eyes ;  
Doubtless some other heart  
    Will get the start  
Meanwhile, and stepping in before, 65  
Will take possession of that sacred store  
Of hidden sweets and holy joys ;  
Words which are not heard with ears  
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)  
Effectual whispers, whose still voice 70  
The soul itself more feels than hears ;  
Amorous languishments, luminous trances ;  
Sights which are not seen with eyes ;  
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies 75  
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire  
And melts it down in sweet desire :  
    Yet does not stay  
To ask the windows' leave to pass that way ;  
Delicious deaths, soft exhalations 80  
Of soul ; dear and divine annihilations ;  
    A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys, and rarified delights ;  
An hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces ;  
    And many a mystic thing, 85  
    Which the divine embraces  
Of the dear Spouse of spirits, with them will bring ;  
    For which it is no shame  
That dull mortality must not know a name.  
    Of all this store 90  
Of blessings, and ten thousand more

(If when He come  
 He find the heart from home)  
 Doubtless He will unload  
 Himself some otherwhere, 95  
 And pour abroad  
 His precious sweets  
 On the fair soul whom first He meets.  
 O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !  
 O happy and thrice-happy she, 100  
 Selected dove  
 Who'er she be,  
 Whose early love  
 With wingèd vows,  
 Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse, 105  
 And close with His immortal kisses.  
 Happy indeed who never misses  
 To improve that precious hour,  
 And every day  
 Seize her sweet prey, 110  
 All fresh and fragrant as He rises,  
 Dropping with a balmy shower  
 A delicious dew of spices ;  
 O let the blissful heart hold fast  
 Her heavenly armful ; she shall taste 115  
 At once ten thousand paradises ;  
 She shall have power  
 To rifle and deflower  
 The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,  
 Which with a swelling bosom there she meets : 120  
 Boundless and infinite—  
 —Bottomless treasures  
 Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
 Happy proof ! she shall discover  
 What joy, what bliss, 125  
 How many heavens at once it is  
 To have her God become her Lover.



## TO THE SAME PARTY

## COUNSEL CONCERNING HER CHOICE

Dear, Heaven designèd soul !  
     Amongst the rest  
 Of suitors that besiege your maiden breast  
     Why may not I  
     My fortune try 5  
 And venture to speak one good word,  
 Not for myself, alas ! but for my dearer Lord ?  
 You have seen already in this lower sphere  
 Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here :  
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find 10  
     But painted shapes,  
     Peacocks and apes,  
     Illustrious flies,  
 Gilded dunghills, glorious lies ;  
     Goodly surmises 15  
     And deep disguises,  
 Oaths of water, words of wind ?  
 Truth bids me say 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust.  
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love, 20  
     Which from above  
     Calls you up higher  
     And bids you come  
     And choose your room  
 Among His own fair sons of fire ; 25  
     Where you among  
     The golden throng,

That watches at His palace doors  
 May pass along,  
 And follow those fair stars of yours ; 30  
 Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon  
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.  
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last't will prove  
 Your wary love  
 Lays up his purer and more precious vows, 35  
 And means them for a far more worthy Spouse  
 Than this World of lies can give ye :  
 Even for Him, with Whom nor cost,  
 Nor love, nor labour can be lost ;  
 Him Who never will deceive ye. 40  
 Let not my Lord, the mighty Lover  
 Of souls, disdain that I discover  
 The hidden art  
 Of His high stratagem to win your heart :  
 It was His heavenly art 45  
 Kindly to cross you  
 In your mistaken love ;  
 That, at the next remove  
 Thence, He might toss you  
 And strike your troubled heart 50  
 Home to Himself, to hide it in His breast,  
 The bright ambrosial nest  
 Of Love, of life, and everlasting rest.  
 Happy mistake !  
 That thus shall wake 55  
 Your wise soul, never to be won  
 Now with a love below the sun.  
 Your first choice fails ; O when you choose again  
 May it not be amongst the sons of men !

## ALEXIAS

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF  
SAINT ALEXIS

## THE FIRST ELEGY

I, late the Roman youth's lov'd praise and pride,  
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands  
tried ;

Lo, here am left (alas !) for my lost mate  
'T embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.

Sure in my early woes stars were at strife, 5  
And tried to make a widow ere a wife.

Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)  
In what strange path my lord's fair footsteps bleed.

O knew I where he wander'd, I should see  
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty : 10

I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.  
(Who knows how powerful well-writ prayers would  
be ?)

Sending's too slow a word ; myself would fly.  
Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I ?

But how shall I steal hence ? Alexis, thou, 15  
Ah, thou thyself, alas ! hast taught me how.

Love too, that leads the [way,] would lend the wings  
To bear me harmless through the hardest things.

And where Love lends the wing, and leads the way,  
What dangers can there be dare say me nay ? 20

If I be shipwreck'd, Love shall teach to swim ;  
If drown'd, sweet is the death endured for him ;

The noted sea shall change his name with me ;  
I 'mongst the blest stars a new name shall be ;

And sure where lovers make their wat'ry graves, 25  
 The weeping mariner will augment the waves.  
 For who so hard, but passing by that way  
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,  
 "Here 't was the Roman maid found a hard fate,  
 While through the World she sought her wand'ring  
     mate ; 30  
 Here perish'd she, poor heart ; Heavens, be my vows  
 As true to me as she was to her spouse.  
 O live, scarce a love ! live ! and in thee  
 The too frail life of female constancy.  
 Farewell ; and shine, fair soul, shine there above, 35  
 Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love..  
 There thy lost fugitive th' hast found at last :  
 Be happy ; and forever hold him fast."

## THE SECOND ELEGY

Though all the joys I had fled hence with thee,  
 Unkind ! yet are my tears still true to me :  
 • I'm wedded o'er again since thou art gone,  
 Nor couldst thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.  
 Alexis' widow now is Sorrow's wife ; 5  
 With him shall I weep out my weary life.  
 Welcome, my sad-sweet mate ! Now have I got  
 At last a constant Love, that leaves me not :  
 Firm he, as thou art false ; nor need my cries  
 Thus vex the Earth and tear the [beauteous] skies. 10  
 For him, alas ! ne'er shall I need to be  
 Troublesome to the world, thus, as for thee :  
 For thee I talk to trees ; with silent groves  
 Expostulate my woes and much wrong'd loves ;  
 Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be 15  
 Things that in hardness more allude to thee,

To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,  
 And answer too for them in tears again. \*  
 How oft have I wept out the weary sun !  
 My wat'ry hour-glass hath old Time outrun. 20  
 O I am learnèd grown : poor Love and I  
 Have studied over all Astrology ;  
 I'm perfect in Heaven's state, with every star  
 My skilful grief is grown familiar.  
 Rise, fairest of those fires ; whate'er thou be 25  
 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me,  
 Such as the sacred light that erst did bring  
 The Eastern princes to their infant King.  
 O rise, pure lamp, and lend thy golden ray,  
 That weary Love at last may find his way. 30

## THE THIRD ELEGY

Rich, churlish Land, that hid'st so long in thee  
 My treasures ; rich, alas, by robbing me.  
 Needs must my miseries owe that man a spite,  
 Who'er he be, was the first wand'ring knight,  
 O had he ne'er been at that cruel cost 5  
 Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost ;  
 Seas had not been rebuked by saucy oars,  
 But lain lock'd up safe in their sacred shores ;  
 Men had not spurn'd at mountains : nor made wars  
 With rocks, nor bold hands struck the World's strong  
                   bars, 10  
 Nor lost in too large bounds, our little Rome  
 Full sweetly with itself had dwelt at home.  
 My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,  
 Had under some low roof loved his plain wife ;  
 But now, ah me ! from where he has no foes 15  
 He flies, and into wilful exile goes.

Cruel, return, or tell the reason why  
Thy dearest parents have deserved to die.  
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,  
Unless it be a crime t' have loved too well. 20  
If heats of holier love and high desire  
Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire,  
What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me,  
Who only wish his virgin wife to be?  
Witness, chaste Heavens ! no happier vows I know 25  
Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go.  
Love's truest knot by Venus is not tied ;  
Nor do embraces only make a bride.  
The queen of angels (and men chaste as you)  
Was maiden-wife, and maiden-mother too. 30  
Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,  
With happy gain her maiden vows made good.  
The lusty bridegroom made approach—" Young man,  
Take heed " (said she) " take heed, Valerian !  
My bosom's guard, a spirit great and strong, 35  
Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.  
My chastity is sacred ; and my Sleep  
Wakeful, her dear vows undefiled to keep.  
Pallas bears arms, forsooth ; and should there be  
No fortress built for true Virginitv ? 40  
No gaping Gorgon this : none like the rest  
Of your learn'd lies. Here you'll find no such jest.  
I'm yours : O were my God, my Christ so too,  
I'd know no name of Love on Earth but you."  
He yields, and straight baptized, obtains the grace 45  
To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.  
Both mix'd at last their blood in one rich bed  
Of rosy martyrdom, twice married.  
O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame,  
Thy torch, terrestrial Love, has here no name. 50

How sweet the mutual yoke of man and wife,  
 When holy fires maintain Love's heavenly life !  
 But I (so help me Heaven my hopes to see),  
 When thousands sought my love, loved none but thee.  
 Still, as their vain tears my firm vows did try,      55  
 " Alexis, he alone is mine " (said I).  
 Half true, alas ! half false, proves that poor line,  
 Alexis is alone ; but is not mine.

## DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE

(OUT OF BARCLAY)

No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,  
 Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining ;  
 No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping,  
 Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping ;  
 False lights of flaring gems ; tumultuous joys ;      5  
 Halls full of flattering men and frisking boys ;  
 Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good  
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.  
 But walks and unshorn woods ; and souls, just so  
 Unforced and genuine ; but not shady though.      10  
 Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,  
 That chaste and cheap, as the few clothes we wear ;  
 Those, coarse and negligent, as the natural locks  
 Of these loose groves ; rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.  
 A hasty portion of prescribèd sleep ;      15  
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,  
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again ;  
 Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.

Hands full of hearty labours ; pains that pay  
And prize themselves ; do much, that more they  
may, 20  
And work for work, not wages ; let to-morrow's  
New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.  
A long and daily-dying life, which breathes  
A respiration of reviving deaths.  
But neither are there those ignoble stings 25  
That nip the blossom of the World's best things,  
And lash Earth-labouring souls.  
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep  
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep :  
But reverent discipline, and religious fear, 30  
And soft obedience, find sweet bidding here ;  
Silence, and sacred rest ; peace, and pure joys ;  
Kind loves keep house, lie close, [and] make no  
noise ;  
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells  
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells. 35  
The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers  
Her kindred with the stars ; not basely hovers  
Below : but meditates her immortal way  
Home to the original source of Light and intellectual  
day.



AN EPIGRAPH UPON A YOUNG  
MARRIED COUPLE

DEAD AND BURIED TOGETHER

To these, whom Death again did wed,  
This grave's their second marriage-bed;  
For though the hand of Fate could force  
'Twixt soul and body, a divorce,  
It could not sunder man and wife, 5  
'Cause they both lived but one life.  
Peace, good Reader, do not weep.  
Peace, the lovers are asleep !  
They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
In the last knot Love could tie. 10  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead :  
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)  
Love made the bed ; they'll take no harm ;  
Let them sleep : let them sleep on, 15  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
Till the eternal morrow dawn ;  
Then the curtains will be drawn  
And they wake into a light,  
Whose Day shall never die in Night. 20

## DEATH'S LECTURE AND THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Dear relics of a dislodged soul, whose lack  
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black !  
 O stay a<sup>a</sup>while, ere thou draw in thy head,  
 And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed.  
 Stay but a little while, until I call 5  
 A summons worthy of thy funeral.  
 Come then, Youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye soft  
     powers,  
 Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours  
 Into a false eternity. Come man ;  
 Hyperbolised nothing ! know thy span ! 10  
 Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow  
 Before thyself in thine idea ; thou  
 Huge emptiness ! contract thy bulk ; and shrink  
 All thy wild circle to a point. O sink  
 Lower and lower yet ; till thy lean size 15  
 Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes.  
 Lesser and lesser yet ; till thou begin  
 To show a face, fit to confess thy kin,  
 Thy neighbourhood to Nothing !  
 Proud looks, and lofty eyelids, here put on 20  
 Yourselves in your unfeign'd reflection ;  
 Here, gallant ladies ! this impartial glass  
 (Through all your painting) shows you your true face.  
 These death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie  
 To the loud boasts of poor Mortality ; 25

These curtain'd windows, this retirèd eye  
 Out-stares the lids of large-look'd Tyranny :  
 This posture is the brave one ; this that lies  
 Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies  
 The World. All-daring dust and ashes ! only you 30  
 Of all interpreters read Nature true.

## TEMPERANCE

OF THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN, UPON THE TRANSLA-  
 TION OF LESSIUS

Go now, and with some daring drug,  
 Bait thy disease, and whilst they tug,  
 Thou, to maintain their precious strife  
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life :  
 Go take physic, doat upon 5  
 Some big-named composition,—  
 The oraculous doctors' mystic bills,  
 Certain hard words made into pills ;  
 And what at last shalt gain by these ?  
 Only a costlier disease. 10  
 [Go poor man, think what shall be  
 Remedy 'gainst thy remedy.]  
 That which makes us have no need  
 Of physic, that's physic indeed.  
 Hark hither, Reader : wilt thou see 15  
 Nature her own physician be ?  
 Wilt see a man all his own wealth,  
 His own music, his own health ?  
 A man, whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well ? 20

Her garments that upon her sit,  
(As garments should do) close and fit?  
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppress'd  
Nor choked with what she should be dress'd?  
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine, 25  
Through which all her bright features shine?  
As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
A thin aerial veil, is drawn  
O'er beauty's face ; seeming to hide,  
More sweetly shows the blushing bride : 30  
A soul, whose intellectual beams  
No mists do mask, no lazy steams?  
A happy soul, that all the way  
To Heaven, hath a Summer's day?  
Wouldst see a man whose well-warm'd blood 35  
Bathes him in a genuine flood?  
A man, whose tunèd humours be  
A seat of rarest harmony?  
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile  
Age? Wouldst see December smile? 40  
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow  
In a bed of rev'rend snow?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
Winter's self into a Spring?  
In sum, wouldst see a man that can 45  
Live to be old, and still a man?  
Whose latest, and most leaden hours  
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers  
And when Life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends : 50  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay :  
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?  
This rare one, Reader, wouldst thou see,  
Hark hither : and thyself be he !

## HOPE

[BY A. COWLEY]

*Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is*  
*Alike, if it succeed, or if it miss !*  
*Whom ill or good does equally confound,*  
*And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound.*  
*Vain shadow ; that dost vanish quite* 5  
*Both at full noon, and perfect night !*  
*The stars have not a possibility*  
*Of blessing thee.*  
*If things then from their end we happy call,*  
*'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.* 10

*Hope, thou bold taster of delight !*  
*Who instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.*  
*Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor*  
*By clogging it with legacies before.*  
*The joys which we entire should wed,* 15  
*Come deflow'r'd virgins to our bed.*  
*Good fortunes without gain imported be,*  
*Such mighty custom's paid to thee.*  
*For joy, like wine kept close, does better taste ;*  
*If it take air before his spirits waste.* 20

*Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,*  
*Where, for one prize, an hundred blanks there be.*  
*Fond archer, Hope ! who tak'st thine aim so far,*  
*That still, or short, or wide, thine arrows are ;*  
*Thin empty cloud which th' eye deceives* 25  
*With shapes that our own fancy gives !*

CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE 159

*A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,  
But must drop presently in tears :  
When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,  
By ignes fatui for North stars we sail.* 30

*Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,  
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad !  
Sire of Repentance ! child of fond desire,  
That blow'st the chymic and the lover's fire,  
Still leading them insensibly on,* 35  
*With the strong witchcraft of "anon !"  
By thee the one does changing Nature thrugh  
Her endless labyrinths pursue ;  
And th' other chases woman ; while she goes  
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.* 40

M. COWLEY.

M. CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE

Dear Hope ! Earth's dow'ry, and Heaven's debt !  
The entity of those that are not yet.  
Subtlest, but surest being ! thou by whom  
Our nothing has a definition !  
Substantial shade ! whose sweet allay 5  
Blends both the noons of Night and Day :  
Fates cannot find out a capacity  
Of hurting thee.  
From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,  
Shrinks as the sick moon from the wholesome  
morn. 10

Rich hope ! Love's legacy, under lock  
 Of Faith !—still spending, and still growing stock !  
 Our crown-land lies above, yet each meal brings  
 A seemly portion for the sons of kings.

Nor will the virgin-joys we wed 15

Come less unbroken to our bed,  
 Because that from the bridal cheek of Bliss,  
 Thou steal'st us down a distant kiss.

Hope's chaste stealth harms no more Joys maiden-  
 head

Than spousal rites prejudice the marriage-bed. 20

Fair Hope ! our earlier Heav'n ! by thee  
 Young time is taster to Eternity :  
 Thy generous wine with age grows strong, not sour,  
 Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flower.

Thy golden growing head never hangs down, 25

Till in the lap of Love's full noon

It falls ; and dies ! O no, it melts away

As does the dawn into the Day :

As lumps of sugar loose themselves, and twine

Their subtle essence with the soul of wine. 30

Fortune ? alas, above the World's low wars  
 Hope walks and kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring  
 stars.

Her keel cuts not the waves where these winds stir,  
 Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.

[Her shafts and she fly far above, 35

And forage in the fields of light and love.]

Sweet Hope ! kind cheat ! fair fallacy ! by thee

We are not where nor what we be,

But what and where we would be, Thus art thou

Our absent presence, and our fortune now. 40

Faith's sister ! nurse of fair desire !  
Fear's antidote ! a wise and well staid fire !  
Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Joy !  
Queen regent in young Love's minority !  
    Though the vext chymic vainly chases           45  
    His fugitive gold through all her faces ;  
Though Love's more fierce, more fruitless fires  
    assay  
    One face more fugitive than all they ;  
True Hope's a glorious hunter, and her chase  
    The God of Nature in the fields of grace.           50





THE  
DELIGHTS  
OF THE  
MUSES.

OR,

Other Poems written on  
severall occasions

---

By Richard Crashaw, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.*

---

*Mart. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.*

---

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# THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

## MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams  
Of Noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams  
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,  
Under protection of an oak, there sat  
A sweet's lute's-master, in whose gentle airs 5  
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood,  
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
Their Muse, their Syren—harmless Syren she !) 10  
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain  
The music's soft report, and mould the same  
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood  
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.  
The man perceived his rival and her art ; 15  
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,  
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
Informs it, in a sweet præludium  
Of closer strains, and, ere the war begin,  
He lightly skirmishes on every string 20

Charged with a flying touch ; and straightway she  
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,  
 Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,  
 And reck'ns up in soft divisions  
 Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know, 25  
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string  
 A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing  
 To their own dance ; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash, 30  
 Blends all together ; then distinctly trips  
 From this to that, then quick returning skips  
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
 She measures every measure, everywhere  
 Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt, 35  
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,  
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,  
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat,  
 A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joint it 40  
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd  
 In controverting warbles evenly shared,  
 With her sweet self she wrangles. He, amazed  
 That from so small a channel should be raised  
 The torrent of a voice whose melody 45  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art  
 The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)  
 Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling bass  
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ; 50  
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Until his finger (Moderator) hides,  
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,  
 Hoarse, shrill, at once ; as when the trumpets call

Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo 55  
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too  
She gives him back ; her supple breast thrills out  
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill 60  
The pliant series of her slippery song ;  
Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,  
And roll themselves over her lubric throat  
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast, 65  
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest  
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie  
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;  
Music's best seed-plot ; where in ripen'd airs  
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears 70  
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,  
Which there reciprocally laboureth  
In that sweet soil ; it seems a holy choir  
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;  
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes 75  
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats  
In cream of morning Helicon, and then  
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,  
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
That men can sleep while they their matins sing : 80  
(Most divine service) whose so early lay  
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing Day !  
There you might hear her kindle her soft voice  
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,  
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song, 85  
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,

Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)  
 Leaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,  
 Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest, 90  
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,  
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide  
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride  
 On the waved back of every swelling strain, 95  
 Rising and falling in a pompous train ;  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal \*  
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
 With the cool epode of a graver note,  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat 100  
 Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse bird ;  
 Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd  
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed  
 Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain 105  
 In the Musician's face ; " Yet once again  
 (Mistress) I come ; now reach a strain, my lute,  
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute ;  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy ; " 110  
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
 And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :  
 The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frightened,  
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs 115  
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath : which married to his lyre  
 Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look  
 higher.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
 Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries ; 120  
 Caught in a net which there-Apollo spreads,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.  
 Following those little rills, he sinks into  
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go  
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar  
 drop, 125  
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.  
 The humorous strings expound his learnèd touch  
 By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,  
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle  
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ; 130  
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke  
 Gives life to some new grace : thus doth h' invoke  
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus,  
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)  
 The Lute's light genius now does proudly rise, 135  
 Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,  
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air  
 With flash of high-born fancies ; here and there  
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone ; 140  
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs  
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,  
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell  
 In Music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,  
 But whisper to the world : thus do they vary 145  
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
 Their Master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears  
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres  
 Of Music's heaven ; and seat it there on high  
 In th' empyrean of pure harmony. 150



At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
 Of blest variety, attending on  
 His fingers' fairest revolution,  
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall) 155  
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,  
 And she (although her breath's late exercise  
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat),  
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note. 160  
 Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul !) she tries  
 To measure all those wild diversities  
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one  
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone ;  
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies. 165  
 She dies : and leaves her life the Victor's prize,  
 Falling upon his lute : O, fit to have  
 (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave !

## TO THE MORNING

### SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP

What succour can I hope the Muse will send  
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muses' friend ?  
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,  
 Unless the Muse sing my apology ?

O in that morning of my shame ! when I 5  
 Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,  
 How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes  
 Into thy modest veil ! how did'st thou rise

Twice dyed in thine own blushes, and didst run  
 To draw the curtains, and awake the sun ! 10  
 Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,  
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame,  
 His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides  
 Me from his patronage ; I pray, he chides ;  
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take 15  
 My own Apollo, try if I can make  
 His Lethe be my Helicon : and see  
 If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.  
 Hence 'tis, my humble fancy finds no wings, 20  
 No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings  
 Enthusiastic flames, such as can give  
 Marrow to my plump genius, make it live'  
 Drest in the glorious madness of a Muse,  
 Whose feet can walk the Milky-way, and choose  
 Her starry throne ; whose holy heats can warm 25  
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arm  
 To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb  
 Upon the stooping shoulders of old Time,  
 And trace Eternity. — But all is dead,  
 All these delicious hopes are buried 30  
 In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,  
 Where Mercy cannot find them : but O thou  
 Bright lady of the Morn ! pity doth lie  
 So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die.  
 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise, 35  
 O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,  
 And stroke his radiant cheeks ; one timely kiss  
 Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.  
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew  
 Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true 40  
 My grief is ; so my wakeful lay shall knock  
 At th' oriental gates, and duly mock

The early larks' shrill orizons, to be  
 An anthem at the Day's nativity.  
 And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine, 45  
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint God of Sleep, forget that I  
 Was ever known to be thy votary.  
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,  
 Nor will I offer any more to thee 50  
 Myself a melting sacrifice ; I'm born  
 Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn,  
 Heir of the sun's first beams ; why threat'st thou so ?  
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre ? Go,  
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful Woe, 55  
 Sickness, and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know  
 Thy downy finger ; dwell upon their eyes,  
 Shut in their tears : shut out their miseries.

## ON A FOUL MORNING, BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold Day  
 Staggers out of the East, loses her way,  
 Stumbling on Night ? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,  
 And let no dull mists choke the Light's fair growth.  
 Point here thy beams ; O, glance on yonder flocks, 5  
 And make their fleeces golden as thy locks !  
 Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear  
 Full glory flaming in her own free sphere.  
 Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will instile  
 The face of things an universal smile : 10

Say to the sullen Morn thou com'st to court her,  
And wilt command proud Zephyrus to sport her  
With wanton gales ; his balmy breath shall lick  
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek ;  
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain 15  
On those delicious banks distill'd again,  
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses  
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.  
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,  
And frisk in curl'd meanders : he will throw 20  
A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest  
O' th' precious phoenix, warm upon her breast.  
He with a dainty and soft hand will trim  
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim  
In silken volumes ; wheresoe'er she'll tread 25  
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (fair blue-eyed maid !) rise and discover  
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.  
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,  
Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light. 30  
Fly, fly profane fogs, far hence fly away,  
Taint not the pure streams of the springing Day,  
With your dull influence ; it is for you  
To sit and scowl upon Night's heavy brow,  
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin Morn, 35  
Where naught but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.  
Fly then, and do not think with her to stay ;  
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.



- 9 A Face that's best 25  
By its own beauty dress'd,  
And can alone commend the rest,—
- 10 A Face made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope ; 30
- 11 A Cheek where youth  
And blood, with pen of Truth  
Write what their reader sweetly ru'th,—
- 12 A Cheek where grows  
More than a morning rose, 35  
Which to no box its being owes ;
- 13 Lips, where all day  
A lover's kiss may play,  
Yet carry nothing thence away ;
- 14 Looks that oppress 40  
Their richest tires, but dress  
Themselves in simple flakedness ;
- 15 Eyes, that displace  
The neighbour diamond, and out-face  
That sunshine by their own sweet grace ; 45
- 16 Tresses, that wear  
Jewels, but to declare  
How much themselves more precious are,—
- 17 Whose native ray  
Can tame the wanton day 50  
Of gems that in their bright shades play,—

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- 18 Each ruby there  
Or pearl that dare appear,  
Be its own blush, be its own tear ;
- 19 A well-tamed Heart 55  
For whose more noble smart  
Love may be long choosing a dart ;
- 20 Eyes that bestow  
Full quivers on Love's bow,  
Yet pay less arrows than they owe ; 60
- 21 Smiles that can warm  
The blood, yet teach a charm  
That chastity shall take no harm ;
- 22 Blushes that bin 65  
The burnish of no sin,  
Nor flames of aught too hot within ;
- 23 Joys that confess  
Virtue their Mistress,  
And have no other head to dress ;
- 24 Fears fond, and flight, 70  
As the coy bride's when night  
First does the longing lover right ;
- 25 Tears quickly fled  
And vain, as those are shed  
For a dying maidenhead ; 75
- 26 Days that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow<sup>th</sup>  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow,—

- 27 Days that, in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind are day all night ; 80
- 28 Nights sweet as they,  
Made short by lovers' play,  
Yet long by the absence of the day ;
- 29 Life that dares send 85  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes say—Welcome, friend !
- 30 Sidneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers ; 90
- 31 Soft silken hours,  
Open suns, shady bowers ;  
'Bove all, nothing within that lours ;
- 32 Whate'er delight  
Can make Day's forehead bright, 95  
Or give down to the wings of Night.
- 33 In her whole frame  
Have Nature all the name,  
Art and Ornament the shame !
- 34 Her flattery 100  
Picture and Poesy :  
Her counsel her own virtue be.
- 35 I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more. 105



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- 36 Now if Time knows  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows,
- 37 Her, whose just bays  
My future hopes can raise 110  
A trophy to her present praise,
- 38 Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see :  
I seek no further—it is She.
- 39 'Tis She, and here 115  
Lo ! I unclothe and clear  
My Wishes' cloudy character.
- 40 May She enjoy it  
Whose merit dare[s] apply it  
But Modesty dares still deny it ! 120
- 41 Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.
- 42 Let her full glory,  
My fancies ! fly before ye ! 125  
Be you my fictions, but her Story !

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE

- Love, brave Virtue's younger Brother,  
 Erst hath made my heart a mother ;  
 She consults the conscious Spheres  
 To calculate her young son's years.  
 She asks if sad or saving powers 5  
 Gave omen to his infant hours ;  
 She asks each star that then stood by  
 If poor Love shall live or die.
- Ah ! my heart, is that the way ?  
 Are these the beams that rule thy day ? 10  
 Thou know'st a face, in whose each look,  
 Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,  
 On whose fair revolutions wait  
 The obsequious motions of Love's fate ;  
 Ah ! my heart, her eyes and she 15  
 Have taught thee new astrology.  
 Howe'er Love's native hours were set,  
 Whatever starry synod met,  
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,  
 If poor Love shall live or die. 20
- If those sharp rays, putting on  
 Points of death, bid Love be gone,  
 (Though the Heavens in counsel sate,  
 To crown an uncontrollèd fate,  
 Though their best aspects twined upon 25  
 The kindest constellation,  
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,  
 And whisper'd the confed'rate Earth

To pave his paths with all the good  
 That warms the bed of youth and blood,) 30  
 Love has no plea against her eye :  
 Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,  
 And gild the hopes of humble Love :  
 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye 35  
 Lay black on Love's nativity ;  
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown  
 Fixed his forehead to a frown,) 40  
 Her eye a strong appeal can give ;  
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live. 40

O if Love shall live, O, where  
 But in her eye, or in her ear,  
 In her breast, or in her breath,  
 Shall I hide poor Love from Death ?  
 For in the life aught else can give, 45  
 Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O, where,  
 But in her eye, or in her ear,  
 In her breath, or in her breast,  
 Shall I build his funeral nest ? 50  
 While Love shall thus entombèd lie,  
 Love shall live, although he die.

# UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN

Faithless and fond Mortality !  
 Who will ever credit thee ?  
 Fond and faithless thing ! that thus,  
 In our best hopes beguilest us.  
 What a reckoning hast thou made, 5  
 Of the hopes in him we laid ?  
 For life by volumes lengthenéd,  
 A line or two to speak him dead.  
 For the laurel in his verse  
 The sullen cypress o'er his hearse. 10  
 For a silver-crownéd head  
 A dirty pillow in Death's bed.  
 For so dear, so deep a trust,  
 Sad requital, thus much dust !  
 Now though the blow that snatcht him hence 15  
 Stopp'd the mouth of Eloquence,  
 Though she be dumb e'er since his death,  
 Not used to speak but in his breath,  
 Yet if at least she not denies  
 The sad language of our eyes, 20  
 We are contented : for than this  
 Language none more fluent is.  
 Nothing speaks our grief so well  
 As to speak nothing. Come then, tell  
 Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be 25  
 That ow'st a name to misery :  
 Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,  
 And there be words not made with lungs ;

Sententious showers, O, let them fall,  
 Their cadence is rhetorical. 30  
 Here's a theme will drink th' expense  
 Of all thy watery eloquence ;  
 Weep then, only be exprest  
 Thus much : He's dead ; and weep the rest.

## UPON THE DEATH OF MR HERRYS

A plant of noble stem, forward and fair,  
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air,  
 Thrived in these happy grounds, the Earth's just pride,  
 Whose rising glories made such haste to hide  
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone 5  
 Impatient Nature had taught motion  
 To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly  
 Before, and seize upon Maturity.  
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade  
 The sun himself oft wished to sit, and made 10  
 The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing  
 Among his branches : yea, and vow'd to bring  
 His own delicious phoenix from the blest  
 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,  
 To hatch herself in ; 'mongst his leaves, the Day, 15  
 Fresh from the rosy East, rejoiced to play ;  
 To them she gave the first and fairest beam  
 That waited on her birth : she gave to them  
 The purest pearls, that wept her evening death ;  
 The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath 20  
 By often kissing them ; and now begun  
 Glad Time to ripen Expectation.

The timorous maiden-blossoms in each bough  
Peeped forth from their first blushes ; so that now  
A thousand ruddy hopes smiled in each bud, 25  
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood  
Fixed in delight, as if already there  
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Year  
His crown expected, when (O Fate ! O Time !  
That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime 30  
Hide his hot beams in shade of silver Age,  
So rare is hoary Virtue) the dire rage  
Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,  
Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore  
The trunk. Yet in this ground his precious root 35  
Still lives, which when weak Time shall be poured out  
Into Eternity, and circular joys  
Dance in an endless round, again shall rise  
The fair son of an ever-youthful Spring,  
To be a shade for angels while they sing. 40  
Meanwhile, whoe'er thou art that passest here,  
O do thou water it with one kind tear !

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST  
DESIRED MR HERRYS

Death, what dost ? O, hold thy blow,  
What thou dost thou dost not know.  
Death, thou must not here be cruel,  
This is Nature's choicest jewel :  
This is he, in whose rare frame 5  
Nature labour'd for a name :  
And meant to leave his precious feature  
The pattern of a perfect creature.

Joy of Goodness, Love of Art,  
 Virtue wears him next her heart. 10  
 Him the Muses love to follow,  
 Him they call their vice-Apollo.  
 Apollo, golden though thou be,  
 Th' art not fairer than is he,  
 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head, 15  
 (Blushing) from thine Eastern bed.  
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew  
 Brighter hopes than he can shew,  
 Why then should it e'er be seen  
 That his should fade, while thine is green? 20  
 And wilt thou (O, cruel boast !)  
 Put poor Nature to such cost?  
 O, 'twill undo our common mother,  
 To be at charge of such another.  
 What? think we to no other end 25  
 Gracious heavens do use to send  
 Earth her best perfection,  
 But to vanish, and be gone?  
 Therefore only given to-day,  
 To-morrow to be snatch'd away? 30  
 I've seen indeed the hopeful bud  
 Of a ruddy rose that stood  
 Blushing, to behold the ray  
 Of the new saluted Day :  
 (His tender top not fully spread) 35  
 The sweet dash of a shower new-shed  
 Invited him no more to hide  
 Within himself the purple pride  
 Of his forward flower, when lo  
 While he sweetly 'gan to show 40  
 His swelling glories, Auster spied him,  
 Cruel Auster thither hied him,

And with the rush of one rude blast,  
Shamed not spitefully to waste  
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet, 45  
And lay them trembling at his feet.

I've seen the Morning's lovely ray  
Hover o'er the new-born Day  
With rosy wings so richly bright  
As if he scorned to think of Night ; 50  
When a rugged storm whose scowl  
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,  
Called for an untimely night  
To blot the newly-blossomed light.  
But were the rose's blush so rare, 55  
Were the Morning's smile so fair,  
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind,  
But would be courteous, would be kind.

Spare him, Death, O spare him then,  
Spare the sweetest among men ! 60  
Let not Pity, with her tears,  
Keep such distance from thine ears ;  
But O ! thou wilt not, canst not spare,  
Haste hath never time to hear.

Therefore if he needs must go, 65  
And the Fates will have it so,  
Softly may he be possessed  
Of his monumental rest.

Safe, thou dark home of the dead,  
Safe, O hide his loved head. 70  
For Pity's sake, O, hide him quite  
From his mother Nature's sight ;  
Lest for grief his loss may move  
All her births abortive prove.



## ANOTHER

If ever Pity were acquainted  
 With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,  
 Or forgot the cruel vigour,  
 Of an adamantine rigour,  
 Here, O here we should have known it, 5  
 Here, or nowhere, he'd have shown it.  
 For he whose precious memory  
 Bathes in tears of every eye :  
 He to whom our sorrow brings  
 All the streams of all her springs, 10  
 Was so rich in grace and nature,  
 In all the gifts that bless a creature,  
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth  
 Flourish'd in so fair a growth ;  
 So sweet the temple was, that shrined 15  
 The sacred sweetness of his mind :  
 That could the Fates know to relent,  
 Could they know what mercy meant,  
 Or had ever learn'd to bear  
 The soft tincture of a tear, 20  
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep,  
 As might have taught Grief how to weep.  
 Now all their steely operation  
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion.  
 Sickness would have gladly been 25  
 Sick himself to have saved him ;  
 And his fever wished to prove  
 Burning only in his love.  
 Him when Wrath itself had seen  
 Wrath itself had lost his spleen. 30

Grim Destruction here amazed,  
Instead of striking, would have gazed.  
Even the iron-pointed pen,  
That notes the tragic dooms of men,  
Wet with tears 'still'd from the eyes 35  
Of the flinty Destinies,  
Would have learned a softer style,  
And have been ashamed to spoil  
His life's sweet story, by the haste  
Of a cruel stop ill-placed. 40  
In the dark volume of our fate,  
Whence each leaf of life hath date,  
Where in said particulars  
The total sum of man appears ;  
And the short clause of mortal breath, 45  
Bound in the period of Death :  
In all the book, if anywhere  
Such a term as this, *Spare here*,  
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,  
Writ in white letters o'er his head : 50  
Or close unto his name annexed,  
The fair gloss of a fairer text.  
In brief, if any one were free,  
He was that one, and only he.  
But he, alas ! even he is dead, 55  
And our hopes' fair harvest spread  
In the dust ! Pity, now spend  
All the tears that Grief can lend.  
Sad Mortality may hide  
In his ashes all her pride ; 60  
With this inscription o'er his head :  
*All hope of never dying here lies dead.*

## HIS EPITAPH

Passenger, whoe'er thou art,  
 Stay awhile, and let thy heart  
 Take acquaintance of this stone,  
 Before thou passest further on ;  
 This stone will tell thee, that beneath                   5  
 Is entombed the crime of Death ;  
 The ripe endowments of whose mind  
 Left his years so much behind,  
 That numbering of his virtues' praise,  
 Death lost the reckoning of his days ;                   10  
 And believing what they told,  
 Imagined him exceeding old.  
 In him Perfection did set forth  
 The strength of her united worth ;  
 Him his wisdom's pregnant growth                   15  
 Made so reverend, even in youth,  
 That in the centre of his breast  
 (Sweet as is the phoenix' nest)  
 Every reconciled grace  
 Had their general meeting-place.                   20  
 In him Goodness joy'd to see  
 Learning learn humility ;  
 The splendour of his birth and blood  
 Was but the gloss of his own good.  
 The flourish of his sober youth                   25  
 Was the pride of naked truth.  
 In composure of his face  
 Lived a fair, but manly grace ;  
 His mouth was Rhetoric's best mould,  
 His tongue the touchstone of her gold ;                   30

What word soe'er his breath kept warm,  
Was no word now but a charm :  
For all persuasive Graces thence  
Sucked their sweetest influence.  
His virtue that within had root, 35  
Could not choose but shine without ;  
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,  
At each corner peeping forth,  
Pointed him out in all his ways,  
Circled round in his own rays : 40  
That to his sweetness all men's eyes  
Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.  
Him while fresh and fragrant Time  
Cherish'd in his golden prime ;  
Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid 45  
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade ;  
The rush of Death's unruly wave  
Swept him off into his grave.  
Enough, now (if thou canst) pass on,  
For now (alas ! ) not in this stone 50  
(Passenger, whoe'er thou art)  
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPITAPH UPON DOCTOR  
BROOK

A Brook, whose stream so great, so good,  
Was loved, was honour'd as a flood :  
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,  
More than their own Helicon ;

Here at length hath gladly found 5  
 A quiet passage under ground ;  
 Meanwhile his lovèd banks, now dry,  
 The Muses with their tears supply.

### AN EPITAPH UPON MR ASHTON, A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN

The modest front of this small floor,  
 Believe me, Reader, can say more  
 Than many a braver marble can,  
*Here lies a truly honest man.*  
 One whose conscience was a thing 5  
 That troubled neither Church nor King.  
 One of those few that in this town  
 Honour all P'reachers, hear their own.  
 Sermons he heard, yet not so many  
 As left no time to practise any. 10  
 He heard them reverently, and then  
 His practice preached them o'er again.  
 His Parlour-Sermons rather were  
 Those to the eye than to the ear.  
 His prayers took their price and strength 15  
 Not from the loudness, nor the length.  
 He was a Protestant at home  
 Not only in despite of Rome.  
 He loved his Father ; yet his zeal  
 Tore not off his Mother's veil. 20  
 To th' Church he did allow her dress,  
 True Beauty, to true Holiness.  
 Peace, which he loved in life, did lend  
 Her hand to bring him to his end.

## TO THE QUEEN

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When Age and Death called for the score	25
No surfeits were to reckon for.	
Death tore not—therefore—but sans strife	
Gently untwined his thread of life.	
What remains then but that thou	
Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,	30
And by his fair example's light	
Burn in thy imitation bright.	
So while these lines can but bequeath	
A life perhaps unto his death ;	
His better Epitaph shall be	35
His life still kept alive in thee.	

## TO THE QUEEN

### AN APOLOGY FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING PANEGRIC

When you are mistress of the song,	
Mighty queen, to think it long,	
Were treason 'gainst that majesty	
Your Virtue wears. Your modesty	
Yet thinks it so. But even that too	5
(Infinite, since part of you)	
New matter for our Muse supplies,	
And so allows what it denies.	
Say then, dread queen, how may we do	
To meditate 'twixt yourself and you?	10
That so our sweetly-temper'd song	
Nor be to[o] short, nor seem to[o] long,	
Needs must your noble praises' strength,	
That made it long, excuse the length.	

## TO THE QUEEN

UPON HER NUMEROUS PROGENY: A PANEGYRIC

Britain ! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride !  
 Now stretch thyself (fair Isle) and grow ; spread wide  
 Thy bosom, and make room. Thou art oppress'd  
 With thine own glories : and art strangely blest  
 Beyond thyself : for, lo ! the gods, the gods 5  
 Come fast upon thee ; and those glorious odds  
 Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high  
 As sits above thy best capacity.

Are they not odds ? and glorious ? that to thee  
 Those mighty genii throng, which well might be 10  
 Each one an age's labour, that thy days  
 Are gilded with the union of those rays  
 Whose each divided beam would be a sun  
 To glad the sphere of any nation ?  
 Sure if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,  
 Th' hast need, O Britain ! to be truly great.

And so thou art ; their presence makes thee so .  
 They are thy greatness. Gods, where'er they go,  
 Bring their Heaven with them ; their great footsteps  
 place

An everlasting smile upon the face 20  
 Of the glad earth they tread on ; while with thee  
 Those beams that amplify mortality,  
 And teach it to expatiate, and swell  
 To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell ;  
 Thou by thyself may'st sit (blest Isle), and see 25  
 How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.

Thence therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,  
 And seep'd to make an Isle, but made a world.

Thence yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turned  
 Joy,  
 And took into his arms the princely Boy, 30  
 Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,  
 And bade us first salute our prince, a brother.

*The Prince and Duke of York*

Bright Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day!  
 Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say  
 Henry and James? or Mars and Phœbus rather? 35  
 O this were Wisdom's god, but War's stern father,  
 'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James  
 Are Mars and Phœbus under divers names).  
 O thou full centre of those mighty souls  
 Whose starry intelligences tuned the poles 40  
 Of peace and war; thou for whose manly brow  
 Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo  
 To thee the garland; see (sweet Prince), O see,  
 How the lovely hopes that smile in thee,  
 Have been out and transcribed by thy great Mother. 45  
 See thy new shadow; see thy brother,  
 Thy like self is less: trace in these eyne  
 The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.  
 From the same snowy alabaster rock  
 Those hands and thine were hewn; those cherries  
 mock 50  
 The coral of thy lips. Thou wert of all  
 This self-wrought copy the fair principal.



*Lady Mary*

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag and tell  
 How even th' hadst drawn that faithful parallel,  
 And matcht thy master-piece. O then, go on, 55  
 Make such another sweet comparison.  
 See'st thou that Mary there? O, teach her mother  
 To show her to herself in such another :  
 Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine  
 Alone ; light such another star, and twine 60  
 Their rasy beams, so that the morn for one  
 Venus, may have a constellation.

*Lady Elizabeth*

These words scarce wakened Heaven, when lo !  
 our vows  
 Sat crowned upon the noble infant's brows.  
 Th' art paired, sweet princess : in this well-writ  
 book 65  
 Read o'er thyself ; peruse each line, each look.  
 And when th' hast summed up all those blooming  
 blisses,  
 Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.  
 So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)  
 Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay 70  
 Their bashful cheeks together ; newly they  
 Peeped from their buds, showed like the garden's  
 eyes  
 Scarce waked : like was the crimson of their joys,  
 Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one  
 Seemed but the other's kind reflection. 75

*The New-born Prince*

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no more.  
 Fair source of Princes, is thy precious store  
 Not yet exhaust? O no! Heavens have no bound,  
 But in their infinite and endless round  
 Embrace themselves. Our measure is not theirs; 80  
 Nor may the poverty of man's narrow prayers  
 Span their immensity. More princes come:  
 Rebellion, stand thou by; Mischief, make room:  
 War, blood, and death (names all averse from Joy)  
 Hear this, we have another bright-eyed boy: 85  
 That word's a warrant, by whose virtue I  
 Have full authority to bid you die.

Die, die, foul misbegotten monsters! die:  
 Make haste away, or e'er the World's bright eye  
 Blush to a cloud of blood. O far from men 90  
 Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den  
 Hide you for evermore, and murmur there  
 Where none but Hell may hear, nor our soft air  
 Shrink at the hateful sound. Meanwhile we bear,  
 High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise 95  
 And name of these our just and righteous joys,  
 Where Envy shall not reach them, nor those Ears  
 Whose tune keeps time to aught below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary star,  
 Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boisterous  
 War. 100

The face of things has therefore frowned a while  
 On purpose that to thee and thy pure smile  
 The World might owe an universal calm;  
 While thou, fair halcyon, on a sea of balm

196 *THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES*

Shalt float ; where, while thou lay'st thy lovely  
head, 105

The angry billows shall but make thy bed :  
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight  
relent ;

And tempests, when they taste thy breath, repent  
To whispers, soft as thine own slumbers be,  
Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee, 110

Shine then, sweet supernumerary star,  
Nor fear the boisterous names of blood and war :  
Thy birthday is their death's nativity ;  
They've here no other business but to die.

*To the Queen*

But stay ; what glimpse was that ? why blusht the  
Day ? 115

Why ran the started air trembling away ?  
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn  
Acquaintance with the Sun ? what second morn  
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye  
Stands off and points at ? Is't some deity 120  
Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen ?  
Is it some deity ? or is't our queen ?

'Tis she, 'tis she : her awful beauties chase  
The Day's abashèd glories, and in face  
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright 125  
Mistress of wonders ! Cynthia's is the Night ;  
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day  
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetness ! in thy faithful womb,  
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room. 130  
Thou art the mother-phoenix, and thy breast  
Chaste as that virgin honour of the East,

But much more fruitful is ; nor does, as she,  
 Deny to mighty Love, a deity.  
 Then let<sup>e</sup> the Eastern world brag and be proud 135  
 Of one coy phoenix, while we have a brood,  
 A brood of phoenixes : while we have brother<sup>e</sup>  
 And sister phoenixes, and still the mother.

And may we long ! Long may'st thou live  
 t' increase

The house and family of phoenixes. 140  
 Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light  
 E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night :  
 Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear<sup>e</sup>  
 To make his costly cradle of thy bier.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine  
 own, 145

And see such names of joy sit white upon  
 The brow of every month ! and when th' hast done,  
 May'st in a son of his find every son  
 Repeated, and that son still in another,  
 And so in each child, often prove a mother. 150  
 Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean  
 Upon thy royal elm (fair vine !) and when  
 The heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory  
 And name dwell sweet in some eternal story !

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string, 155  
 That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring.

O speak a lowly Muse's pardon, speak  
 Her pardon, or her sentence ; only break  
 Thy silence. Speak, and she shall take from thence  
 Numbers and sweetness, and an influence 160  
 Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay)

O speak thou, and<sup>e</sup> my pipe hath nought to say :  
 For see Apollo all this while stands mute,  
 Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious ; and their altars make 165  
 Precious the offerings that their altars take.  
 Give them this rural wreath fire from thine Eyes ;  
 This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

UPON TWO GREEN APRICOTS SENT  
 TO COWLEY BY SIR CRASHAW

Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me  
 To be chastised (sweet friend) and chid by thee.  
 Pale sons of our Pomona ! whose wan cheeks  
 Have spent the patience of expecting weeks,  
 Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show 5  
 The red, but of the blush to thee they owe.  
 By thy comparison they shall put on  
 More summer in their shame's reflection,  
 Than e'er the fruitful Phœbus' flaming kisses  
 Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes, 10  
 And the dear merits of your Muse, their due,  
 The year had found some fruit early as you ;  
 Ripe as those rich composures Time computes  
 Blossoms, but our blest taste confesses fruits.  
 How does thy April-Autumn mock these cold 15  
 Progressions 'twixt whose terms poor Time grows  
 old !  
 With thee alone he wears no beard, thy brain  
 Gives him the morning world's fresh gold again.  
 'Twas only Paradise, 'tis only thou,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms both bless the same  
 bough, 20  
 Proud in the pattern of thy precious youth,  
 Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.

UPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE 199

Could she in all her births but copy thee,  
Into the public years' proficiency,  
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee 25  
(Young master of the World's maturity)  
But such whose sun-born beauties what they borrow  
Of beams to-day, pay back again to-morrow,  
Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these  
Poor fruits look pale at thy Hesperides ! 30  
Fain would I chide their slowness, but in their  
Defects I draw mine own dull character.  
Take them, and me in them acknowledging  
How much my Summer waits upon thy Spring.

UPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE  
BEFORE HIS SERMONS

This reverend shadow cast that setting sun,  
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,  
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere  
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear ;  
Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought 5  
Through Learning's universe, and (vainly) sought  
Room for her spacious self, until at length  
She found the way home with an holy strength,  
Snatch'd herself hence to Heaven ; fill'd a bright  
place  
'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face 10  
Of her great Maker fixed her flaming eye,  
There still to read true, pure divinity.  
And how that graye aspect hath deign'd to shrink  
Into this less appearance. If you think  
'Tis but a dead face Art doth here bequeath, 15  
Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe.

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAAC-  
SON'S CHRONOLOGY EXPLAINED

Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave  
 To what his bowels' birth and being gave ;  
 Let Nature die [if] (Phoenix-like) from death  
 Revivèd Nature takes a second breath ;  
 If on Time's right hand sit fair History, 5  
 If, from the seed of empty Ruin, she  
 Can raise so fair an harvest, let her be  
 Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology  
 (Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can  
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd Day's meridian) 10  
 Will have a perspicil to find her out,  
 And, through the night of error and dark doubt,  
 Discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,  
 As when the rosy Morn buds into day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd, 15  
 Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build  
 Ruin a temple, on whose fruitful fall  
 History rears her pyramids, more tall  
 Than were th' Egyptian (by the life these give  
 Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live) ; 20  
 On these she lifts the world, and on their base  
 Shows the two terms and limits of Time's race :  
 That the Creation is, the Judgment this ;  
 That the World's morning ; this, her midnight is.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A  
FRIEND.

I paint so ill, my piece had need to be  
Painted again by some good poesy.  
I write so ill, my slender line is scarce  
So much as th' picture of a well-limn'd verse :  
Yet may the love I send be true, though I       5  
Send nor true picture nor true poesy :  
Both which away, I should not need to fear  
My love, or feign'd, or painted should appear.

## TRANSLATIONS

## OUT OF VIRGIL

## IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING

All trees, all leafy groves confess the Spring  
Their gentle friend ; then, then the lands begin  
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire  
To generation ; Heaven's Almighty Sire  
Melts on the bosom of His love, and pours       5  
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers,  
And by a soft insinuation, mixt  
With Earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist  
Her weak conceptions ; no lone shade, but rings  
With chatting birds' delicious murmurings.       10  
Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields  
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields  
(Quick with warm zephyr's lively breath) lay forth  
Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.



Each body's plump and juicy, all things full 15  
 Of supple moisture : no coy twig but will  
 Trust his belovèd bosom to the sun  
 (Grown lusty now) ; no vine so weak and young  
 That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms  
 That the South-west wind hurries in his arms, 20  
 But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,  
 Freely lays out her leaves ; nor do I doubt  
 But when the world first out of chaos sprang,  
 So smiled the Days, and so the tenour ran  
 Of their felicity. A spring was there, \* 25  
 An everlasting spring, the jolly year  
 Let round in his great circle ; no wind's breath  
 As then did smell of Winter, or of Death ;  
 When Life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and  
     when  
 From their hard mother Earth sprang hardy men ; 30  
 When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,  
 Stars in their higher chambers : never could  
 The tender growth of things endure the sense  
 Of such a change, but that the Heavens' indulgence  
 Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mould 35  
 A sweetly-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

### THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS

The smiling Morn had newly waked the Day,  
 And tipped the mountains with a tender ray :  
 When on a hill (whose high, imperious brow  
 Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below  
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas 5  
 Through the great mouth that's named from Hercules)

A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,  
 Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore :  
 The shore that shew'd them what the sea denied—  
 Hope of a prey. There, to the mainland tied, 10  
 A ship they saw, no men she had ; yet prest  
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breast  
 Deep in the groaning waters wallow'd  
 Up to the third ring ; o'er the shore was spread  
 Death's purple triumph ; on the blushing ground 15  
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd  
 In their own blood's dear deluge, some new dead,  
 Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled ;  
 While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,  
 Lent them the last flash of her glimm'ring light. 20  
 Those yet fresh streams, which crawl'd everywhere,  
 Showed that stern War had newly bathed him there.  
 Nor did the face of this disaster show  
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too :  
 A miserable and a monstrous feast, 25  
 Where hungry War had made himself a guest ;  
 And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,  
 Who proved the feast to their own funeral. &c.

### OUT OF THE GREEK—CUPID'S CRYER

Love is lost, nor can his mother  
 Her little fugitive discover :  
 She seeks, she sighs, but nowhere spies him :  
 Love is lost, and thus she cries him :  
 O yes ! if any happy eye  
 This roving wanton shall descry,

Let the finder surely know  
 Mine is the wag ; 'tis I that own  
 The wingèd wanderer ; and that none  
 May think his labour vainly gone, 10  
 The glad discrier shall not miss  
 To taste the nectar of a kiss  
 From Venus' lips ; but as for him  
 That brings him to me, he shall swim  
 In riper joys : more shall be his 15  
 (Venus assures him) than a kiss.  
 But lest your eye discerning slide,  
 These marks may be your judgment's guide :  
 His skin as with a fiery blushing  
 High colour'd is ; his eyes still flushing 20  
 With nimble flames ; and though his mind  
 Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind :  
 For never were his words in aught  
 Found the pure issue of his thought.  
 The working bees' soft melting gold, 25  
 That which their waxen mines enfold,  
 Flows not so sweet as do the tones  
 Of his tuned accents ; but if once  
 His anger kindle, presently  
 It boils out into cruelty 30  
 And fraud : he makes poor mortals' hurts  
 The objects of his cruel sports.  
 With dainty curls his froward face  
 Is crown'd about ; but O, what place,  
 What farthest nook of lowest Hell 35  
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell  
 Of his small hand ? yet not so small  
 As 'tis powerful therewithal.  
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,  
 And like a saucy bird he hovers 40

With wanton wing, now here, now there,  
'Bout men and women ; nor will spare  
Till at length he perching rest  
In the closet of their breast.  
His weapon is a little bow, 45  
Yet such a one as (Jove knows how)  
Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow  
Of Heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow.  
The gold that on his quiver smiles,  
Deceives men's fears with flattering wiles : 50  
But O ! (too well my wounds can tell)  
With bitter shafts 'tis sauced too well.  
He is all cruel, cruel all ;  
His torch imperious, though but small,  
Makes the sun (of flames the sire) 55  
Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.  
Wheresoe'er you chance to find him,  
Seize him, bring him (but first bind him),  
Pity not him, but fear thyself ;  
Though thou see the crafty elf 60  
Tell down his silver drops unto thee :  
They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.  
With baited smiles if he display  
His fawning cheeks, look not that way.  
If he offer sugar'd kisses, 65  
Start, and say the serpent hisses.  
Draw him, drag him, though he pray,  
Woo, entreat, and crying say,  
Prithee, sweet, now let me go,  
Here's my quiver, shafts, and bow, 70  
I'll give thee all, take all ; take heed  
Lest his kindness make thee bleed.  
Whate'er it be Love offers, still presume  
That though it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume.

## OUT OF THE ITALIAN

## A SONG

To thy lover  
 Dear, discover  
 That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
     (When those roses  
     It discloses) 5  
 All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air  
 Flow thy hair ;  
 That no more Summer's best dresses  
     Be beholden 10  
     For their golden  
 Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver  
 Love his quiver ;  
 From thy eyes he shoots his arrows : 15  
     Where Apollo  
     Cannot follow :  
 Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not  
     (That we die not) 20  
 Those dear lips whose door encloses  
     All the Graces  
     In their places,  
 Brother pearls, and sister roses.

<i>TRANSLATIONS</i>	207
From these treasures	25
Of ripe pleasures	
One bright smile to clear the weather.	
Earth and Heaven	
Thus made even,	
Both will be good friends together.	30
The air does woo thee,	
Winds cling to thee ;	
Might a word once fly from out thee,	
Storm and thunder	
Would sit under,	35
And keep silence round about thee.	
But if Nature's	
Common creatures	
So dear glories dare not borrow ;	
Yet thy beauty	40
Owes a duty	
To my loving, lingering sorrow.	
When to end me	
Death shall send me	
All his terrors to affright me :	45
Thine eyes' Graces	
Gild their faces,	
And those terrors shall delight me.	
When my dying	
Life is flying,	50
Those sweet airs that often slew me	
Shall revive me,	
Or reprieve me,	
And to many deaths renew me.	

## OUT OF THE ITALIAN

Love now no fire hath left him,  
 We two betwixt us have divided it  
 Your eyes the light hath reft him ;  
 The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.  
 O that poor Love be not for ever spoiled, 5  
 Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth  
 Now all obscurèd lies,  
 (Dressed in those beams) start forth  
 And dance before your eyes. 10

Or else partake my flames  
 (I care not whither),  
 And so in mutual names  
 Of Love, burn both together.

## OUT OF THE ITALIAN

Would any one the true cause find  
 How Love came naked, a boy, and blind ?  
 'Tis this : listening one day too long  
 To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,  
 The ecstasy of a delight 5  
 So much o'er-mastering all his might,  
 To that one sense made all else thrall,  
 And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart, and all.

## OUT OF CATULLUS

Come and let us live, my dear,  
 Let us love and never fear,  
 What the sourest fathers say :  
 Brightest Sol that dies to-day

Lives again as blithe to-morrow ;	5
But if we, dark sons of sorrow,	
Set, O then how long a Night	
Shuts the eyes of our short light !	
Then let amorous kisses dwell	
On our lips, begin and tell	10
A thousand, and a hundred score,	
An hundred and a thousand more,	
Till another thousand smother	
That, and that wipe off another.	
Thus at last, when we have numbered	15
Many a thousand, many a hundred,	
We'll confound the reckoning quite,	
And lose ourselves in wild delight :	
While our joys so multiply	
As shall mock the envious eye.	20

## EPIGRAMS

UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES, "LOVE'S  
SACRIFICE" AND "THE BROKEN  
HEART"

Thou cheat'st us, Ford ; mak'st one seem two by art :  
What is Love's Sacrifice but The Broken Heart ?

## ON MARRIAGE

I would be married, but I'd have no wife ;  
I would be married to a single life.



UPON THE FAIR ETHIOPIAN SENT TO  
A GENTLEWOMAN

Lo, here the fair Chariclia ! in whom strove  
 So false a fortune, and so true a love !  
 Now, after all her toils by sea and land,  
 O may she but arrive at your white hand.  
 Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then 5  
 She shall appear true Ethiopian.

UPON VENUS PUTTING ON MARS'S  
ARMS

What ? Mars's sword ? fair Cytherea say,  
 Why art thou armed so desperately to-day ?  
 Mars thou hast beaten naked, and, O then,  
 What need'st thou put on arms against poor men ?

## UPON THE SAME

Pallas saw Venus armed, and straight she cried,  
 "Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be tried."  
 "Why, fool !" says Venus, "thus provok'st thou me,  
 That being naked, thou know'st could conquer thee ?"

## ON NANUS MOUNTED UPON AN ANT

High mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall  
 Was thrown, alas ! and got a deadly fall :  
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,  
 All torn ; with much ado yet ere he dies,  
 He strains these words : "Base Envy, do laugh on, 5  
 Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon.'

## TO ÆLIA

## OUT OF MARTIAL

Four teeth thou hadst that rank'd in goodly state,  
Kept thy mouth's gate.  
The first blast of thy cough left two alone,  
The second, none.  
This last cough, Ælia, cough'd out all thy fear,      5  
Th' hast left the third cough now no business here.

## POSTHUMOUS POEMS (I.)

### LUKE 2. QUAERIT JESUM SUUM MARIA, ETC.

And is he gone whom these arms held but now ?  
    Their hope, their vow ?  
Did ever grief and joy in one poor heart  
    So soon change part ?  
He's gone ; the fair'st flower that e'er bosom dress'd, 5  
    My soul's sweet rest.  
My womb's chaste pride is gone, my heaven-born  
    boy :  
    And where is joy ?  
He's gone ; and his loved steps to wait upon,  
    My joy is gone. 10  
My joys and he are gone, my grief and I  
    Alone must lie.  
He's gone ; not leaving with me, till he come,  
    One smile at home.  
Oh, come then, bring Thy mother her lost joy : 15  
    Oh come, sweet boy.  
Make haste and come, or e'er my grief and I  
    Make haste and die.  
Peace, heart ! the heavens are angry, all their spheres  
    Rival thy tears. 20

I was mistaken, some fair sphere or other  
    Was thy blest mother.  
What but the fairest heaven could own the birth  
    Of so fair earth?  
Yet sure thou did'st lodge here ; this womb of mine 25  
    Was once call'd thine.  
Oft have these arms thy cradle envièd,  
    Beguiled thy bed.  
Oft to thy easy ears hath this shrill tongue  
    Trembled and sung. 30  
Oft have I wrapt thy slumbers in soft airs,  
    And strok'd thy cares.  
Oft hath this hand those silken casements kept,  
    While their suns slept.  
Oft have my hungry kisses made thine eyes 35  
    Too early rise.  
Oft have I spoil'd my kisses' daintiest diet,  
    To spare thy quiet.  
Oft from this breast to thine my love-tossed heart  
    Hath leapt, to part. 40  
Oft my lost soul have I been glad to seek  
    On thy soft cheek.  
Oft have these arms, alas, show'd to these eyes  
    Their now lost joys.  
Dawn then to me, thou morn of mine own day, 45  
    And let heaven stay.  
Oh, would'st thou here still fix thy fair abode,  
    My bosom God :  
What hinders but my bosom still might be  
    Thy heaven to Thèe? 50

MATT xvi. 25. WHOSOEVER SHALL  
LOSE HIS LIFE, ETC.

So I may gain thy death, my life I'll give ;  
My life's thy death and in thy death I live ;  
Or else, my life, I'll hide thee in his grave,  
By three days' loss eternally to save.

IN CICATRICES DOMINI JESU.

Come, brave soldiers, come and see  
Mighty Love's artillery.  
This was the conquering dart, and lo,  
There shines his quiver, there his bow.  
These the passive weapons are, 5  
That made great Love a man of war.  
The quiver that he bore did bide  
So near, it prov'd his very side ;  
In it there sat but one sole dart,  
A piercing one, his pierced heart. 10  
His weapons were nor steel nor brass,  
The weapon that he wore he was.  
For bow his unbent head did serve,  
Well strung with many a broken nerve.  
Strange the quiver, bow, and dart ! 15  
A bloody side, and hand, and heart !  
But now the field is won, and they—  
The dust of war clean wiped away—  
The weapons now of triumph be,  
That were before of victory. 20

IN AMOREM DIVINUM (HERMANNUS  
HUGO).\*

Eternal love ! what 'tis to love thee well,  
None but himself who feels it, none can tell ;  
But oh ! what to be loved of thee as well,  
None, not himself who feels it, none can tell.

UPON A GNAT BURNT IN A  
CANDLE

Little, buzzing, wanton elf,  
Perish there, and thank thyself.  
Thou deserv'st thy life to lose,  
For distracting such a Muse.  
Was it thy ambitious aim 5  
By thy death to purchase fame ?  
Did'st thou hope he would in pity  
Have bestow'd a funeral ditty  
On thy ghost ? and thou in that  
To have outlivèd Virgil's gnat ? 10  
No ; the treason thou hast wrought  
Might forbid thee such a thought.  
If that night's work do miscarry,  
Or a syllable but vary,  
A greater foe thou shalt me find, 15  
The destruction of thy kind.  
Phœbus, to revènge thy fault,  
In a fiery trap thee caught,  
That thy wingèd mates might know it,  
And not dare disturb a poet. 20

Dear and wretched was thy sport,  
 Since thyself was crushèd for 't;  
 Scarcely had that life a breath,  
 Yet it found a double death;  
 Playing in the golden flames, 25  
 Thou fell'st into an inky Thames,  
 Scorch'd and drown'd. That petty sun  
 A pretty Icarus hath undone.

PETRONII. ALES PHASIACIS PETITA  
 COLCHIS, ETC.

The bird that's fetch'd from Phasis' flood,  
 Or choicest hens of Afric brood,  
 These please our palates, and why these?  
 'Cause they can but seldom please.  
 Whilst the goose so goodly white, 5  
 And the drake yield no delight,  
 Though his wings' conceited hue  
 Paint each feather as if new;  
 These for vulgar stomachs be,  
 And relish not of rarity. 10  
 But the dainty Scarus, sought  
 In farthest clime, whate'er is bought  
 With shipwrack's toil, oh, that is sweet,  
 'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it.  
 The precious barbel, now grown rife, 15  
 Is cloying meat. How stale is wife!  
 Dear wife hath ne'er a handsome letter,  
 Sweet mistress sounds a great deal better;  
 Rose quakes at name of cinnamon:  
 Unless 't be rare, what's thought upon? 20

HORATI. ILLE ET NE FASTO TE  
POSUIT DIE, ETC.

Shame of thy mother soil, ill-nurtur'd tree,  
Set to the mischief of posterity.  
That hand, whate'er it were, that was thy nurse,  
Was sacrilegious, sure, or somewhat worse.  
Black as the day was dismal, in whose sight 5  
Thy rising top first stain'd the bashful light.  
That man, I think, wrested the feeble life  
From his old father ; that man's barbarous knife  
Conspired with darkness 'gainst the stranger's throat,  
Whereof the blushing walls took bloody note ; 10  
Huge high-flown poisons, ev'n of Colchos' breed,  
And whatsoe'er wild sins black thoughts do feed,  
His hands have paddled in—his hands that found  
Thy traitorous root a dwelling in my ground.  
Perfidious totterer ! longing for the stains 15  
Of thy kind master's well-deserving brains.  
Man's daintiest care and caution cannot spy  
The subtile point of his cōy destiny,  
Which way it threatens ; with fear the merchant's  
mind  
Is plough'd as deep as is the sea with wind, 20  
Roused in an angry tempest. Oh, the sea,  
Oh, that's his fear ; there floats his destiny ;  
While from another unseen corner blows  
The storm of fate, to which his life he owes.  
By Parthians' bow the soldier looks to die, 25  
Whose hands are fighting, while their feet do fly.  
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperial name,  
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing ; the very chain



Of his captivity rings in his ears.

Thus, Oh, thus fondly do we pitch our fears      30  
Far distant from our fates—our fates that mock  
Our giddy fears with an unlooked-for shock.

A little more, and I had surely seen  
Thy grisly majesty, Hell's blackest queen,  
And Cæcus on his tribunal too,      35

Sifting the souls of guilt ; and you, O you,  
You ever-blushing meads, where do the blest,  
Far from dark horror's home, appeal to rest.  
There amorous Sappho plains upon her lute  
Her love's cross fortune, that the sad dispute      40

Runs murmuring on the strings. Alcæus there  
In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre,  
To tell the world how hard the matter went,  
How hard by sea, by war, by banishment.  
There these brave souls deal to each wond'ring ear 45

Such words, so precious, as they may not wear  
Without religious silence : above all  
War's rattling tumults, or some tyrant's fall,  
The thronging, clotted multitude doth feast.  
What wonder, when the hundred-headed beast      50  
Hangs down his lugs, stroked with those heavenly  
lines,

The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines  
And stretch their cold limbs in a pleasing fire ;  
Prometheus' self and Pelops' starvèd sire  
Are cheated of their pains ; Orion thinks      55  
Of lions now no more, or spotted lynx.

ON THE GUNPOWDER TREASON

I

I sing impiety beyond a name :

Who styles it anything, knows not the same.

Dull, sluggish Isle, what more than lethargy  
Grips thy cold limbs so fast thou canst not fly  
And start from off thy centre? Hath heaven's love 5  
Stuff'd thee so full with bliss thou canst not move?  
If so, O Neptune, may she far be thrown  
By thy kind arms to a kind world unknown ;  
Let her survive this day, once mock her fate  
And she's an island truly fortunate. 10  
Let not my suppliant breath raise a rude storm  
To wreck my suit—oh, keep pity warm  
In thy cold breast, and yearly on this day  
Mine eyes a tributary stream shall pay.  
Dost thou not see an exhalation 15  
Belch'd from the sulph'ry lungs of Phlegethon?  
A living comet, whose pestiferous breath  
Adulterates the virgin air? With death  
It labours ; stifled Nature's in a swoond,  
Ready to drop into a chaos ; round 20  
About horror's displayed ; it doth portend  
That earth a shower of stones to heaven shall send,  
And crack the crystal globe ; the milky stream  
Shall in a silver rain run out, whose cream  
Shall choke the gaping earth, which then shall fry 25  
In flames, and of a burning fever die.  
That wonders may in fashion be not rare,  
A winter's thunder with a groan shall scare

And rouse the sleepy ashes of the dead,  
Making them skip out of their dusty bed. 30  
Those twinkling eyes of heaven, which even now  
shined,

Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind.  
The sea shall change his youthful green, and slide  
Along the shore in a grave, purple tide.  
It does presage that a great Prince shall climb 35  
And get a starry throne before his time.

To usher in this shoal of prodigies,  
Thy infants, *Aeolus*, will not suffice.  
No, no ; a giant wind, that will not spare  
To toss poor men like dust into the air ; 40  
Jostle down mountains ; Kings' courts shall be sent,  
Like bandied balls, into the firmament ;  
Atlas shall be tripp'd up ; Jove's gate shall feel  
The weighty rudeness of his boisterous heel.  
All this it threatens, and more : Horror that flies 45  
To th' empyrean of all miseries.

Most tall hyperboles cannot descry it ;  
Mischief that scorns expression should come nigh it.  
All this it only threatens ; the meteor lied ;  
It was exhaled, a while it hung, and died. 50  
Heaven kick'd the monster down, down it was  
thrown—

The fall of all things it presaged, its own  
It quite forgot—the fearful earth gave way  
And durst not touch it ; here it made no stay.  
At last it stopp'd at Pluto's gloomy porch ; 55  
He straightway lighted up his pitchy torch.  
Now to those toiling souls it gives its light,  
Which had the happiness to work i' th' night.  
They ban the blaze and curse its courtesy  
For lighting them unto their misery. 60

Till now hell was imperfect—it did need  
Some rare choice torture—now 'tis hell indeed.  
Then glūt thy dire lamp with the warmest blood  
That runs in violet pipes ; none other food  
It can digest : then watch the wild-fire well, 65  
Lest it break forth and burn thy sooty cell.

II

Reach me a quill, pluck'd from the flaming wing  
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing  
Death to the life. My ink shall be the blood  
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood.  
Unmated malice ! O unpeer'd despite ! 5  
Such as the sable pinions of the night  
Never durst hatch before : extracted see  
The very quintessence of villainy.  
I fear to name it, lest that he which hears  
Should have his soul frightened beyond the spheres. 10  
Heaven was asham'd to see our mother Earth  
Engender with the Night, and teem a birth  
So foul, one minute's light had it but seen,  
The fresh face of the morn had blasted been.  
Her rosy cheeks you should have seen no more 15  
Dyed in vermilion blushes as before,  
But in a veil of clouds, muffling her head,  
A solitary life she would have led.  
Affrighted Phœbus would have lost his way,  
Giving his wanton palfreys leave to play 20  
Olympic games in the Olympian plains,  
His trembling hands loosing the golden reins.

The queen of night got the green sickness then,  
Sitting so long at ease in her dark den,  
Not daring to peep forth, lest that a stone 25  
Should beat her headlong from her jetty throne.  
Jove's twinkling tapers, that do light the world,  
Had been puff'd out, and from their stations hurl'd.  
Æol kept in his wrangling sons, lest they  
With this grand blast should have been blown  
away. 30

Amazèd Triton, with his shrill alarms,  
Bade sporting Neptune to pluck in his arms,  
And leave embracing of the Isles, lest he  
Might be an actor in this Tragedy.  
Nor should we need thy crispèd waves, for we 35  
An ocean could have made t' have drownèd thee.  
Torrents of salt tears from our eyes should run,  
And raise a deluge, where the flaming Sun  
Should cool his fiery wheels, and never sink  
So low to give his thirsty stallions drink. 40  
Each soul in sighs had spent its dearest breath,  
As glad to wait upon their king in death ;  
Each wingèd chorister wou'd swan-like sing  
A mournful dirge to their deceasèd king ;  
The painted meadows would have laughed no more 45  
For joy of their neat coats, but would have tore  
Their shaggy locks, their flow'ry mantles turn'd  
Into dire sable weeds, and sate and mourn'd ;  
Each stone had straight a Niobe become,  
And wept amain, then rear'd a costly tomb 50  
T' entomb the lab'ring earth ; for surely she  
Had died just in her delivery.  
But when Jove's wingèd heralds this<sup>d</sup> espied,  
Up to th' almighty thunderer they hied,

Relating this sad story ; straightway he 55  
 The monster crush'd, maugre their midwifery.  
 And may such Pythons never live to see  
 The light's fair face, but still abortive be.

III

Grow plump, lean Death ; his Holiness a feast  
 Hath now prepared, and you must be his guest.  
 Come, grim Destruction, and in purple gore  
 Dye seven times deeper than they were before  
 Thy scarlet robes, for here you must not share 5  
 A common banquet ; no, here's princely fare.  
 And lest thy blood-shot eyes should lead aside  
 This mass of cruelty, to be thy guide  
 Three coal-black sisters (whose long sooty hair  
 And grisly visages do fright the air : 10  
 When Night beheld them, Shame did almost turn  
 Her sable cheeks into a blushing morn,  
 To see some fouler than herself) ; these stand,  
 Each holding forth to light the aery brand,  
 Whose purer flames tremble to be so nigh, 15  
 And in fell hatred burning, angry die.  
 Sly, lurking Treason is his bosom friend,  
 Whom faint and pale-faced Fear doth still attend.  
 These need no invitation ; only thou,  
 Black, dismal Horror, come ; make perfect now 20  
 Th' epitome of Hell : oh, let thy pinions  
 Be a gloomy canopy to Pluto's minions.  
 In this infernal majesty close shroud  
 Yourselves, your Stygian states ; a pitchy cloud  
 Shall hang the room, and for your tapers bright 25  
 Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from eternal night.

But rest, affrighted Muse ; thy silver wings  
 May not row nearer to these dusky kings.  
 Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,  
 That here are dressing by the hasty Fates. 30  
 Nay, stop thy cloudy eyes ; it is not good  
 To drown thyself in this pure pearly flood.  
 But since they are for fire-works, rather prove  
 A phoenix, and in chastest flames of love  
 Offer thyself a virgin sacrifice, 35  
 To quench the rage of hellish deities.  
 But dares Destruction eat these candied breasts,  
 The Muses' and the Graces' sugar'd nests ?  
 Dares hungry Death snatch of one cherry lip,  
 Or thirsty Treason offer once to sip 40  
 One drop of this pure nectar, which doth flow  
 In azure channels warm through mounts of snow ?  
 The roses fresh, conservèd from the rage  
 And cruel ravishing of frosty Age,  
 Fear is afraid to taste of : only this 45  
 He humbly crav'd, to banquet on a kiss.  
 Poor, meagre Horror straightways was amazed,  
 And in the stead of feeding stood and gazed.  
 Their appetites were gone at th' very sight,  
 But yet their eyes surfeit with sweet delight. 50  
 Only the Pope a stomach still could find,  
 But yet they were not powder'd to his mind.  
 Forthwith each god stepp'd from his starry throne,  
 And snatch'd away the banquet ; every one  
 Convey'd his sweet delicious treasury 55  
 To the close closet of eternity,  
 Where they will safely keep it from the rude  
 And rugged touch of Pluto's multitude.

UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.

I

Sound forth, celestial organs, let heaven's quire  
Ravish the dancing orbs, make them mount higher  
With nimble capers, and force Atlas tread  
Upon his tiptoes, ere his silver head  
Shall kiss his golden burden. Thou, glad Isle, 5  
That swim'st as deep in joy as seas, now smile ;  
Let not thy weighty glories, this full tide  
Of bliss, debase thee, but with a just pride  
Swell, swell to such an height that thou may'st vie  
With heaven itself for stately majesty. 10  
Do not deceive me, eyes ; do I not see  
In this blest earth heaven's bright epitome,  
Circled with pure refined glory ? Here  
I view a rising sun in this our sphere,  
Whose blazing beams, maugre the blackest night 15  
And mists of grief, dare force a joyful light.  
The gold in which he flames does well presage  
A precious season and a golden age.  
Do I not see Joy keep his revels now,  
And sit triumphing in each cheerful brow ? 20  
Unmix'd felicity with silver wings  
Broodeth this sacred place ; hither Peace brings  
The choicest of her olive-crowns, and prays  
To have them gilded with his courteous rays.  
Do I not see a Cynthia, who may 25  
Abash the purest beauties of the day,  
To whom heaven's lamps often in silent night  
Steal from their stations to repair their light ?



Do I not see a constellation,  
Each little beam of which would make a sun? 30  
I mean those three great stars, who well may scorn  
Acquaintance with the usher of the morn.  
To gaze upon such stars each humble eye  
Would be ambitious of Astronomy.  
Who would not be a phoenix, and aspire 35  
To sacrifice himself in such sweet fire?  
Shine forth, ye flaming sparks of Deity,  
Ye perfect emblems of divinity;  
Fix'd in your spheres of glory, shed from thence  
The treasures of our lives, your influence : 40  
For if you set, who may not justly fear  
The world will be one ocean, one great tear?

Strange metamorphosis ! It was but now  
The sullen heaven had veil'd its mournful brow  
With a black mask ; the clouds, with child by grief,  
Travell'd th' Olympian plains to find relief,  
But at the last, having not so much power 5  
As to refrain, brought forth a costly shower  
Of pearly drops, and sent her numerous birth,  
As tokens of her grief, unto the earth.  
Alas, the Earth, quite drunk with tears, had reel'd  
From off her centre, had not Jove upheld 10  
The staggering lump ; each eye spent all its store,  
As if hereafter they would weep no more.  
Straight from this sea of tears there does appear  
Full glory flaming in her own free sphere.  
Amazèd Sol throws off his mournful weeds, 15  
Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,

*BIRTH OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH* 227

Up to Olympus' stately top he hies,  
From whence his glorious rival he espies ;  
Then wond'ring starts, and had the courteous Night  
Withheld her veil, h' had forfeited his sight. 20  
The joyful spheres, with a delicious sound,  
Affright th' amazed air, and dance around  
To their own music, nor, until they see  
This glorious Phoebus set, will quiet be.  
Each aery syren now hath got her song, 25  
To whom the merry lambs do trip along  
The laughing meads, as joyful to behold  
Their winter-coats cover'd with flaming gold  
Such was the brightness of this Northern star,  
It made the virgin Phoenix come from far 30  
To be repair'd ; hither she did resort,  
Thinking her father had removed his court.  
The lustre of his face did shine so bright  
That Rome's bold eagles now were blinded quite ;  
The radiant darts, shot from his sparkling eyes, 35  
Made every mortal gladly sacrifice  
A heart burning in love : all did adore  
This rising sun ; their faces nothing wore  
But smiles and ruddy joys, and at this day  
All melancholy clouds vanish'd away. 40

UPON THE BIRTH OF THE  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Bright star of majesty ! oh, shed on me  
A precious influence, as sweet as thee ;  
That with each word my loaden pen lets fall  
The fragrant Spring may be perfum'd withal ;

That Sol from them may suck an honied shower,      5  
 To glut the stomach of his darling flower.  
 With such a sugar'd livery made fine,  
 They shall proclaim to all that they are thine.  
 Let none dare speak of thee, but such as thence  
 Extracted have a balmy eloquence.      10  
 But then, alas, my heart, oh, how shall I  
 Cure thee of thy delightful tympany?  
 I cannot hold ; such a springtide of joy  
 Must have a passage, or 'twill force a way ;  
 Yet shall my loyal tongue keep this command :      15  
 But give me leave to ease it with my hand.  
 And though these humble lines soar not so high  
 As is thy birth, yet from thy flaming eye  
 Drop down one spark of glory, and they'll prove  
 A present worthy of Apollo's love.      20  
 My quill to thee may not presume to sing :  
 Let th' hallow'd plume of a seraphic wing  
 Be consecrated to this work, while I  
 Chant to myself with rustic melody.  
     Rich, liberal Heaven, what hath your treasure  
     store      "      25  
 Of such bright angels, that you give us more?  
 Had you, like our great sun, stamp'd but one  
 For earth, 't had been an ample portion.  
 Had you but drawn one lively copy forth,  
 That might interpret our fair Cynthia's worth,      30  
 Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground  
 Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyful round.  
 But such is the celestial excellence  
 That in the princely pattern shines, from whence  
 The rest portraited are, that 'tis no pain      35  
 To ravish heaven to limn them o'er again.

Witness this map of beauty, every part  
 Of which doth show the quintessence of art.  
 See ! nothing's vulgar, every atom here  
 Speaks the great wisdom of th' artificer. 40  
 Poor Earth hath not enough perfection  
 To shadow forth th' admired paragon.  
 Those sparkling twins of light should I now style  
 Rich diamonds, set in a pure silver foil,  
 Or call her cheek a bed of new-blown roses, 45  
 And say that ivory her front composes ;  
 Or should I say that with a scarlet wave  
 Those plump, soft rubies had been drest so brave ;  
 Or that the dying lily did bestow  
 Upon her neck the whitest of his snow ; 50  
 Or that the purple violets did lace  
 That hand of milky down : all these are base.  
 Her glories I should dim with things so gross,  
 And foul the clear text with a muddy gloss.  
 Go on then, Heaven, and limn forth such another ; 55  
 Draw to this sister miracle a brother ;  
 Compile a fifth glorious epitome  
 Of heaven and earth, and of all rarity,  
 And set it forth in the same happy place,  
 And I'll not blur it with my paraphrase. 60

## EX EUPHORMIONE

*O Dea syderei seu tu stirps alma Tonantis, etc.*

Bright goddess ! whether Jove thy father be,  
 Or Jove a father will be made by thee,  
 Oh, crown these prayers, mov'd in a happy hour,  
 But with one cordial smile ; for lo, that power

Of Love's all-daring hand that makes me burn      5  
 Makes me confess 't. Oh, do not thou with scorn,  
 Great Nymph, o'erlook my lowness; heaven you  
     know,  
 And all their fellow-deities will bow  
 Even to the naked'st vows: thou art my fate;  
 To thee the Parcæ have given up of late      10  
 My threads of life. If, then, I shall not live  
 By thee, by thee yet let me die; this give,  
 High Beauty's sovereign, that my funeral flames  
 May draw their first breath from thy starry beams.  
 The Phœnix' self shall not more proudly burn,      15  
 That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitful urn.

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR PORTER

Stay, silver-footed Cam, strive not to wed  
 Thy maiden streams so soon to Neptune's bed;  
 Fix here thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,  
 Unto whose feet, in reverence of the powers  
 That there inhabit, thou on every day      5  
 With trembling lips an humble kiss dost pay.  
 See all in mourning now: the walls are jet,  
 With pearly papers carelessly beset;  
 Whose snowy cheeks, lest joy should be express'd,  
 The weeping pen with sable tears hath dress'd.      10  
 Their wrong'd beauties speak a tragedy,  
 Somewhat more horrid than an elegy.  
 Pure and unmix'd cruelty they tell,  
 Which poseth Mischief's self to parallel.

Justice hath lost her hand, the Law her head ; 15  
Peace is an orphan now : her father's dead ;  
Honesty's nurse, Virtue's blest guardian,  
That heavenly mortal, that seraphic man.  
Enough is said ; now, if thou canst crowd on  
Thy lazy, crawling streams, prithee be gone, 20  
And murmur forth thy woes to every flower,  
That on thy banks sits in a verdant bower,  
And is instructed by thy glassy wave  
To paint its perfum'd face with colours brave.  
In veils of dust their silken heads they'll hide, 25  
As if the oft-departing sun had died.  
Go, learn that fatal quire, so sprucely dight  
In downy surplices and vestments white,  
To sing their saddest dirges, such as may  
Make their scared souls take wing and fly away. 30  
Let thy swol'n breast discharge thy struggling groans  
To th' churlish rocks, and teach the stubborn stones  
To melt in gentle drops ; let them be heard  
Of all proud Neptune's silver-shielded guard ;  
That grief may crack that string, and now untie 35  
Their shackled tongues to chant an elegy.  
Whisper thy plaints to th' Ocean's courteous ears,  
Then weep thyself into a sea of tears.  
A thousand Helicons the Muses send  
In a bright crystal tide ; to thee they tend. 40  
Leaving those mines of nectar, their sweet fountains,  
They force a lily path through rosy mountains.  
Fear not to die with grief ; all bubbling eyes  
Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF  
MR STANNINOW, FELLOW OF  
QUEENS' COLLEGE

Hath aged Winter, fledg'd with feather'd rain,  
To frozen Caucasus his flight now ta'en?  
Doth he in downy snow there closely shroud  
His bed-rid limbs, wrapp'd in a fleecy cloud?  
Is th' earth disrob'd of her apron white, 5  
Kind Winter's gift, and in a green one dight?  
Doth she begin to dandle in her lap  
Her painted infants, fed with pleasant pap,  
Which their bright father, in a precious shower  
From heaven's sweet milky stream, doth gently  
pour? 10  
Doth blithe Apollo clothe the heavens with joy,  
And with a golden wave wash clean away  
Those dirty smutches which their fair fronts wore,  
And make them laugh which frown'd and wept  
before?  
If heaven hath now forgot to weep, oh, then 15  
What mean these showers of tears amongst us men?  
These cataracts of grief, that dare ev'n vie  
With th' richest clouds their pearly treasury?  
If winter's gone, whence this untimely cold,  
That on these snowy limbs hath laid such hold? 20  
What more than winter hath that dire art found,  
These purple currents, hedg'd with violets round  
To coralise, which softly wont to slide  
In crimson wavelets and in scarlet tide?

*THE DEATH OF MR STANNINOW* 233

If Flora's darlings now awake from sleep, 25  
And out of their green mantlets dare to peep,  
Oh, tell me then, what rude, outrageous blast  
Forced this prime flower of youth to make such haste  
To hide his blooming glories, and bequeath  
His balmy treasure to the bed of death ? 30  
'Twas not the frozen zone ; one spark of fire  
Shot from his flaming eye had thaw'd its ire,  
And made it burn in love : 'twas not the rage  
And too ungentle nip of frosty age ;  
'Twas not the chaste and purer snow, whose nest 35  
Was in the modest nunnery of his breast.  
No, none of these ravish'd those virgin roses, .  
The Muses' and the Graces' fragrant posies,  
Which, while they smiling sate upon his face,  
They often kiss'd, and in the sugar'd place 40  
Left many a starry tear, to think how soon  
The golden harvest of our joys, the noon  
Of all our glorious hopes, should fade  
And be eclipsèd with an envious shade.  
No ; 'twas old doting Death, who, stealing by, 45  
Dragging his crookèd burden, look'd awry,  
And straight his amorous scythe, greedy of bliss,  
Murder'd the earth's just pride with a rude kiss.  
A wingèd herald, glad of so sweet a prey,  
Snatch'd up the falling star, so richly gay, 50  
And plants it in a precious, perfum'd bed,  
Amongst those lilies which his bosom bred ;  
Where round about hovers with silver wing  
A golden summer, an eternal spring.  
Now that his root, such fruit again may bear, 55  
Let each eye water 't with a courteous tear.



## POSTHUMOUS POEMS (II)

At th' ivory tribunal of your hand  
(Fair one) these tender leaves do trembling stand.  
Knowing 'tis in the doom of your sweet eye  
Whether the Muse they clothe shall live or die.  
Live she or die to fame ; each leaf you meet                   5  
Is her life's wing, or her death's winding sheet.

Though now 'tis neither May nor June,  
And nightingales are out of tune,  
Yet in these leaves (fair one) there lies  
(Sworn servant to your sweetest eyes)  
A nightingale, who may she spread                               5  
In your white bosom her chaste bed ;  
Spite of all the maiden snow  
Those pure untrodden paths can show,  
You straight shall see her wake and rise  
Taking fresh life from your fair eyes ;                       10  
And with clasp'd wings proclaim a Spring  
Where Love and she shall sit and sing :  
For lodg'd so near your sweetest throat  
What nightingale can lose her note ?  
Nor let her kindred birds complain                           15  
Because she breaks the year's old reign ;  
For let them know she's none of those  
Hedge-choristers whose music owes  
Only such strains as serve to keep  
Sad shades and sing dull Night asleep.                   20

No ! she's a priestess of that grove,  
 The holy chapel of chaste love,  
 Your virgin bosom. Then whate'er  
 Poor laws divide the public year,  
 Whose revolutions wait upon 25  
 The wild turns of the wanton Sun ;  
 Be you the lady of Love's year :  
 Where your eyes shine his suns appear :  
 There all the year is Love's long Spring,  
 There all the year Love's nightingales shall sit and  
 sing. 30

## OUT OF GROTIUS'S TRAGEDY OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

O Thou the span of whose omnipotence  
 Doth grasp the fate of things, and share th' events  
 Of future chance ! the world's grand Sire ; and mine  
 Before the world. Obedient lo ! I join  
 An equal pace thus far ; thy word my deeds 5  
 Have flow'd together ; if ought further needs  
 I shrink not, but thus ready stand to bear  
 (For else why came I ?) ev'n whate'er I fear.  
 Yet O what end ? Where does the period dwell  
 Of my sad labours ? No day yet could tell 10  
 My soul she was secure. Still have I borne  
 A still increasing burden ; worse hath torn  
 His way through bad, to my successive hurt.  
 I left my glorious Father's star-pav'd Court ;  
 Ere born was banish'd ; born was glad t' embrace 15  
 A poor (yea scarce a) roof, whose narrow place



What would they more? th' have seen when at my  
nod

Great Nature's self hath shrunk and spoke me  
God. 50

Drink failing there where I a guest did shinē  
The water blush'd and started into wine,  
Full of high sparkling vigour : taught by me  
A sweet inebriated ecstasy.

And straight of all this approbation gat 55  
Good wine in all points, but the easy rate.

Other men's hunger with strange feasts I quell'd :  
Mine own with stranger fastings, when I held  
Twice twenty days' pure abstinence, to feed  
My mind's devotion in my body's need. 60

A subtle inundation of quick food  
Sprang in the spending fingers, and overflowed  
The people's hunger, and when all were full  
The broken meat was much more than the whole.  
The Wind in all his roaring brags stood still 65  
And listen'd to the whisper of my will ;  
The wild waves couch'd ; the sea forgot to sweat  
Under my feet, the waters to be wet.

In deathful desperate ills where art and all  
Was nothing, there my voice was medicinal. 70  
Old clouds of thickest blindness fled my sight,  
And to my touch dark eyes did owe the light.

He that ne'er heard now speaks, and finds a tongue  
To chant my praises in a new-strung song.  
Even he that belches out a foaming flood 75  
Of hot defiance 'gainst whatever is good  
Father and heir of darkness, when I chide  
Sinks into Horror's bosom, glad to hide,

Himself in his own hell ; and now lets loose  
Man's breast (his tenement) and breaks up house. 80  
Yet here's not all : nor was't enough for me \*.  
To 'friend the living world : even Death did see  
Me rafting in his quarters ; and the land  
Of deepest silence answer'd my command.  
Heaven, earth, and sea, my triumphs ; what  
                    remained 85  
Now but the grave ? the grave itself I tamed.  
                                    &c.

## NOTES

### STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Page 7. *Sospetto d'Herode*. From the Italian of Giambattista Marini (1569-1625), being the first book of his *La Strage degl' Innocenti*.

Argomento, l. 6, *fond*: foolish.

St. i. l. 1, *Anthony*. This no doubt refers to St Antony of Padua (1195-1231).

St. iv. l. 2, *Parthenope* is Naples.

St. v. ll. 1-3, Cf. Shelley (*Witch of Atlas*, xix):  
"Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant."

St. vii. ll. 1-4, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 193, 194):

"And eyes that sparkling blazed;"

and *Paradise Lost*, ii. 706, 707:

"Satan stood Unterrified, and like a comet burned."

St. vii. l. 8, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 386):

"Jehovah thundering out of Zion."

St. viii. l. 8, Cf. Milton (*Hymn of Nativity*, xviii. 8):

"Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail."

St. x. l. 8, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 745):

"Dropt from the zenith like a falling star."

St. xi. l. 3, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 601, 602):

"And care sat on his faded cheek."

St. xi. l. 8, *suspect*: suspicion.

St. xiv. l. 4, *Gladding*: enlivening.

- St. xiv. l. 7, *Eugaddi* is on the western side of the Dead Sea.
- St. xvi. l. 2, Crashaw repeats this most vivid picture in two other places: see *To the Name above every Name*, l. 213, and *The Glorious Epiphany*, ll. 69, 70.
- St. xvi. l. 3, *the Temple sacred to sweet Peace*: probably the temple of Janus in Rome, which was "sacred to peace," the doors of which were open in war times, and closed in times of peace.
- St. xvii. l. 7, *three wise men went*; see St Matthew, ii. 1.
- St. xviii. ll. 5-7, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii., 927-931):  
 "At last his sail-broad vans He spreads for flight," etc.
- St. xviii. l. 8, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 47, 48):  
 "To dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire."
- St. xix. ll. 6, 7, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 542, 543):  
 "A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."
- St. xxii. l. 8, Cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 386).
- St. xxvi. l. 6, Cf. Giles Fletcher (*Christ's Victory in Heaven*, lxxxii.).  
 "A star comes dancing up the Orient."
- St. xxx. l. 8, *the common people of the skies*. Sir Henry Wotton has the same phrase in his poem on the Queen of Bohemia.
- St. xxxiv. l. 1, *Alecto*: one of the Furies.
- St. xl. l. 7, Cf. Burns's *Death and Dr Hornbook*, st. vi.
- St. xlii., xliii. The proper names in these stanzas are those of the monsters of fabled antiquity who figure in the old classic writers such as Ovid and Homer.

- St. xliii. l. 4, *the Parca*: the Fates.
- St. xliii. l. 6. This line has been suggested as a motto for Hood's *Song of the Shirt*.
- St. xlv. l. 1, *Diomed's horses*: the fabled mares of Apollodorus.
- St. xlv. l. 1, *Phereus*: a tyrant of Thessaly.
- St. xlv. l. 2, *Therodamas*: a king of Scythia.
- St. xlv. l. 3, *Busiris*: another inhuman monarch.  
See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, i. 307.
- St. xlv. l. 5, *Lestrigonians*: cannibals of Sicily.
- St. xlv. l. 6, *Procrustes*: a robber and murderer of Attica.
- St. xlv. l. 7, *Scyron*: a murderer who threw his victims from the rocks.
- St. xlv. l. 8, *Schinis*: another robber, who tortured his victims to death in oak-trees. See Ovid, *Met.* vii.
- St. xlvi. l. 2, *Mezentius*: a cruel king; *Geryon*: a three-headed monster of mythology.
- St. xlvi. l. 3, *Phalaris*: a ruler and tyrant of Sicily.
- St. xlvi. l. 3, *Ochus* was Artaxerxes the third of Persia, another tyrant.
- St. xlvi. l. 3, *Ezelinus*: another tyrant.
- St. xlviii. l. 2, *field's fair eyes*. Cf. *The Weeper*, l. 179.
- St. l. l. 1, *Erinnys*: the goddess of vengeance.
- St. lxi. l. 2, *embraves*: (?) adorns.

Page 29. *The Tear*. This is, not unlikely, an overflow from *The Weeper*, which see.

Page 32. *Psalm xxiii.* l. 30, *rub*: impediment. See Shakespeare (*King Richard II.*, III. iv. 4).

Page 34. *Psalm cxxxvii.* l. 21, *Unperched*: without a support.



Page 35. *On a Treatise of Charity.* The "Treatise" here referred to was, as stated on a subsequent page, Robert Shelford's "Five Pious and Learned Discourses." See full title, page 263.

"ROBERT SHELFORD was of Peterhouse, and protested against the identification of the Pope with anti-Christ, had great influence with Crashaw, and in this poem prefixed to

'Five Pious and Learned Discourses.' By Robert Shelford of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest.' (Universitie of Cambridge, 1635. 4to.)

Crashaw denounces those who dissociate art from religious worship, or attack the papacy as 'a point of faith.'

—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Born in 1563, it may be at Gillingham, Norfolk. M.A. and Bible Clerk of Peterhouse. Instituted by the Crown Rector of Ringsfield, 7th October, 1599: held the living until his death, being succeeded 20th May 1639 by Nicholas Gostlyng.

At Ringsfield the church steeple was built and the ceiling quaintly painted at his expense.

His curious memorial stone within the communion rails and altar tomb/built in 1623 in the sixtieth year of his age, and the twenty-second of his incumbency), are still extant.

Davy's Suffolk Collections, Addit. MS. 19, 112, ff. 168, 170b.

DIED unmarried about May, 1639. Note from Will, dated 1st August 1638: proved 14th May 1639 (registered in the P. C. C. 70 Harvey)."

—G. G.

Page 42. *To our Lord upon the water made wine.* Crashaw had previously—viz. in his *Epigrammata Sacra* (1634)—dealt with this subject in a short epigram, the text of which is here given along with

Aaron Hill's translation, or rather interpretation, of it.

*Aquae in Vinum Versae.*

(St John ii. 1-10.)

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis?

Quae rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?

Numen, convivae, praesens agnoscite Numen :

Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

*Water turned into wine.*

*When Christ at Cana's feast by pow'r divine*

*Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine ;*

*See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,*

*The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blush'd.*

The fourth line of the Latin text has been variously Englished, partly owing to the misprint of "Lymphæ" for "Nympha" in many reprints of the epigram. The following versions of this fourth line may be noted :—

"The chaste Nymph saw a God, and blusht for fear"  
(*Barksdale*).

"The element saw God, and blushed with awe"  
(*Hayley*).

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

"The modest Nymph saw the God, and blushed."

"The chaste Nymph hath seen her God, and blush'd"  
(*Clark*).

"The conscious water blushed its God to see"  
(*Ashe*).

"The shy Nymph saw her God, and blush'd"  
(*Grosart*).

Page 43. "*Neither durst any man,*" etc., l. 20, *panegyris*: praise or panegyric.

Page 49. *On the wounds of our Crucified Lord*, ll. 9-10. See Luke vii. 38.

Page 50. *On St Peter cutting off Malchus' ear*. See Luke xxii. 50.

Page 51. *Upon the Powder-Day*, l. 2. *All-Hallow*: the 1st of November, All Hallows Day.

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Page 57. *An Epigram upon the Pictures, etc.* This Epigram being portion of the original book, published 1652, we reprint it in its place, although the "Pictures" are not here reproduced. The pictures are twelve in number, and illustrate the undernamed poems.

1. "To the noblest and best of ladies, the Countess Denbigh."
2. "To the name of Jesus."
3. "In the Holy Nativity."
4. "In the Glorious Epiphany."
5. "The Office of the Holy Cross."
6. "The Recommendation."
7. "Sancta Maria Dolorum."
8. "The Hymn of St Thomas."
9. "Dies Iræ, Dies Illa."
10. "O Gloriosa Domina."
11. "The Weeper."
12. "Hymn to St Teresa."

Page 58. *To the noblest and best of Ladies, etc.* Motto: "*Non Vi.*" This refers to the picture in the 1652 edition.

## DENBIGH, SUSAN, COUNTESS OF

"HUSBAND, William Feilding, born about 1582. Educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Married about 1607, Susan, only sister of the whole blood to George, afterwards (1623-29) the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, daughter of Sir George Villiers, by his second wife, Mary, *suo jure*, Countess of Buckingham.

Created Earl of Denbigh 14th September 1622.  
Created M.A. of Cambridge 3rd March 1627.  
A volunteer in Prince Rupert's Horse, 1642.

Died of his wounds received in a skirmish near Birmingham, 8th April 1643, and was buried at Monk's Kirby, County Warwick.

Admon. 8th June 1651 to a creditor. Succeeded by his son, Basil Feilding, as second Earl.

Crashaw's PATRONESS — Susan, Countess of Denbigh (after 8th April 1643 — more generally described as the "Dowager-Countess" of Denbigh).

Her correspondence shows her to have been a woman of strong and earnest character. (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, fourth report, pp. 254, 260.)

Had early inclinations towards becoming a Roman Catholic (cf. letter of Eliza, Viscountess Falkland, to her, about 1625, in *Cal. St Pap.*,<sup>1</sup> Dom. Addenda, 1625-49, pp. 88-89).

After her husband's death she accompanied the Queen, Henrietta Maria, to Oxford, and during the same year (1644) to France. At either city [Oxford or Paris] she would have an opportunity of making Crashaw's acquaintance.

Her son, the second Earl of Denbigh, made formal acknowledgment (21st October 1651) that his mother had turned Roman Catholic.

Her relations with the Queen became strained, and on 28th October 1651 she wrote from Paris an affecting letter to her son, in which she says that she is no longer with her Majesty, who has gone into a nunnery, and has 'left me in a sad condition, ready to be cast into the streets.' Illness prevents her from coming over to justify herself [to the Committee for Compounding] till spring, 'if I live so long.'

Her intimacy with the Queen had marked her out for a 'delinquent.' The Committee for Compounding were ordered (15th April 1651) by the Council of State to seize her estate, and they in their turn tried to bully her son into giving them information about it. He denied that his mother possessed any personal estate or other means. Their search having proved unsuccessful, the Committee for Compounding gave her till 1st January 1652 to come

<sup>1</sup> Persistently called 'Mary' in Indexes.

over and take the oath of abjuration, but she did not appear, and proceedings were ultimately allowed to slide. (Cf. *Cal. of Proc. of Comm. for Comp.*, 1643-60, pp. 436, 490, 497, 2769); *Cal. St. Papers*, Dom. 1651, pp. 149, 288; *Nicholas Papers*, Camd. Soc., i. 306).  
 Still living in France, 13th May 1652. (*Cal. St. Papers*, Dom. 1651-52, p. 239.)  
 And at Paris in November 1654. (*Nicholas Papers*, Camd. Soc., ii. 136.)

DEATH.—It would (almost) appear from a letter of Charles II. to Henry Bennet, dated at Cologne 8th June 1655, that she had died there recently.

(*Complete Peerage*, edited by G. E. C[ockayne], iii. 59.)

For a time then her movements were pretty identical with those of Crashaw."—G. G.

Page 60. *To the Name above every name, the name of Jesus*, l. 34, cf., "These tumultuous shops of noise" (*Prayer: An Ode*, l. 69).

L. 149, *conduct*: train, or retinue.

L. 213, Cf., "the ruby portals of the East" (*Sospetto d'Herode*, xvi. 2).

Page 68. *In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord God*. The following lines figure beneath the picture in the 1652 edition:

"Ton Créateur te fait voir sa naissance,  
 Deignant souffrir pour toy des son enfance."

Cf. this Hymn with that of Milton on the same subject.

Ll. 21-22, E. K. Chambers (*Vaughan's Poems*, vol. i., p. 316) compares V's:

"Ay! victory,  
 Which from Thine eye  
 Breaks as the day doth from the East."

L. 49, *embraves*: adorns. The same word occurs in *New Year's Day*.

L. 97, *points*: (?) pupils.

Page 72. *New Year's Day*, l. 21, *embrace*: adorn;

l. 34, *his eastern paramours*: the sun worshippers of Persia.

Page 74. *In the Glorious Epiphany of Our Lord God.*

L. 18, cf. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 380):

"Dark with excessive bright."

And cf. with ll. 58 and 59 of this poem.

L. 25, *indifferent*: impartial.

L. 46, Grosart compares with *Sospetto d'Herode*, st. xxiii.:

"That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep  
Through clouds of infant flesh."

Ll. 69, 70, cf. *To the name above every name*, l. 213:

"The ruby windows which enrich'd the East."

L. 116, *deliquium*: swoon, faint.

L. 211, *legible* for legibly.

Page 84. *To the Queen's Majesty*. The queen of this address was, of course, the queen of Charles the First.

L. 2, *These royal sages*: the three Kings of the previous poem.

Page 85. *The Office of the Holy Cross*. The following Latin lines appear underneath the illustration to this poem in the 1652 edition: "Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam Deo in odorem suavitatis." *Ad Ephe.* v. 2.

Page 97. *Vexilla Regis*, l. 36, Cf. *Hymn to St Teresa*, l. 28:

"How much less strong is Death than Love."

Page 102. *Sancta Maria Dolorum*, l. 1, *Death's sad Tree*: the cross; as also in l. 64.

L. 16, *my flints*: his hard flinty eyes.

Page 109. *The Hymn of St Thomas*, l. 9, *ports*: gates or doors.

Page 111. *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, l. 30, *transumed*: changed.

Page 115. *Dies Ira, Dies Illa*, l. 61 "*Ite*": go ye.

Page 118. *The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domine*. The following appears beneath the picture to this poem in the Paris (1652) edition: "Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi qui pascitur inter lilia." Canticles vi.

Page 119. *In the Glorious Assumption*, ll. 9, 10, Cf. Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13.

Page 122. *St Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper*. The two motto lines ("Lo! where a wounded heart," etc.) refer to the picture in the 1652 edition.

L. 2, *silver-footed rills*. Other poets have the same thought, e.g., Herrick speaks of "silver-footed Thamasis"; William Browne of "silver-footed Thetis"; and Charles Cotton of his favourite river Dove in "thy silver feet," Crashaw repeats the same thought in the first line of his *Elegy on the Death of Dr Porter*.

L. 26, *brisk*: nimble, active.

L. 46, *Nuzzel'd*: nestled.

L. 118, *provoke*: challenge.

L. 120, *gold*: the golden hair of Magdalene.

L. 124, *mine*: the saint likened to a mine of gold, as also in l. 125.

L. 149, *tinct*: colour.

L. 179, *field's eyes*: the flowers; and cf. with *Sospetto*, xlviii. 2.

Page 130. *A Hymn to . . . Saint Teresa*. Saint Teresa (or Theresa) was born at Avila, 1515; died 1582; she was the authoress of many books of a mystical character, including her Autobiography: several of which have been Englished. English lives of her are by Dalton (1851), Miss Trench (1875), Dr A. Whyte (1897), and others.

L. 28, Cf. *Vexilla Regis*, l. 36:

"How much death weigh'd more light than love."

L. 32, *nonage*: minority.

L. 38, Cf. Henry Vaughan (*To Amoret Weeping*):  
"And suck up A dozen distress'd widows in one cup."

L. 72, Cf. l. 36 of the poem addressed to the Countess Denbigh :

L. 93, Cf. "His own fair sons of fire" (*Counsel*, l. 25).

L. 102, Cf. "Still longing so to be still slain" (*A Song*, l. 10).

L. 123, "The moon of maiden stars" is, of course, the Virgin.

Page 136. *An Apology for the foregoing Hymn*, l. 41, *sweet deaths of love*. This expression occurs also in *The Flaming Heart*, l. 96.

Page 141. *A Song*, Cf. with l. 2 of the second part the following line from the *Hymn to Saint Teresa*:

"And would for ever so be slain."

Page 142. *Prayer: An Ode*, l. 18, *Love's great artillery*. In *The Wounds of the Lord Jesus* the thought is repeated: "Mighty Love's artillery."

L. 54, *the god of flies*: Beelzebub.

L. 69, Cf. "The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound" (*To the Name above every name*, l. 34).

L. 71, Cf. "Which dull mortality more feels than hears" (*To the Name above every name*, l. 31).

L. 116, The same phrase occurs in the poem to the Name of Jesus, l. 182.

Page 146. *To the same Party* (*Counsel*), L. 25, *fair sons of fire*. The phrase also occurs in the Hymn to Teresa, l. 93.

Page 148. *Alexias* (Three Elegies). "Paraphrases of portions of 'Alexias, seu Uxoris S. Alexii querimoniz,' seven elegies by François Remond, to be found in 'Delitiæ C. Poetarum Gallorum . . . pars tertia. Collectore Ranotio Ghero' [*i.e.* Janus Gruterus], pp. 221-237."—G. G.

Third Elegy, l. 20, Cf. Pope (*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, l. 6):

"Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?"

L. 28, *The queen of angels*: the Virgin Mary.

L. 31, *Cecilia* was the patroness of music, said to have suffered martyrdom in 230 A.D.



Page 152. *Description of a Religious House, etc.*  
The original of this occurs in Barclay's *Argenis*, and is as follows :

Non isthic aurata domus, luxuque fluentes  
Sunt epulæ, spondave sopor pretiosus eburnâ,  
Aut in carbaseo Tyrius velamine murex.  
Non gemma vibrante nitor, non resona cantu  
Limina, non prono famulatum examina collo,  
Atque avidas, quicquid trahit in certamina gentes ;  
Sed nemora, et medæ rupes neglectaque squalens  
Confraga : sunt epulæ viles, jussæque quietis  
Hora brevis : duro velantur corpora texto :  
Et labor in pretio, et vitam mors longa fatigat.

At neque crudeles Diræ, vigilique flagello  
Sævit cura ferox, falso non abditus ore  
Ipse seu insanus furit in præcordia livor.  
Alma quies, parvisque habitat Concordia tectis,  
Et semper niveo veri de pectore risus.  
Ipsa suæ meminit stirpis, seseque deisque  
Mens fruitur sælix, et novit in astra reverti.

And Kingsmill Long (the translator of the whole of that romance) translated it as under (vide *Barclay his Argenis ; or, The Loves of Polyarchus and Argenis*, 2nd ed. 1636) :

Here no guilt<sup>1</sup> roofes, nor riotous Banquets bee ;  
No costly sleepe on beds of Ivorie ;  
No Coverlets, that Tyrian Purple dies ;<sup>2</sup>  
No ecchoing Roomes ; nor Pearle-embroideries ;  
No Bending Servants ; no things else, that are  
To covetous Nations causes of a warre.  
Their Groves, bare walles, and walkes no cost does  
keepe ;  
Hard is their face,<sup>3</sup> short their apointed sleepe ;  
Labour their gaines ; and coorse their cloathings be ;  
And by long death their lives they mortifie.  
But neither Furies, nor distracting care  
Rage heere ; nor does dissembled malice teare  
Their Owners heart-strings ; but with peaceful rest

<sup>1</sup> *guilt* = *gilt* ; <sup>2</sup> *dies* = *dyes* ; <sup>3</sup> *face*, (?) *fare*.

And concord are these little houses blest.  
 Heere innocent smiles are from true hearts exprest :  
 Her selfe, and all the gods, the happy Mind  
 Enjoys, and backe to Heaven the way can find.

L. 16, is quoted by Pope in *Eloisa to, Abelard*,  
 l. 212.

Page 155. *Death's Lecture, etc.* The "young gentleman" of this almost Shakespearcan poem was, as its title in 1646 edit. shows, James Stanninow (or Staninough) fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge. He was buried (vide Grosart) in Queens' College Chapel, 5th March, 1634-35 (St. Bot. Regr.). See also Crashaw's Elegy on his death commencing "Hath aged Winter, fledg'd with feather'd rain."

Ll. 22, 23 may have been suggested by Shakespeare's—

"Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her,  
 let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she  
 must come" (*Hamlet*, v. i., 200).

Page 156. *Temperance.* Leonard Lessius (1554-1623) was a learned Jesuit of Louvain. The work praised in the present poem was the following: "Hygiasticon: or the right course of preserving Life and Health unto extream Old Age." Done into English by T[imothy] S[mith]. Cambridge, 1634.

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Page 165. *Music's Duel.* This poem is a translation of the following Latin hexameters, written in imitation of Claudian from "Prolusiones Academicæ" (lib. ii., prol. vi.) by Famianus Strada (1572-1649), a learned Jesuit.

Jam sol a medio prenus deflexerat orbe  
 Mitius, e radiis vibrans crinalibus ignem,  
 Cum Fidicen, propter Tiberina fluenta, sonanti  
 Lenibat plectro curas, aestumque levabat

Illice defensus nigra scenaque virenti. 5  
 Audiit hunc hospes silvæ Philomela propinquæ  
 Musa loci, nemoris siren, innoxia siren ;  
 Et prope succedens stetit abdita frondibus, alte  
 Accipiens sonitum, secumque remurmurat, et quos 10  
 Ille modos variat ligitis, hæc gutture reddit.  
 Sensit se Fidicen Philomela imitante referri,  
 Et placuit ludum volucris dare ; plenius ergo  
 Explorat citharam, tentamentumque futuræ  
 Præbeat ut pugnae, percurrit protinus omnes  
 Impulsu pernice fides, nec segnus illa 15  
 Mille per excurrens variæ discrimina vocis,  
 Venturi specimen præfert argutala cantus.  
 Tunc Fidicen per fila movens trepidantia dextram,  
 Nunc contemnenti similis diverberat ungue,  
 Depectitque pari chordas, et simplice ductu. 20  
 Nunc carptim replicat, digitisque micantibus urget  
 Fila minutatim, celerique repercutit ictu.  
 Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem  
 Arte refert. Nunc seu rudis aut incerta canendi  
 Projicit in longum, nulloque plicatile flexu 25  
 Carmen init, simili serie, jugique tenore,  
 Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pictore voci ;  
 Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis.  
 Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.  
 Miratur Fidicen parvis e faucibus ire 30  
 Tam varium, tam dulce mēlos ; majoraque tentans  
 Alternat mira arte fides ; dum torquet acutas  
 Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsatur  
 Permiscetque simul certantia rauca sonoris,  
 Ceu resides in bella viros clangore lacesat. 35  
 Hoc etiam Philomela canit : dumque ore liquenti  
 Vibrat acuta sonum, modulisque interplicat æquius ;  
 Ex inopinato gravis intonat, et leve murmur  
 Turbinat introrsus, alternantique sonore  
 Clarat, et infuscat ceu martia classica pulset. 40  
 Scilicet erubuit fidicen, ira que calente,  
 Aut non hoc, inguit, referes Citharistria silvæ,  
 Aut fracta cedam cithara. Nec plura loquutus  
 Non imitabilibus plectrum concentibus urget  
 Namque manu per fila volat, simul hos, simul illos 45  
 Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni,

Et strepit, et tinnit, crescitque superbius, et se  
 Multiplicat relegens, plenoque choreumate plaudit.  
 Tum stetit expectans, si quid paret cœmula contra.  
 Illa autem, quanquam vox dudum exercita fauces 50  
 Asperat, impatiens vinci simul advocat omnes  
 Nequicquam vires : nam dum discrimina tanta  
 Reddere tot fidium nativa et simplice tentat  
 Voce, canaliculisque imitari grandia parvis ;  
 Impar magnanimis ausis, imparque dolori 55  
 Deficit et vitam summo in certamine linquens  
 Victoris cadit in plectrum, pars nacta sepulcrum.  
 Usque adeo et tenues animas ferit cœmula virtus.

In Grosart's edition (vol. i., pp. 203, 204) may be read an English version of this striking poem, which he discovered at Brit. Museum in Addit. MSS. 19268. Owing to indistinctness of this MS. there are two words left out by Grosart in his edition ; the words omitted are (there can be little doubt) *lute*, at the end of line beginning "Tryes her againe," etc., and *accute*, at end of the succeeding line ("Sometimes grave were ye tones," etc.). There are many other English versions of this episode, one being that of Ford, in *Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Scene 1.

L. 22, Cf. David Gray's

"This . . . herald of the Spring . . . daintily  
 carved out Her voice" (*Poems*, 1874, p. 24).

L. 39, Cf. again, D. Gray's

"I heard the birds this live-long day,  
 In sweet unwrinkled blending"

(*Poems*, 1874, p. 133).

L. 78, *Prefer* : to offer or present.

L. 82, *Prevents* : anticipates.

L. 128, *grutch* : envy.

L. 142, *complaining* : lamenting.

One objection which may be made to this unique poem is that its story *could not* be true : an objection, it seems to us, devoid of probability ; and here a pertinent passage from Willmott's

*Journal of Summer Time in the Country* (ed. 1851, p. 26) comes to our aid. Speaking of the blackcap, he says its "intensity of feeling and effort is sometimes fatal. A thrush has been known to break a bloodvessel in the midst of its music, and drop lifeless from the tree. *Nor is the story of the nightingale dying of sorrow to be considered a mere fiction of the poets. One or two instances of its emulative combats with human musicians are sufficiently attested.*"

Page 170. *To the Morning*. L. 11, *Illustrious*: lustrous, radiant.

L. 43, *orizons*: songs (as prayers).

Page 172. *On a Foul Morning, etc.* Ll. 1-8, Grosart compares Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 1-4).

L. 3, *illustrious*: radiant, as in previous poem, l. 11.

L. 9, *instile*: instill.

*Wishes*. Title, *mistress*: lover.

Page 174. Ll. 11, 12, Cf. "A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine" (*Temperance*, l. 25).

L. 18, *tire*: apparel.

L. 20, *Taffeta*: a thin silk; *tissue*: ribband.

L. 21, *rampant*: (?) obtrusive.

L. 41, *tires*: garments.

L. 64, *bin*: are.

L. 70, *flight*: swift in transit.

Ll. 30, 31, *Sidneian showers*: in allusion to Sir Philip Sidney and his "sweet discourse" in *Arcadia* and elsewhere.

Page 181. *Upon the Death of a Gentleman*. "From Addit. (B.M.) MS. 33219, f. 3 b. it would appear that the 'gentleman' thus celebrated was Michael Chambers elected Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1630. He graduated B.A. 1628-29, and M.A. 1632, and dying, was buried 16th February

1633-34, in the chapel of the college. Searle's *History of the Queens' College*, pt. ii., p. 511."

—G. G.

Ll. 23, 24, Cf. Phineas Fletcher [(*Piscatory Eclogue V.*, xiii.):

"Silence best speaks the mind." ]

Page 182. *Upon the Death of Mr Herrys*. This "Mr Herrys" was a Fellow of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, and the subject of several other poems by Crashaw (see the three pieces immediately succeeding this one, as well as the one in Latin [*Epitaphium in Dominum Herrissium*] included in Grosart's and other editions of Crashaw.)

L. 37, *circular*: eternal.

Page 183. *Upon the Death of the most desired Mr Herrys*. "Ll. 31-46 are not dissimilar to those in William Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*, Ecl. IV. ll. 109-120."—G. G.

L. 41, *Auster*: a strong south wind.

Page 190. *An Epitaph upon Mr Ashton*. "Mr Ashton. From Addit. MS. 33219, f. 37b., we learn that he was a 'citizen of London.'"

Nothing leading to his identification can be found in Overall's *Remembrancia*; Orridge's *Citizens and their Rulers*; *Cal. of Wills in Court of Husting*.

In Visitation of London, 1633-35 (*Harl. Soc.* 15), there is a pedigree of *Aston* related to the family seated at Tixall, County Stafford. Simon and Robert Aston, both grocers, signed it in 1634."—G. G.

Ll. 1-4, Cf. Pope's *Epitaph on Elijah Fenton*, ll. 1, 2:

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
May truly say, *Here lies an honest man.*"

L. 20, *his Mother's veil*: (?) the Church of his parents.

L. 27, *sans*: without.

Page 192. *To the Queen: upon her numerous progeny*. The Queen was, of course, Henrietta

Maria, Queen of Charles I.; and her children celebrated herein were the following: Charles James, Charles II., James, Mary and Elizabeth.

Ll. 63-75. *Lady Elizabeth*. Henry Vaughan has some fine verses to the memory of this unfortunate princess entitled, "An Epitaph upon the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter to his late Majesty."

L. 104, *halcyon* is a bird (the Kingfisher) that comes early in spring time; the word is also a synonym of calm or peace.

Page 198. *Upon two Green Apricots*. In the title the original edition of 1648 reads "Apricoekes" (= Apricots).

L. 13, *composures*: compositions; referring to Abraham Cowley's juvenile poems, entitled "Poetical Blossoms," 1633.

Page 199. *Upon Bishop Andrews's Picture before his Sermons*. "These lines appeared for the first time beneath the portrait of Bishop Andrewes prefixed to the THIRD edition of his 'xcvi Sermons,' folio, 1635, without name or initials; they were reprinted in the fourth edition, 1641."—G.G.

Page 200. *On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's Chronology explained*.

"Henry Isaacson (1581-1654), born in London in September 1581, was the eldest son of Richard Isaacson, by Susan, daughter of Thomas Bryan. He appears to have been educated under the care of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, by whom he was sent to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Upon leaving college he became an inmate of the bishop's house, and remained with him as his amanuensis until Andrewes's death in 1626. He himself died 7th December 1654.

In 1630 he published a little volume called 'Institutiones Pice,' which is really the work of Andrewes; and in 1650 a eulogy (misnamed a life) of the bishop.

But his principal work was the goodly folio celebrated by Crashaw. It is entitled 'Saturni Ephemerides, sive Tabula Historico-Chronologica, containing a Chronological Series . . . of the foure Monarchyes,' etc., 1633. Its compilation was probably inspired by Andrews. The lists of authorities fill six pages, and the citations and references are remarkable for their accuracy.

The curiously engraved title page, which Crashaw's verses are explanatory of, is the work of William Marshall.

(For further particulars consult article s.v. Isaacson, Henry, in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*.)"

—G. G.

L. 11, *perspicil*: optic glass.

Page 201. *Out of Virgil: In Praise of the Spring*. From the Latin of Virgil's *Georg.*, ii. 323-345.

L. 3, *seed desire*: some editions read "feed desire," but the original Latin—"genitalia semina," etc.—requires seed.

L. 19, *Auster*: a strong south wind, or sirocco.

Page 202. *The Beginning of Heliodorus*. From the Greek of Heliodorus' *Ethiopica*, Lib. i., cap. 1.

Page 203. *Out of the Greek—Cupid's Cryer*. A translation of Moschus' first Idyl.

Page 206. *Out of the Italian: A Song*. The originals of this and the two succeeding pieces I have been unable to discover.

L. 18. William Watson (*Lyric Love*, p. 230), compares with Ben Jonson's—

"He hath plucked her doves and sparrows  
To feather his sharp arrows."

Page 208. *Out of Catullus*. Catulli Carmen V. There are many English versions of this piece; that by Thomas Campion (*vide* Bullen's edition, p. 7) being one of the best.

Page 210. *Upon the Fair Ethiopian*. William L'isle's "Faïre Ethiopian" was published in 1631.



Page 210. *Upon Venus putting on Mars's Arms.*  
 "Additional MS. entitles it 'Out of Ausonius,' but I cannot find the original."  
 —G. G.

L. 1, *Cytherea* : Venus.

Page 210. *Upon the Same.* "A rendering of the forty-third Epigram of Ausonius (Delphin edition, 1823, i. 88)."  
 —G. G.

Page 210. *On Nanus mounted upon an Ant.*  
 "An expansion of the Greek epigram of Lucilius (Anthologia Græca, ed. Jacobs, ii. 351). But I suspect that Crashaw was more probably translating from the version by Ausonius (Epigrammata 122, Delphin edition 1823, i. 141)."  
 —G. G.

Page 211. *To Aelia. Out of Martial.* "A rendering of Epigram XIX., Book i. : Si memini, fuerant tibi quattuor, Aelia, dentes."  
 —G. G.

## POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

Pages 212-233. POSTHUMOUS POEMS (I). These pieces, first printed by Grosart, are from the Sancroft (Tanner) MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Page 214. *In cicatrices Domini Jesu.*

L. 2. In *Prayer*: *An Ode*, l. 18, there is a repetition of this thought.

Page 216. *Petronii : Ales Phasiacis, etc.* (Petronii Satiræ, cap. 93).

L. 14, *hansell'd* : handled.

Page 217. *Horatii (Ille et ne fasto, etc.).* From *Carminum*, II. 13.

L. 34, *Hell's blackest queen*: Alecto, Queen of the Furies.

L. 54, *Pelops' starvèd sire* : Tantalus.

Page 219. *On the Gunpowder Treason (I.)*

L. 38, *Thy infants, Æolus*: the infants of Æolus are said to have been very numerous.

Page 221. *On the Gunpowder Treason (II.)*

L. 29, *Æol*: Æolus.

L. 56, *maugre*: in spite of.

Page 223. *On the Gunpowder Treason (III.)*

L. 29, *cates*: provisions.

Page 225. *Upon the King's Coronation (I.)*

L. 15, *maugre*: in spite of.

L. 32, *the usher of the morn*: the planet Lucifer.

Page 226. *Upon the King's Coronation (II.)*

L. 39, *But smiles and ruddy joys*. The same phrase occurs in *On a Foul Morning*, l. 36.

Page 227. *Upon the Birth of the Princess Elizabeth*. daughter of Charles I.

L. 12, *tympany*: distention.

Page 229. *Ex Euphormione*. "A paraphrase of twelve hexameters in John Barclay's 'Euphormionis Lusinini Satyricon,' part ii. (edit. Leyden, 1619, p. 183)." —G. G.

L. 10, *The Parcae*: the Fates.

Page 230. *An Elegy on the Death of Dr Porter*.

"GEORGE PORTER, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. B.A. 1595-96, M.A. 1599, LL.D. 1611. Incorporated at Oxford 16th July 1600. Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge. Date not given in Cambridge Calendar, but after the appointment of T. Morrison, LL.D. in 1611. Succeeded by Dr Thomas Goad in 1635.

Foster's Alumni Oxon., early series, iii., 1182.

DIED 1635. Will dated 3rd October 1635, proved 27th November 1635 (registered in P.C.C. 111 Sadler).

He must have been a man of sturdy independence, for he voted in 1626 against the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham when the court candidate for the vacant university chancellorship. He was then Senior Fellow of Queens'. (Searle's 'History of the Queens' College,' pt. ii., p. 455; Cooper's 'Annals of Cambridge,' iii. 185.)" —G. G.

L. 1, *silver-footed Cam*: the phrase "silver-footed" also occurs in the second line of *The Weeper*.

L. 20, *crawling streams*. Tennyson has "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls"; and Charles Kingsley (*Sands of Dee*): "The cruel crawling foam."

L. 27, *dight*: dressed.

L. 34, *Neptune's silver-shielded guard*: the Nereids.

Page 232. *An Elegy upon the Death of Mr Stanninow*. See note to *Death's Lecture*, ante.

L. 1, Cf. Carew's (?) "When feather'd rain came softly down."

L. 6, *dight*: dressed.

L. 36, *the modest nunnery of his breast*. Cf. Lovelace (*To Lucasta, going to the Wars*), "the nunnery Of thy chaste breast."

Pages 234-238. *Posthumous Poems (II)*. These pieces, first printed by Grosart as a Supplement to his edition of Crashaw, come from the British Museum Additional MS. 33, 219. As pointed out herein, they were printed by G. in a carelessly incorrect form, through (doubtless) a too hurried reading of the MS. Mr Gordon Goodwin, who has examined the MS., has—in his notes handed over to me for the purposes of this edition—discovered, I believe, the whole of these blots on the surface of these poems as printed by the editor of the Fuller Worthies' Library, and I have myself—by a collation of Grosart's text of the first section of these "Posthumous Poems" (as I have decided to name them)—also found the worthy Doctor napping in a considerable number of cases. These misreadings I have duly noted in my collection of variants in this edition.

Page 234. *At th' ivory tribunal of your hand*. This has no title in the MS. so I leave it without one.

Page 234. *Though now 'tis neither May nor June*. This, doubtless, has reference to *Music's Duel*, one of the poems included in the MS. which contains the present lines.

L. 18, *owes* : owns.

Page 235. *Out of Grotius' Tragedy of Christ's Sufferings.*

L. 52, *The water blush'd and started into wine.*

This fine conceit is a repetition of the last line of the four-line epigram on the Miracle at Cana in Galilee. See these Notes, p. 243.

VARIOUS READINGS FROM  
THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS (1646,  
1648, 1652, AND 1670) OF  
CRASHAW'S POEMS.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Page 7. *Sospetto d'Herode*. Title so in all three editions (1646, 1648, and 1670).

St. li. l. 3, *lineage*: editions 1646 and 1648 read "image." Edition 1670 has "lineage," obviously the correct reading.

St. lxvi., l. 8, "Poor breasts!" a misprint (1648 edition).

Page 29. *The Tear*. All three editions (1646, 1648, and 1670) agree in text. The poem, though on a "sacred" subject, found no place in the volume of 1652.

Page 31. *Upon Easter Day*. In 1670 edition entitled simply *Easter-Day*.

L. 10, "live this hour" (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 32. *Psalm xxiii*.

L. 29, "clear as the day" (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 34. *Psalm cxxxvii*. The<sup>3</sup> editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670 agree in text, with the exception of some slight orthographic differences.

Page 35. *On a Treatise of Charity.* The "Treatise" was "Five Pious and Learned Discourses":

1. A Sermon showing how we ought to behave ourselves in God's house.
2. A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope, and Knowledge.
3. A Treatise showing that God's law, now qualified by the Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of us in this life.
4. A Treatise of the Divine attributes.
5. A Treatise showing the Anti-Christ not to be yet come.

By Robert Shelford, of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest.  
Printed by the printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1635.

"In Shelford's book Crashaw's lines are placed first, and are entitled 'Upon the ensuing Treatises.' They are signed 'Rich. Crashaw, Aul. Penb. [sic] A. B.,' and are followed by seven other copies of verses (six Latin and one English) by various friends. They consist of 68 lines.

They partly appear in editions 1646, 1648, and 1670, where the Title reads: 'On a Treatise of Charity'; but it is noticeable that the last ten lines (ll. 59-68) concerning the Pope and Anti-Christ are omitted from all three editions."

—G. G.

- L. 12, Open "this" book (1646 and 1670 editions).  
L. 16, Where thou "shalt" (1646 and 1670 editions).  
L. 16, Where thou "shall" (1648 edition).  
L. 17, thy "altars" wake (1635).  
L. 30, "Pure" sluttishness (1635).

Page 38. *On Mr George Herbert's Book, etc.*

L. 6, you have an angel by th' (1646 edition).

Page 39. *Two went up into the Temple to pray.*

L. 4, "lend" his eye (1670 edition).

Page 40. *Our B[lessed] Lord in His Circumcision to His Father.* In 1646 and 1670 editions, "*Our Lord in His Circumcision,*" etc.

Page 42. *To our Lord, upon the water made wine.*

L. 2, the sweet "arts" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 2, the sweet "acts" (British Museum MS.).

Page 50. *I am ready not only to be bound, but to die.*

L. 1, Come death, come "bonds" (1646 edition).

L. 4, "Nor" other "death" (1646 and 1670 editions).

## CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Page 55. *Crashawe, The Anagram.*

L. 41, "thy" rest (1670 edition).

Page 58. *To the Noblest and Best of Ladies, the Countess of Denbigh, etc.* Another version—London, N.D. (410) of (probably) 1653 date, and containing 90 ll. as against 68 ll. of the 1652 (Paris) text—is entitled, "A letter from Mr Crashaw to the Countess of Denbigh. Against irresolution and delay in matters of religion." See the fuller version here—under fully reprinted in lieu of giving its various readings and additional lines.

## AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION

What Heaven-besiegèd heart is this  
Stands trembling at the Gate of Bliss :  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open and to enter ?  
Whose definition is A Doubt  
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.  
Ah ! linger not, loved soul : a slow  
And late consent was a long No,

- Who grants at last, a great while tried  
And did his best, to have denied : 10  
What magic-bolts, what mystic bars  
Maintain the Will in these strange wars ?  
What fatal, yet fantastic, bands  
Keep the free heart from his own hands ?  
Say, lingering Fair, why comes the birth 15  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth ?  
Plead your pretences (O you strong  
In weakness !) why you choose so long  
In labour of yourself to lie,  
Not daring quite to live nor die. 20  
So when the Year takes cold we see  
Poor waters their own prisoners be :  
Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie  
In a cold self-captivity.  
Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Flood's strange fate 25  
deplore  
To find themselves their own severer shore.  
Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,  
In you alone hath lost his wings.  
Look round and read the World's wide face,  
The field of Nature or of Grace ; 30  
Where can you fix, to find excuse  
Or pattern for the pace you use ?  
Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,  
And know the call of Heaven's kind showers :  
Each mindful plant hastes to make good 35  
The hope and promise of his bud.  
Seed-time's not all : there should be harvest too.  
Alas ! and has the Year no Spring for you ?  
Both winds and waters urge their way,  
And murmur if they meet a stay. 40  
Mark how the curled waves work and wind,  
All hating to be left behind.  
Each big with business thrusts the other,  
And seems to say : " Make haste, my brother."  
The aery nation of neat doves, 45  
That draw the chariot of chaste Loves,  
Chide your delay : yea, those dull things,  
Whose ways have least to do with wings,  
Make wings, at least, of their own weight,



And by their love control their fate.	50
So lumpish steel, untaught to move,	
Learn'd first his lightness by his love.	
Whate'er Love's matter be, he moves	
By th' even wings of his own doves,	
Lives by his own laws, and does hold	55
In grossest metals his own gold.	
All things swear friends to Fair and Good,	
Yea suitors : man alone is wooed,	
Tediously wooed, and hardly won :	
Only not slow to be undone :	60
As if the bargain had been driven	
So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven,	
Our God would thrive too fast, and be	
Too much a gainer by 't, should we	
Our purchased selves too soon bestow	65
On Him, who has not loved us so.	
When love of us called Him to see	
If we'd vouchsafe His company,	
He left His Father's Court, and came	
Lightly as a lambent flame,	70
Leaping upon the hills, to be	
The humble King of you and me.	
Nor can the cares of His whole crown	
(When one poor sigh sends for Him down)	
Detain Him, but He leaves behind	75
The late wings of the lazy wind,	
Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place,	
And breaks thro' all ten heavens to our embrace.	
Yield to His siege, wise soul, and see	
Your triumph in His victory.	80
Disband dull fears, give Faith the day :	
To save your life, kill your Delay.	
'Tis cowardice that keeps this field ;	
And want of courage not to yield.	
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win	85
The Fort at last, and let Life in.	
Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove	
Death's prey before the prize of Love.	
This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,	
He is repulsed indeed : but you're undone.	90

See Mr Gordon Goodwin's note (p. 244) on the Countess of Denbigh.

Page 60. *To the Name above every name.* In 1648 edition entitled simply "On the name of Jesus."

L. 7, "the" bright (1648 edition).

L. 24, One little "word" (1648 edition).

L. 48, Into a habit fit of self-tun'd Harmony (1648 edition).

L. 71, Your "powers" (1648 edition).

L. 91, speak "aloud" (1648 edition).

L. 102, Nor "yield" (1648 edition).

L. 104, the "loyal" breast (1648 edition).

L. 112, forth from (1648 edition).

L. 130, All "heavens" (1648 edition). \*

L. 183, The souls tastes thee takes from thence (1648 edition).

L. 198, they "bare" thee (1648 edition).

L. 200, they "ware" thee (1648 edition).

L. 205, served "therein" (1648 edition).

Page 68. *In the Holy Nativity of our Lord God.* In 1646 edition the title is "A ['An' (1648)] Hymn of the Nativity, sung by [sung 'as' by (1648)] the Shepherds."

Ll. 1-10.

#### Chorus.

Come we Shepherds who have seen  
Day's King deposed by Night's Queen,  
Come lift we up our lofty song  
To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He in this our general joy,  
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing;  
While we found out the fair-ey'd Boy,  
And kist the cradle of our King;  
Tell him he rises now too late  
To show us aught worth looking at.

(1646 and 1670 editions.)

L. 22, thy eyes (1648 edition).

L. 23, This and other chorus lines not in 1646 edition.

- L. 24, Winter chid "the world" (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 29, meant "frosts" (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 32, "Bright dawn" (1648 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 33, "the" East (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 38-50, These two stanzas do not appear in editions 1646 and 1670.  
 L. 44, Contend "ye" powers (1648 edition).  
 L. 47, Love's architecture is "all one" (1648 edition).  
 Ll. 59-70.

*Thyrsis.*

I saw th' officious Angels bring  
 The down that their soft breasts did strow,  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
 When Heaven itself lies here below.  
 Fair Youth, said I, be not too rough,  
 Thy down though soft 's not soft enough.

*Tityrus.*

The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek  
 Where to lay his lovely head,  
 But straight his eyes advis'd his cheek  
 'Twixt Mother's breasts to go to bed.  
 Sweet choice, said I, no way but so,  
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow,  
 (1646 and 1670 editions.)

- L. 61, their wings (1648 edition).  
 Ll. 72-77, This stanza is not repeated in 1646 edition.  
 L. 79, Welcome "to our wond'ring" sight (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 84, whose "glorious" birth (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 88, "virgin's" milk (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 92-96, From editions 1646 and 1648.  
 Ll. 101-103, But to poor shepherds, "simple" things,  
 That use no varnish, no oil'd arts,  
 But lift clean hands full of clear hearts.  
 (1646 and 1670 editions.)

L. 109, while they feed the [their, 1648] sheep  
(1546 edition).

Ll. 114-115, At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,  
We'll burn, our own best sacrifice  
(1646 and 1670 editions.)

Page 72. *New Year's Day*. Entitled in editions 1646, 1648, and 1670 respectively as follows :

"An Hymn for the Circumcision day of our Lord."

"A Hymn for the Circumcision day of our Lord."

"An Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord."

L. 1, Rise thou "first" and "fairest" morning  
(1646 edition).

L. 5, pride "of" laces (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 10, thy bosom "shows" (1648 edition).

Ll. 13-16, Bid the golden god the Sun,  
Burnisht in his glorious beams,  
Put all his red-ey'd rubies on ;  
These ["those," 1648] rubies shall put  
out his eyes (1646 and 1670 editions).

Ll. 18-20, Rob the rich store her cabinets keep,  
The pure birth of each sparkling nest  
That flaming in their fair bed sleep.  
(1649 and 1670 editions.)

L. 21, Let him "embrace" (1646, 1648 and 1670 editions).

L. 23, And wear in "them" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 29, "the" sweet truth (1670 edition).

Ll. 31-32, The Moon shall come to ["and," 1648]  
meet thee here.

And leave the long adored Sun (1646  
and 1670 editions).

L. 33, Thy nobler beauty shall bereave him (1646  
and 1670 editions).

Ll. 37-38, These lines are added from the 1648  
edition.

Page 74. *In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord  
God*. In 1648 edition entitled "A Hymn for the  
Epiphany. Sung as by the three Kings."

Ll. 1, 3, 5, "1 King"—"2 King"—"3 King"  
not in 1648 edition.

L. 83, "thy" chaste place (1648 edition).

Ll. 98 *seq.* Edition 1648 reads:—

Shall kick the clouds no more ;

3. But lean and tame

See his horn'd face, and die for shame.

*Chorus.* And Mithra now shall be no name.

L. 112, "will" of madness (1648 edition).

L. 131, the morning "suns" (1648 edition).

L. 144, "dear" doom (1648 edition).

L. 155, "domestics" (1648 edition).

L. 161, "love's" (1648 edition).

L. 181, And "the" best use (1648 edition).

L. 182, at "last" (1648 edition).

L. 187, Use to spell (1648 edition).

L. 190, "the" conscious shade (1648 edition).

L. 196, "that" fierce chase (1652 edition).

L. 197, "this" strong soul (1652 edition).

Ll. 207-211 are assigned to 3 King in 1648 edition.

Page 84. *To the Queen's Majesty.* Entitled, in 1648 edition, "To the Queen's Majesty upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymn"; in 1670 edition, "To the Queen's Majesty on twelfth-day."

L. 6, And rosy "down" (1648 edition).

L. 10, We "wade" in you ("dear" Queen) (1648 edition).

L. 13, A "royal" harvest (1648 edition).

L. 19, Lamb's "great" sire (1648 edition).

Page 85. *The Office of the Holy Cross.* Partly given in edition 1648 and wholly in editions 1652 and 1670. The portions given in edition 1648 are separately entitled—"Upon our Blessed Saviour's Passion," ll. 64; "The Antiphona," ll. 14; "The Recommendation of the precedent poems," ll. 8; "A Prayer," ll. 8; "Christ's Victory," ll. 18.

- Ll. 41-47 and elsewhere : "my lips, O Lord"  
 "shall show forth Thy  
 praise"  
 "to save me"  
 "to help me"  
 "etc."  
 "etc."

These words do not occur in edition 1652, but are supplied from edition 1670.

L. 12, The wakeful "dawning" hastes to sing (1648 edition).

L. 19, "betrayed" and taken (1648 edition).

L. 34, "unto all quick and dead." Not in 1648 text.

L. 47, The early "Morn" (1648 edition).

L. 48, "It" could not rise (1648 edition).

L. 52, "blots" those beauteous eyes (1648 edition).

L. 123, "For" the faint lamb (1648 edition).

L. 126, "The" fruit (1648 edition).

L. 137, By "the" first (1648 edition).

L. 167, our "great sins" sacrifice (1648 edition).

L. 196, "could" not relent (1648 edition).

L. 236, The "Nightening" hour (1648 edition).

L. 251, at such rate (1648 edition).

Page 97. *Upon the Holy Sepulchre*. In 1648 and 1670 editions entitled "Upon the Sepulchre of Our Lord."

Page 97. *Vexilla Regis*. The second part of the title was not given in the original of 1648, which lacks St. vii.

L. 23, make "a" throne (1648 edition).

L. 30, Thy costly "cruelty" (1648 edition).

L. 32, heaven "wag'd" (1648 edition).

Ll. 33-34, Both with one price were weighed  
 Both with one price were paid (1648 edition).

Ll. 37-42. These lines appeared originally in 1652 edition.

L. 45, live "for to" inherit (1648 edition).

L. 46, "That Kingdom which" "thy blessed death" did merit (1648 edition).

Page 99. *To our B[lessed] Lord upon the Choice of*

*His Sepulchre.* In 1648 edition entitled, "Upon our Saviour's Tomb wherein never man was laid."

Page 99. *Charitas Nimia, or The Dear Bargain.* Title identical in editions 1648, 1652, and 1670.

L. 1, cost "you" (1648 edition).

L. 2, lost "you" (1648 edition).

L. 20, "the" spacious palace (1648 edition).

L. 25, those "wakeful" sons (1648 edition).

L. 33, "Thou" bow Thy awful breast (1648 and 1670 editions).

"you" bow Thy awful breast (1652 edition).

L. 45, If I "was" lost (1648 edition).

L. 47, "the" precious blood (1648 edition).

Page 102. *Sancta Maria Dolorum.* In 1648 edition the title is simply "The Mother of Sorrows."

L. 10, "Are" more at home in her "own" heart (1648 edition).

"All" more at home in her "own" heart (1670 edition).

L. 53, This book of "love" (1648 edition).

L. 57, Yield something "to" (1648 edition).

L. 59, "Oh give" me too my tears (1648 edition).

St. vii. and viii. are not given in 1648 edition, but occur in those of 1652 and 1670.

L. 81, Shall I "in sins" set there (1648 edition).

L. 86, If not more "just," mine eyes (1648 edition).

Is not more "soft," mine eyes! (1652 edition).

"If" not more soft, mine eyes! (1670 edition).

L. 91, "Lend, O" lend some relief (1648 edition).

L. 99, To study "thee" so (1648 edition).

L. 103, "thy" dear wounds (1648 edition).

Ll. 107-110. Let my life end in love, and lie beneath

Thy dear lost vital death.

Lo heart, thy hope's whole plea, her precious breath

Pour'd out in prayers for thee, in thy Lord's death (1648 edition).

Page 106. *Upon the Bleeding Crucifix.* In 1646 edition entitled "On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord"; in that of 1648, "On the bleeding body of our crucified Lord."

In 1646 edition the stanzas run as follows :•

1. Jesu, no more ! It is full tide.
2. Thy restless feet they cannot go.
3. Thy hand to give thou canst not lift.
4. But O Thy side ! Thy deep digg'd side.
5. What need thy fair head bear a part.
6. Water'd by the showers they bring
7. Not a hair but pays his river.
8. But while I speak whether are run.
9. Rain-swoll'n rivers may rise proud.
10. This thy Blood's deluge (a dire chance,  
and so in edition 1670).

In 1648 edition there are nine stanzas as follows :

1. Jesu, no more ! It is full tide.
2. What need thy fair head bear a part.
3. Thy restless feet now cannot go.
4. Thy hands to give thou canst not lift.
5. But O Thy side, Thy deep digg'd side.
6. No hair so small but pays his river.
7. But while I speak, whither are run.
8. Rain swoll'n rivers may rise proud.
9. This is thy Blood's deluge (a dire chance.

St. iii. is restored from edition 1646, where it is  
St. vi.

L. 8, "Strives" is the reading of editions 1646, 1652, and 1670; but "streams" that of edition 1648, which may be better.

Ll. 2-4, From thy "hands" and from thy feet,  
From thy "head" and from thy side,  
All "thy" purple rivers meet (1646 and  
1670 editions).

L. 6, In "tears" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 8, That "streams" (1648 edition).

L. 13, "they" cannot go (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 15, As they are wont (1646 and 1670 editions).



L. 16, their own "blood" (1648 edition).

L. 17, Thy "hand" (1646, 1652, and 1670 editions).

L. 23, "pharian" tide (1652 edition).

L. 25, Not a hair but (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 34, Threatening all to overflow (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 108. *Upon the Crown of Thorns, etc.* In 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions this epigram is entitled, respectively, as follows :

"Upon the thorns taken down from our Lord's head bloody";

"Upon the Crown of thorns taken down from the head of our B. Lord bloody";

"Upon the Crown of thorns taken from our Blessed Lord's head all bloody."

Page 109. *Upon the Body of Our B[lessed] Lord, etc.* In 1646, 1648, and 1670 editions the title is, "On our crucified Lord Naked and Bloody."

L. 5, could be found "Garments" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 6, but "these" (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 109. *The Hymn of St Thomas.* In 1648 edition this is entitled "A Hymn to Our Saviour by the Faithful Receiver of the Sacrament."

L. 1, With all the "power" (1648 edition).

L. 33, my faith, my hope (1648 edition); Help, Lord, my hope (1652 edition).

L. 36, in new pow'rs to "name thy" Praise (1670 edition).

Ll. 37-38 are not in the 1648 text.

Page 111. *Lauda Sion Salvatorem.* In the 1648 edition entitled "A Hymn on the B. Sacrament"; in 1670, "The Hymn for the Blessed Sacrament. *Lauda Sion Salvatorem.*"

Ll. 3-6, call if "thou" can  
Harps of Heav'n "and" hands of man  
This sovereign subject sits above  
The best "ambitions" of thy love  
(1648 edition).

- L. 15, lift high "their" noise (1648 edition).
- L. 19, 1648 edition misprints "Law" (second) for ~~Lord~~.
- L. 39, "names" not things (1648 edition).
- L. 42, "on" Christ He is (1648 edition).
- L. 75, Lift our "mean" souls (1648 edition).

Page 115. *Dies Iræ, Dies Illa*. In 1648 edition entitled "A Hymn in Meditation of the Day of Judgment"; in that of 1670 "The Hymn. Dies iræ, dies illa. In meditation of the day of Judgment."

- L. 1 in 1652 misprints "with" for "what."
- L. 7, O "these" eyes (1670 edition).
- L. 19, O "the" Judge! (1648 edition).
- L. 49, Thy "Marie" (1648 edition).
- L. 64, "the" right hand (1648 edition).

Page 118. *The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina*. So entitled in 1652 and 1670 editions. In that of 1648 it is named "The Virgin-Mother."

- L. 2, below "the" Son (1648 edition).
- L. 21, "spring" the day (1648 edition).
- "sprung" the day (1652 and 1670 editions).
- L. 26, "your" mother (1648 edition).
- L. 35, This line is restored from 1648 edition, having dropped out in editions 1652 and 1670.

Page 119. *In the Glorious Assumption of Our Blessed Lady*. In the 1646 and 1648 editions the title is, "On the Assumption"; in that of 1670, "On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

- L. 3, heavenly "light" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 7, She's call'd again! hark how th' immortal Dove (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 12, No sweets, "since thou art" wanting here (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 18, Come "away," come away (1646 and 1670 editions).
- Ll. 19-34 appear in editions 1648 and 1652, but not in that of 1646.
- L. 20, "were" thou (1648 edition).
- L. 23, except "as" much (1648 edition).
- L. 27, why she "doth" so (1648 edition).

- L. 32, "heavy" top (1652 edition).  
 "leafy" top (1648 edition).  
 L. 41, so "great" (1648 edition).  
 L. 42, Since thy "grent" Son (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 47-56 are dropped out of edition 1652.  
 L. 47, must now "be" light (1646 and 1648 editions).  
 L. 53, our poor "joys" (1646, 1648 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 57, Thy "Sacred" name (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 59, With holy "cares" (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 66, 67, Though our "sweetness" cannot make  
 It sweeter, they "may" take.  
 (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 69, Mary (1646 edition).  
 Ll. 71-72, Live, "rarest" Princess, and may the  
 bright  
 Crown of an incomparable Light.  
 (1646 edition).  
 L. 72, Crown of a most incomparable Light (1670 edition).  
 L. 76, "and" humble pride (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 122. *St Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper*. As this poem varies very considerably in the editions of 1646, 1648 and 1652, it may be as well to give the first line of each stanza in the three editions.

EDITION 1646. (23 stanzas.)

1. Hail, Sister Springs!
2. Heavens thy fair Eyes be.
3. But we are deceived all.  
 Upwards thou dost weep.
5. Every morn from hence.
6. When some new bright guest
7. The dew no more will weep,
8. Not the soft Gold which.
9. When sorrow would be seen.
10. Not in the Evening's Eyes.

11. Sadness all the while.
12. There is no need at all.
13. Yet let the poor drops weep.
14. Golden though he be.
15. Well does the May that lies.
16. Thus dost thou melt the year.
17. Time as by thee he passes.
18. Does thy song lull the Air?
19. Does the Night arise?
20. Not, so long she liv'd.
21. Say wat'ry Brothers.
22. Whither away so fast?
23. We go not to seek.

## EDITION 1648. (31 stanzas.)

1. Hail ! Sister Springs.
2. Heavens thy fair eyes be.
3. But we are deceived all.
4. Upwards thou dost weep.
5. Every Morn from hence.
6. Not in the Evening's eyes.
7. When sorrow would be seen.
8. The dew no more will weep.
9. There is no need at all.
10. Yet let the poor drops weep.
11. Such the maiden gem.
12. When some new bright guest.
13. Golden though he be.
14. Well does the May that lies.
15. O cheeks ! Beds of chaste loves.
16. O sweet contest of woes.
17. But can these fair floods be.
18. 'Twas his well pointed dart.
19. And now where'er he strays.
20. O thou, thy Lord's fair store.
21. Who is that King but he.
22. O precious prodigal.
23. Does the day-star rise.
24. Does thy song lull the air?
25. At these thy weeping gates.
26. Not so long she lived.

27. So do perfumes expire.
28. Say, ye bright Brothers.
29. Whither away so fast?
30. We go not to seek.
31. Much less mean we to trace.

EDITION 1652. (31 stanzas.)

1. Hail, sister springs !
  2. Heavens thy fair eyes be.
  3. But we are deceived all.
  4. Upwards thou dost weep.
  5. Every morn from hence.
  6. Not in the evening's eyes.
  7. When sorrow would be seen.
  8. The dew no more will weep.
  9. There's no need at all.
  10. Yet let the poor drops weep.
  11. Such the maiden gem.
  12. When some new bright Guest.
  13. Golden though he be.
  14. Well does the May that lies.
  15. O cheeks ! Beds of chaste loves.
  16. O sweet Contest ; of woes.
  17. But can these fair Floods be.
  18. 'Twas his well-pointed dart.
  19. And now where'er he strays.
  20. O thou, thy Lord's fair store !
  21. Who is that King, but he.
  22. O precious Prodigal !
  23. Does the day-star rise ?
  24. Does thy song lull the air ?
  25. At these thy weeping gates.
  26. Not, so long she lived.
  27. So do perfumes expire.
  28. Say, the bright brothers.
  29. Whither away so fast ?
  30. We go not to seek.
  31. Much less mean we to trace. \*
- L. 2, "silver-forded" rills (1646, 1648 and 1670 editions).

- L. 14, they are [they're, 1670] indeed (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 21, rivers "meet" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- Ll. 22-24, Thine "crawls" above and is the cream  
(1646 and 1670 editions).  
Heaven, of such fair floods as this,  
Heaven the crystal ocean is.  
(1646 and 1670 edition).
- L. 27, Whose "soft" influence (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 30, Tastes of "his" breakfast (1648 edition).
- L. 42, Her "richest" pearls (1646 and 1670 editions).
- Ll. 47-48, Much rather would it tremble here  
And leave them both to be thy tear.  
(1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 60, May balsom (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 63, Peeps from her stem (1648 edition).
- L. 64, blushes "at" the "bridegroom" sun (1648 edition).  
blushes "on" the "bridegroom's" sun  
(1652 edition).
- L. 65, This wat'ry "balsom" of thy eyne (1648 edition).
- L. 70, Angels with "their bottles" come (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 71, draw (1652 edition); dew (1648 edition).
- L. 72, Their Master's "waters" (1648 edition).
- L. 75, Might he flow from thee (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 76, would he go (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 77, Richer far does he esteem (1646 and 1670 editions).
- Ll. 84-85, No April e'er lent "softer" showers,  
Nor May returned "fairer" flowers  
(1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 92, With loves, "and tears, and" smiles disputing (1648 edition).
- L. 98, Friends with the "balsom-fires" that fill  
thee (1648 edition).  
that fill "you" (1652 edition).

- L. 99, "Cause" great flames agree (1648 edition).  
 L. 104, this "vine" (1648 edition).  
 L. 105, "that" wounded heart (1648 edition).  
 L. 106, "those" weeping cyne (1648 edition).  
 L. 116, "large" expenses (1648 edition).  
 L. 118, He might provoke the "wrath" of princes  
 (1648 edition).  
 L. 122, Who calls't his crown (1648 edition).  
 L. 130, Even to "thy" last pearl (1648 edition).  
 L. 133, Does the "Night arise"? (1646 and 1670  
 editions).  
 L. 135, Does "Night lose her" eyes (1646 and  
 1670 editions).  
 L. 140, Thy tears' just cadence still keeps time  
 (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 141, sweet breath'd paire (1652 edition).  
 Ll. 145-147, Thus dost thou melt the year  
 Into a weeping motion.  
 Each minute waiteth here.  
 (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 152, "Will" thy tomb (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 155, Others by "days, by" months, "by"  
 years (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 159, unpitying "fires" (1648 edition).  
 unpitying fire (1652 edition).  
 L. 163, Say, wat'ry brothers (1646 and 1670  
 edition).  
 L. 163, "the" bright brothers (1652 edition).  
 "ye" bright (1648 edition).  
 L. 164, "Ye simpering" sons (1646 and 1670  
 editions).  
 L. 165, Your "fertile" mothers (1646 and 1670  
 editions).  
 L. 166, What hath our world that can entice  
 (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 167-168, what is't can borrow  
 You from her eyes, swoln wombs of  
 sorrow? (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 170, O whither? for the sluttish Earth (1646  
 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 172, deserve your birth (1648 edition).  
 deserve "their" birth (1652 edition).

L. 173, Whither haste ye then? (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 174, Why "ye" trip (1670 edition).

Ll. 175-186, We go not to seek-

The darlings of Aurora's bed,

The rose's modest cheek

Nor the violet's humble head.

No such thing; we go to meet

A worthier object, our Lord's feet.

(1646 and 1670 editions).

The editions of 1648 and 1652 give *The Weeper* in a much longer text than do the editions of 1646 and 1670, the former two editions containing thirty-one stanzas as against only twenty-three stanzas of the latter editions. The 1646 and 1670 editions contain three stanzas not included in 1648 nor 1652 editions; they are as follows:—

Not the soft gold which  
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,  
Makes Sorrow half so rich  
As the drops distill'd from thee.  
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these  
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

Sadness all the while  
She sits in such a throne as this,  
Can do nought but smile,  
Nor believes she Sadness is:  
Gladness itself would be more glad,  
To be made so sweetly sad.

Time, as by thee he passes,  
Makes thy ever-watery eyes  
His hour-glasses.  
By them his steps he rectifies  
The sands he used no longer please,  
For his own sands he'll use thy seas.

These stanzas came the eighth, eleventh, and seventeenth respectively of the editions of 1646 and 1670.



Page 130. *A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa, etc.* In 1646 and 1648 editions this is entitled briefly "In memory of the virtuous and learned Lady Madre de Teresa that sought an early martyrdom."

L. 3, "We need to go" to none of all (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 4, "stout" and tall (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 5, Ripe and full grown (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 8, "unto" the face (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 10, Of those whose large breasts built a throne (1646 and 1670 editions). •

Ll. 11-13, For love their Lord, glorious and great,  
• We'll see him take a private seat,  
And make his mansion  
(1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 15, Scarce "had" she learnt to lisp "a" name (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 21, Nor "hath" she (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 25, Scarce "had" she (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 27, Yet "hath" (1648 edition).

L. 31, "We" straight (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 37, Such "thirst" to die as "dare" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 40, Her "weak" breast (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 43, The 1648 edition drops "at" inadvertently.

L. 44, She'll travel "for" (1648 edition).

L. 45, No home for "her" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 47, and "try" with them (1648 edition).

L. 49, "She offers" them (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 61, This line, occurring in 1646, 1648, and 1670 editions, is dropped from 1652 edition.

L. 72, "soft" cabinet (1648 edition).

L. 77, Into Love's "hand" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 90, shall be "spent" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 93, The fairest, and "the first-born Loves" of fire (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 104, To live, but that "he still may" die (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 106, sweetly-kissing (1652 edition); sweetly-killing (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 107, "thine" embraces (1646 edition).

L. 117, In a "dissolving" sigh (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 122, The reading of 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions is adopted; the text of 1652 edition being inferior, viz. :

So soon as "you" first appear.

L. 128, wait "on" thee (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 129, when "she" shall stand (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 130, with "her" hand (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 133, What "joy" shall seize thy soul (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 147, This line is dropped inadvertently from 1652 text; it occurs in all the other editions.

L. 148, "And" thy sufferings (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 151, deaths (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).  
death (1652 edition).

L. 152, Dress the soul which "late they" slew (1646 and 1670 editions).

Dress the soul "that erst" they slew (1648 and 1652 editions).

L. 167, Sons of thy "Nows"—a misprint—(1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 168, with which "thy spouse" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 175, Heaven "keeps" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 178, thy Lord "shall go" (1646 edition).

Page 136. *An Apology for the Foregoing Hymn, etc.* Entitled, in 1646 edition, "An Apology for the Precedent Hymn"; in 1648 edition "An Apology for the Precedent Hymns on Teresa"; in 1670 edition, "An Apology for the Precedent Hymn, as having been writ when the Author was yet a Protestant."

This "Apology" is for the first poem of the series, not for "The Flaming Heart" as well. In 1652

edition the *Flaming Heart* comes last: in the 1648 edition immediately after the Hymn to Teresa.

L. 2, Fair "sea" (1646 and 1670 editions). "

L. 5, "are" set . . . (1648 edition).

L. 9, That "heavenly" maxim (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 12, that "there" lie hid (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 12, By all "the" mysteries that "here" lie hid (1648 edition).

L. 16, into "one" blood (1648 edition).

L. 20, though it "dwell in" Spain (1648 edition).

L. 25, "a" wondering reader's breast (1648 edition).

L. 26, Who "feels" his warm heart "hatch'd" into (1648 edition).

Who "finds" his warm heart "hatcht" (1646 edition).

Who "finds" his warm heart "hatch" (1670 edition).

Who "feels" his warm "heart into" a nest (1652 edition).

L. 29, There are "now" (1652 edition).

There are "enow" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Ll. 34, 35. Change we too our shape.

(My Soul). Some drink from men to beasts (1652 edition).

Change we our shape (1646 and 1670 editions).

Change we to our shape.

My Soul. Some drink from men to beasts

O then (1648 edition).

L. 41, Wine of "youths life" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 45, that "in" one draught (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Page 137. *The Flaming Heart*. The 1648 title omits the words "the seraphical Sairk."

L. 3, Make not "so" much haste (1648 edition).

L. 11, "And" him for her (1648 edition).

- L. 18, Her "happier" fireworks (1648 edition).  
 L. 25, Meant'st to "print" (1652 edition).  
     Mean'st to "paint" (1648 edition).  
     Mean'st to print (1646 edition).  
 L. 30, "found" seraphical" (1652 and 1670 editions).  
     form'd seraphical (1648 edition).  
 L. 31, "But e're" this youth of fire "wore" fair (1648 edition).  
 L. 33, Glowing "cheek" (1652 and 1670 editions).  
     Glowing "cheeks" (1648 edition).  
 L. 34, "Flagrant" things (1648, 1652, and 1670 editions).  
     "Flagrant things" is Grosart's emendation, and probably correct.  
 L. 36, "She" fill'd (1648 edition).  
 L. 48, Thy "shafts" and thee (1648 edition).  
 L. 58, Give him the veil who "kindly takes" the shame (1648 edition).  
 L. 66, "Glittering" wings (1648 edition).  
 Ll. 85-108, The 1648 edition lacks these twenty-four lines.

Page 141. *A Song [of Divine Love]*. Title of 1648 edition is "A Song of Divine Love"; that of 1652 edition simply "A Song."

- L. 13, this "longing" strife (1648 edition).

Page 142. *Prayer*. The 1646 and 1670 editions give the title, "On a Prayer Book sent to Mrs M. R."; the 1648 edition has it, "An Ode which was prefixed to a Prayer Book given to a Young Gentlewoman."

- L. 1, but "large" book (1646 edition).  
 Ll. 2-4 are not given in 1648 and 1652 editions.  
 Ll. 5-13 do not figure in 1646 and 1670 editions, only in those of 1648 and 1652.  
 L. 14, one "rich" handful (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 15, royal "hosts" (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 17, "A" thousand angels (1646 and 1670 editions).

- L. 20, "their" white (1652 edition).
- L. 22, the ghostly "foe" (1648 and 1670 editions).
- L. 24, "the" armoury (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 27, To holy "hand" (1646 edition).
- L. 29, "The" sin (1648 edition).
- L. 36, "their" heart (1652 edition).
- L. 37, "its" part (1648 edition).
- L. 44, "its" ["her" 1646] bosom "full of" blessings (1648 edition).
- L. 50, when he "comes" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 51, the "wandering" heart (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 52, "its" chaste abode (1648 edition).
- L. 54, "Amongst" the gay mates (1648 edition).
- L. 55, To take her "pleasures" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 57, The 1652 text drops "in"; 1648 reads "i' th'."
- L. 59, "spheres" (1652 edition); 1648 edition has "sphere."
- L. 65, Editions 1646, 1648, and 1670 omit "Meanwhile."
- L. 66, "the" sacred store (1646 and 1648 editions).
- L. 69, "These" tumultuous (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 78, "doth" not stay (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 83, "O" joys (1648 edition).
- L. 84, A hundred thousand loves and graces (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 90, Of all this "hidden store" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 101, Dear "silver-breasted" dove (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 107, Happy "soul" who never (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 114, O let "that" blissful (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 124, Happy "soul" (1646 and 1670 editions).
- L. 127, have "a" God (1646 and 1670 editions).

*her Choice.* So entitled in 1648 and 1652 editions. In 1670 edition it is "To Mistress M. R., Counsel concerning her Choice."

L. 30, And "fellow" those (1648 edition).

L. 35, "most" precious vows (1648 edition).

L. 37, give "you" (1670 edition).

L. 40, deceive "you" (1670 edition).

L. 59, "among" the sons (1670 edition).

Page 148. *Alexias.* The 1648 edition omits the word "Saint" in the full title.

First Elegy.

L. 1, "loud" praise (1648 edition).

L. 9, "I" "would" see (1648 edition).

L. 17, 1652 edition drops "way"; from 1648 edition.

L. 23, "its" name (1648 edition).

L. 25, "when" Lovers (1648 edition).

Second Elegy.

L. 3, "I am" (1652 edition).

L. 10, tear the skies (1652 edition).  
beauteous skies (1648 edition).

L. 20, old "Time's" (1648 edition).

L. 30, "wary" Love (1670 edition).

Third Elegy.

L. 7, "with" saucy oars (1648 edition).

L. 11, "Not" lost in (1648 edition).

L. 16, wilful "exiles" (1648 edition).

L. 17, "O" tell the reason (1648 edition).

L. 20, "to" have (1652 edition).

"t" have (1648 edition).

L. 29, The "Blessed Virgin" (1648 edition).

L. 41, No "facing" Gorgon (1648 edition).

L. 50, "hath" here no name (1648 edition).

L. 51, How "sweet's" (1648 edition).

L. 54, When "thousand" (1652 edition).

When "thousands" (1648 edition).

Page 152. *Description of a Religious House and Condition of Life.* In 1648 edition the title is simply "Description of a Religious House."

L. 3, pavements "weeping" (1648 edition).

L. 4, "costly" slumbers (1648 edition).

Ll. 19-20. The reading of 1648 edition. The 1652 edition reads :

Hands full of hearty labours ; do much,  
that more they may,  
And work for work, not wages ; let  
not to-morrow's.

L. 26, nip the "bosom" (1648 edition).

L. 30, "reverend" discipline (1648 edition).

L. 33, and "keep" no noise (1648 edition).

Page 154. *An Epitaph upon a Young Married Couple*, etc. In 1646 edition entitled "An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, which ['who,' 1670 edition], died and were buried together."

L. 2, "the" second (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 5, "sever" man (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 6, "Because" they (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 10, "that" love could tie (1646 and 1670 editions).

Ll. 11-14, These lines do not occur in editions 1646 and 1670.

L. 17, "And" the eternal (1648 edition).

Ll. 19-20, And they waken with that light,  
Whose day shall never sleep in night.  
(1646 edition.)

And they wake into that light,  
Whose day shall never die in night.  
(1648 edition.)

Page 155. *Death's Lecture and the Funeral of a Young Gentleman*. In 1646 edition and 1670 first copy, entitled, "Upon Mr Staninough's Death"; in that of 1648, "At the Funeral of a Young Gentleman"; 1670 (second) edition drops the "and" after "Death's Lecture," and is otherwise the same as our adopted title. It occurs in two different forms in last-named edition (see variants).

L. 7 in 1652 edition is printed as two lines, as follows:—

Come then, Youth, Beauty, "and" blood !

All "the" soft pow'ers.

L. 8, "sulken" flatteries (1652 edition).

L. 12, "thy" idea (1646 and 1670 first copy).

- L. 13, thy "self" (1648, 1652 and 1670 editions).  
     thy "bulk" (1646, and 1670 first copy).  
 L. 14, All thy "wide" circle (1648 edition).  
     All thy "wild" (1670, second copy).  
 L. 15, thy "small" size (1646, and 1670 first copy).  
 Ll. 19-20, Thy neighbourhood to nothing! here  
     put on  
     Thyself in this unfeign'd reflection.  
     (1646, and 1670 first copy).  
 L. 23, (Through all your painting) shows you your  
     own face (1646, and 1670 first copy).  
     ¶(Though you be painted) (1648, 1652, and  
     1670, second copy).  
 L. 25, To the "proud hopes" of poor morality  
     (1646, and 1670 first copy).  
 L. 26, These curtain'd windows, this "self-  
     prison'd" eye (1646, and 1670 first copy).

Page 156. *Temperance*. Entitled "In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health" in 1646 and 1648 editions; in that of 1670 it is given twice—first, under the 1648 title, and second, under that of "Temperance, or the Cheap Physician; upon the Translation of Lessius." Appeared originally in Lessius' "Hygiasticon" (? 1634) where the lines are entitled "To the Reader, upon this Book's Intent."

- L. 1, Go now, with (1646 edition).  
 L. 2, Bait "the" disease (1646 and 1670 editions).  
     "while" they tug (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 3, their "cruel" strife (1646 edition).  
 L. 4, "treasure" of thy life (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 L. 9, And what at last "shall" gain by these  
     (1648 edition).  
     And what at "length" shalt get by these?  
     (1646 and 1670 editions).  
 Ll. 11-12, These two lines do not occur in 1648  
     and 1652 editions).  
 L. 12, Remedy "against" (1646 edition).



L. 15, "Would'st" thou see (1646 and 1670 editions).

The "Hygiasticon" text commences with this line.

L. 17, "Would'st" see (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 18, His own "physic" (1648 and 1670 editions).

L. 25, "Whose soul's" sheath'd ("Hyg.")

L. 34, To heav'n "rides in" a summer's day ("Hyg." 1648 and 1652 editions).

L. 35, Would'st thou see (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 38, A "set" of rarest harmony (1646 and 1648 editions).

L. 41, Would'st see "a nest" of roses grow ("Hyg." and 1670).

L. 46, In 1646 and 1670 editions, the poem ends here.

L. 50, His soul ("Hyg.")

Page 158. *Hope*. This and the following poem were originally printed "by way of question and answer" between Cowley and Crashaw, and not made into two distinct poems as in 1652 edition which is herein followed.

The title in editions 1646, 1648, and 1670 is—

"ON HOPE,

By Way of Question and Answer between

A. COWLEY and R. CRASHAW."

And the stanzas follow as I give them

COWLEY.

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is

CRASHAW.

Dear Hope ! Earth's dowry and Heaven's debt,

COWLEY.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,

CRASHAW.

Rich Hope ! Love's legacy, under lock

COWLEY.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery

CRASHAW.

Fair Hope ! Our earlier Heaven ! by thee

COWLEY.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,

CRASHAW.

Fortune ? alas, above the World's low wars

CRASHAW.

Faith's sister ! Nurse of fair desire !

*Note.*—The two last stanzas are both by Crashaw.

L. 2, "and" if it miss (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 3, Whom ill "and" good "doth" equally confound (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 5, "doth" vanish (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 7, The "Fates" have not a possibility (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

The "Fates of" not a possibility (1648 misprint).

L. 9, their "ends" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 10, "at" all (1648 edition).

L. 18, "So" mighty custom's (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 19, "doth" better taste (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 20, "its" spirits waste (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 25, "Thine" empty cloud "the eye itself" deceives (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 30, "not" north stars (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 33, "shield" of fond desire (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 34, That "blows" the "Chymick's" and the Lover's fire (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 36, "strange" witchcraft (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 37, "doth" changing Nature (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Page 159. *M. Crashaw's Answer for Hope.* See note to Cowley's Poem, "Hope."

L. 2, The entity of "things" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 4, Our nothing "hath" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Ll. 5-6, Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,  
Our life in death, our day in night.  
(1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 9, "thin" dilemma (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 10, Shrinks "like" the sick moon "at" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Ll. 11-12, "Thou art" Love's legacy under lock  
Of Faith: "the steward of our" growing stock  
(1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 13, Our "crown-lands lie" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 18, Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 19, Hope's chaste "kiss" wrongs (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 23, "The" generous wine (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 24, Nor "need we" kill (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 25, Thy golden head (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 28, As "doth" the dawn (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 30, Their "supple" essence (1652 edition).

    Their "subtle" essence (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Ll. 31-32, Fortune, alas, above the world's law wars,  
    Hope kicks the curl'd heads  
(1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 33, where "our" winds stir (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

L. 34, "And Fate's" whole lottery (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

- Ll. 35-36, These two lines dropped in 1652 edition inadvertently.  
 L. 38, "or" what we be (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).  
 L. 43, "Temper'd," twixt cold despair (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).  
 L. 45, "And" the vex'd (1646 edition).  
 L. 47, And love's (1646 and 1648 editions).  
 L. 49, a glorious "huntress" (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).  
 L. 50, the "field" of grace (1648 and 1670 editions).

## THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Page 165. *Music's Duel.*

- L. 69, when in ripen'd ears (1646 edition).  
 L. 83, There might you (1670 edition).  
 L. 99, a "grave" note (1646 edition).  
 L. 144, he "dare" not tell (1646 edition).  
 L. 156, full "mouth" (1646 and 1648 editions).

Page 170. *To the Morning: Satisfaction for Sleep.*

- L. 20, No nimble "raptures" (1646 edition).  
 L. 27, "and" climb (1670 edition).  
 L. 28, "stooped" shoulders (1646 edition).  
       "stopped" shoulders (1670 edition).

Page 172. *On a Foul Morning.*

- L. 12, Thou wilt "demand" (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 174. *Wishes.*

- L. 9, "to" our earth (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).  
       "tread" our earth (Harleian MS.).  
 L. 17, "his" duty (1646 and 1648 editions).  
       "its" duty (1670 edition).  
 L. 27, "commend" the rest (1646 and 1648 editions).  
       "commend" the rest (Harleian MS.)

L. 33, "the" reader (1646 and 1648 editions).

"their" reader (Harleian MS.).

L. 36, "his" being (1646 and 1648 editions).

L. 42, And clothe their simplest nakedness (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Themselves in simple nakedness (Harleian MS.).

Ll. 43, 44, 45, Displaces ; out-faces ; graces (1646, 1648, and 1670 editions).

Displace ; out-face ; grace (Harleian MS.).

L. 53, "Dares" appear (Harleian MS.).

Page 192. *To the Queen: Upon her numerous Progeny*. In both 1646 and 1670 editions it is entitled "Upon the Duke of York's birth: a Panegyric."

L. 7, full "glories" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 15, "O" if (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 16, Th' "art" (1646 edition).

Ll. 29-32 are not given in 1646 and 1670 editions.

After l. 32 the headings do not figure in 1646 and 1670 editions.

L. 33, "Great" Charles (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 42, "own" wreath (1648 edition).

"one" wreath (1646 edition).

L. 50, These hands . . . these Cherrimock (1646 edition).

L. 51, Thou "art" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 53, "mayst" thou brag (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 54, Th' ast drawn this (1646 and 1670 editions).

Ll. 63-69 are not included in 1646 and 1670 editions.

L. 74, Like were the "pearls" (1646 and 1670 editions).

Ll. 76-114 do not occur in 1646 and 1670 editions.

Ll. 137-140, A brood of phcenixes, and still the mother ;

And may we long # long mayst thou  
live t' increase

The house and family of phcenixes  
(1670 edition).

L. 141, may the "light" (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 147, when "that's" done (1646 and 1670 editions).

L. 166, Precious "their" offerings (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 201. *With a Picture sent to a Friend.*

L. 6, Send "not" true picture (1670 edition).

Page 201. *Out of Virgil. In the Praise of the Spring.*

L. 2, Their "gentlest" friend (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 202. *The Beginning of Heliodorous.*

L. 2, "in" a tender ray (1646 and 1670 editions).

Page 210. *On Nanus mounted upon an Ant.*  
This has no title in 1646 and 1670 editions. In 1670 contents table it is entitled "On Nanus."

## POSTHUMOUS POEMS (I.).

[The following are certainly, in the majority of cases, not *Various Readings*, but *misprints*, occurring in Grosart's F. W. L. edition of Crashaw's Works, which are given more as a *defence* of the text of these Posthumous poems as printed in the present edition than as a slight exposure of a (usually) painstaking editor who had to decipher, with difficulty, the manuscript of these poems in the Bodleian (Oxford) Library. This manuscript has been consulted afresh for the purposes of this edition, as also has the MS. in British Museum Library which furnishes the three pieces forming the second division of these "Posthumous poems."]

Page 217. *Horatii* ("Ille et ne fasto," etc.).

L. 48, Grosart prints a full stop at end of line instead of a comma.

Page 223. *On the Gunpowder Treason* (III.)  
("Grow plump, lean Death").

L. 2, "must" is printed "maist" (= mayest) in Grosart.

L. 24, "your"; G. prints "you."

L. 28, "kings"; G. prints "rings."

L. 37, "candied"; G. prints "candid."

Page 225. *Upon the King's Coronation* (I.)  
("Sound forth," etc.).

L. 5, "burden"; G. prints "curthen."

Page 226. *Upon the King's Coronation* (II.)  
("Strange metamorphosis!")

L. 9, "Quite"; G. has "quick."

Page 227. *Upon the Birth of the Princess Elizabeth.*

L. 36, "limn"; G. prints "limbe" (= limb).

L. 57, "fifth"; G. prints "first."

Page 229. *Ex Euphormione.*

L. 4, "smile; for lo, that power"; G. prints  
"smile for Cloe. That power," etc.

Page 230. *An Elegy on the Death of Dr Porter.*

L. 8, G. has a full point at end of this line.

L. 40, "tend." G. misreads "send."

G. places a comma at end of line.

Page 232. *An Elegy upon the Death of Mr Stanninow.*

L. 22, G. breaks up the sentence by inserting a full point at end of line.

L. 28, G. places a note of interrogation at end of this line, again spoiling the sentence.

L. 52, G. once more breaks the sentence by inserting a full stop at line-end.

*Posthumous Poems, (II.)*

Page 235. *Out of Grotius's Tragedy of Christ's Sufferings.*

L. 3, G. omits "grand."

L. 21, "Jewry's"; G. prints "Jurye's."

L. 30, "their mad"; G. prints "that mad."

L. 40, "theirs"; G. prints "theves" (= thieves).

L. 52, G. places a full point at end of line instead of a comma.

L. 63, "were"; G. prints "was."

- L. 67, G. places a semi-colon at end of line, no pointing being required.  
L. 80, "breast"; G. prints "hearts."  
L. 81, "here's"; G. prints "hee's" (= he is).  
L. 81, "was 't"; G. prints "wax'd."  
L. 86. "&c." ; G. places this in the *centre* of the line immediately after the first "grave."



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